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LYRA BRITANNICÀ

A COLLECTION OF BRITISH HYMNS

PRINTED FROM THE GENUINE TEXTS

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE HYMN WRITERS

BY THE

REV. CHARLES ROGERS

LL.D., F.S.A.SCOT.

"How beautiful is Genlus when combined With Holiness! Oh, how Divinely sweet The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched By the soft hand of Piety, and hung Upon Religion's shrine."

PROFESSOR WILSON

LONDON CONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

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To
WILLIAM EUING, Esq., F.S.A.Scot.,
Glasgow.

MY DEAR SIR,

An examination of your rare Collection of the works of British Hymn-writers enabled me to constitute the basis of the present work. In the perfecting of my design, I have received from you many obligations. Now that the labour of nine years is consummated in the appearance of this volume, I inscribe it to you, as a token of my esteem.

That the Hymns contained in this Collection, which have cheered myself under the cloud of trial, may prove a source of consolation to you in the valley of years, and may be to both of us a foretaste of the Songs of the Redeemed, is the earnest desire and prayer of

My dear Sir,
Your very obedient faithful servant,
CHARLES ROGERS.



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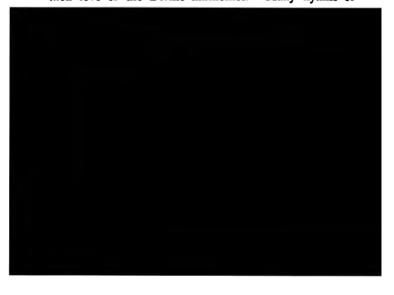
PREFACE.

Song is the eternal exponent of Divine praise. Ere the world was framed, "the morning stars sang together:" the saints shall "come to Sion with songs," when the present visible creation has passed away. The chosen people found expression to their most fervent aspirations in the harmony of numbers. The triumph at the Red Sea was celebrated by Moses and Miriam in strains of loftiest poetry. As his heart exulted in the manifestations of Divine goodness, the royal Psalmist breathed forth his incomparable lyrics. Solomon uttered his soulstirring lays, as he contemplated the boundless love of a coming Saviour. In strains of heaven-wrapt imagery, Isaiah celebrates the glory of Gospel times. And when the light of the Gospel dispensation dawned, how marvellously simple and hallowed was that song by which angels sung an incarnate God,—a Saviour born!

The Redeemer dwelt in the lowlier vale of human life. He sought not the praises of the unstable multi-

tude, whose hallelujahs were so soon to be exchanged for the ejaculations of "Away with Him! crucify Him!" Yet in token that the psalm of thanksgiving and the anthem of praise should be acceptable under the system of worship He came forth to constitute, His virgin mother was inspired to sing of the glory of His reign; and in the immediate prospect of His sufferings, at the paschal supper, He sung a hymn with His disciples. To His people in every age it was to be enjoined that they should "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," sing and "make melody" in their hearts to the Lord.

The zeal of the Christian Fathers was manifested in their love of the Divine harmonies. Many hymns of



stowed on the Protestant Church, as his first gift, a book of praise—hymns and music—composed by himself. Calvin, and the other leaders of the Reformation, likewise encouraged the people to congregational singing. It is one of the foundation stones of the Church of England, that any psalm or hymn, founded on Holy Scripture, may be sung by congregations. Nonconformist Churches have been especially attached to the use of hymns.

In the secret experience of believers, the influences of Divine song have been attested in every age. The forthgivings of the sacred lyre have sustained converts in renouncing all for the Gospel's sake, have comforted apostles "in the inner prison," and strengthened martyrs amidst the flames. The anthem of praise has gladdened the sorrowful, and cast on the wounded spirit the balm of consolation. In the chamber of sickness, when even the soothing voice of affection has become irksome, and the memory has almost lost its power, the countenance of the dying has glowed with joy on the repetition of cherished hymns. The hymns acquired in childhood prove the only friends which survive to comfort old age.

A great impulse has lately been imparted to hymnological studies. Collections of hymns are constantly being issued, and persons endowed with the gift of

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PREFACE.

song are consecrating their genius to the service of the sanctuary.

The Editor of the present work has endeavoured to provide a Collection suitable for all the Churches. In accomplishing his design, he has devoted himself to three departments,—the presentation of approved and classical hymns, the restoration of the original texts, and the assignment of each composition to the proper author.

Respecting the first department, the Editor has, by arranging the hymns under their several authors, in alphabetical order, avoided the difficulty attendant on gether unexpected. Only in rarest instances have the alterations proved to be improvements. As a rule, the innovations have marred the harmony, destroyed the rhythm, and even altered the sense of the original writers.

The task of restoration would have been simple, had the latest or best editions of the different authors been readily attainable. But it has been otherwise. Though the Editor has enjoyed advantages which were certainly never before possessed by any compiler of sacred song, he has frequently had to search for a course of years for particular originals. His researches were commenced in 1857; and though he cannot accuse himself of any lack of diligence, he has been enabled to procure some original readings, only as these pages have been passing through the press.

In the department of authorship, the Editor has provided brief memoirs of the hymn-writers, and these often from original sources of information. He has ascertained the authorship of many hymns, hitherto of undetermined origin, and has assigned to the veritable writers compositions heretofore ascribed to others.

These researches, may, in the estimation of some, be but of small value. By every true lover of our x

national hymn literature, the Editor feels other sentiments will be entertained. What reader of Holy Scripture is content to know that certain passages which especially edify him, are contained somewhere in the inspired volume? Does he not rejoice to associate those precious texts with the particular writer,—whether prophet, or evangelist, or apostle,—as well as with his circumstances at the period when his inspired utterances were given forth? In like manner does the Christian believer seek to possess every fragment of Divine truth; he could not bear an abridgment of the sacred word. Modern hymn-writers, though not inspired like the sweet singer of Israel, have generally been persons of enlarged Christian views. To their lyres they have sung of Christ,

bered with interest. Yet it may be found, on a careful examination, that no truly classical British hymn has been omitted.

Consequent on the operations of editors, the opening stanzas of many of the best hymns have been struck off, so that the original compositions are not recognisable by ordinary readers. Thus Bakewell's beautiful hymn, beginning—

"Hail! Thou once despised Jesus,"

is, in many compilations, commenced with the second

"Paschal Lamb, by God appointed."

And Keble's Evening Hymn has been so frequently begun with

"Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!"

the opening line of the third verse, that the two preceding verses have ceased to be familiar.

The Editor has introduced a few American hymn-writers, on account of their particular compositions having been so extensively used in this country, and consequently so much identified with the national lyre. Translations, or versions of ancient and foreign hymns, have generally been excluded, as not falling within the scope of the publication. In the Appendix are presented the me-

moirs and compositions of seven hymn-writers, respecting whom satisfactory information could not be obtained in time for the alphabetical arrangement. Three anonymous hymns have likewise been included in the Appendix. To the Notes at the close of the volume the reader is referred for some particulars respecting the hymns and their writers, which could not conveniently be introduced into the text.

To many kind friends, who have from the outset evinced a deep interest in his task, the Editor owes some explanation for the long postponement of the date of publication. Five years ago, when residing in a country town, he had, by relying on information derived at second

libraries, and availed himself of many private collections. To his numerous correspondents he returns an expression of his best thanks. To the original contributors, and the owners of copyright hymns who have waived their privileges on his behalf, he is most sincerely grateful.

He returns his cordial thanks to Anthony Webb, Esq., Bath, for the use of his ample, and in some respects unique, hymnological library. From the Rev. William Reid, editor of the elegant "Praise Book," he obtained the use of some rare and valuable hymn-books, for which he would express his acknowledgments. To William Euing, Esq., Glasgow, his deepest gratitude is due, for not only throwing open to him his richly stored library of sacred song, but for kindly making purchase of every work which was essential to his purpose.

Indefatigable as his labours have been, the Editor acknowledges that he had only succeeded partially in his undertaking, unless for the assistance which has been rendered him by two most accomplished hymnologists, Mr. C. D. Hardcastle, Keighley, and A. C. Hobart Seymour, Esq., Bristol. Mr. Seymour is the well known author of the "Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon," and has been engaged in hymnological studies for upwards of half a century. Mr. Hardcastle has accumulated a remarkable collection of the works of

British hymn-writers, and his knowledge in every department of hymnology is unrivalled. The assiduity with which Mr. Hardcastle has applied himself to the perfecting of this work the Editor feels he cannot sufficiently prize, or too gratefully acknowledge.

It would be unjust to one who has diligently laboured in the same field were the Editor to conclude these remarks without some allusion to the "Book of Praise," edited by Sir Roundell Palmer. From this compilation he has derived considerable assistance; but he cannot withhold an expression of regret that the learned Editor, while generally careful respecting the purity of the text, should so frequently have subjected the hymns selected

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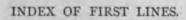
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LYRA BRITANNICA

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

SARAH FULLER FLOWER was daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor and proprietor of The Camarinity Institigencer. Mr. Flower was a prominent politician of the Liberal school; and buther of the well-known gentleman of that name, who emigrated to Illinois, in the United States, in company with Mr. Birkbeck. By his marriage with Miss Gould, of Dorsethire, a hady of superior talent, two daughters were born to him; the subject of this notice being the younger. She was born on the sand February, 1805. By their mother's early death, the sisters were brought up under the immediate care of their father, and both early manifested liberary tasts. On their father's document, the elder sister, published "Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels," and a week-neitled "Advantion, Aspiration, and Relief."

In 1834. Miss Sarah Flower accepted the hand of Mr. William Bridges Adams, the distinguished engineer. A community of literary baste had brought them together. Naturally of a deficate constitution, the health of Mrs. Adams was eafcelaked by a long and anxious attendance on her sister, who at length succumbed to a pulmonary aliment in 1847. In other two years, Mrs. Adams was bereef a victim to the same complaint. She died on the 12th August, 1849. "She wore away," writes one to whom we are indebted for these particulars, "almost her heat breath, bursting into unconscious song as the gentle spirit gilded from its beautiful frame." Her remains were consigned to the Foster Street burial-ground, near Harlow, Essex.

Mrs. Adams was a person of strong sensibility and of deep religious earnestness. Those who were privileged with her society cherish her memory with love and reverence. She was an industrious contributor to the periodical press, both in verse and prose. Several of her bites attracted considerable attention. Her criticisms in art were esteemed. She composed a catachisms for children, interspersed with hymns, entitled "The Flock at the Fountain." In stags, she published a dramatic poem in five acts, on the martyrdom of Vivia Perpetua. It is dedicated to her sister, in some beautiful and touching lines of verse. To a volume of "Hymns and Anthems," published in 1841 by Mr. Charles Fox, she contributed thirteen pieces. Two of these follow the present sketch. The latter has found a place in nearly every modern hymns-book.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower, Alike they're needful for the flower; And joys and tears alike are sent To give the soul fit nourishment: As comes to me or cloud or sun, Father, Thy will, not mine, be done. Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine, Enough that Thou hast made it mine; When falls the shadow cold of death, I yet will sing with parting breath; As comes to me or shade or sun, Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en though it be a cross Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, near Amesbury, Wiltshire, on the 1st May, 1672. His father, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, latterly Dean of Lichfield, published anonymously a small duodecimo volume of "Sacred Hymns and Poems," bearing date 1699. Joseph Addison was educated in the Charterhouse, and at the University of Oxford. He was intended for the Charten, but was attracted to study law and politics. He attained an early celebrity as a writer of verses, and, under powerful patronage, received a state pension of £300 a year, while early twenty-seven. He travelled on the continent, and on his return celebrated in verse the victory at Blenheim. He was appointed successively a Commissioner of Appeals, an Under Secretary of State, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. From the duties of the last-named office he retired on an allowance of £1500 a year. He married on the 2nd August, 1716, the Dowager Countess of Warwick; the union did not prove a happy one. He died at Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th June, 1719, in his 48th year. The name of Joseph Addison is intimately associated with the history of English librariane. His contributions to the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," will continue to be read so long as classic elegance of diction and correct moral teaching are appreciated or understood. Addison wrote few hymns, but these have found a place in almost every col-

PROVIDENCE.

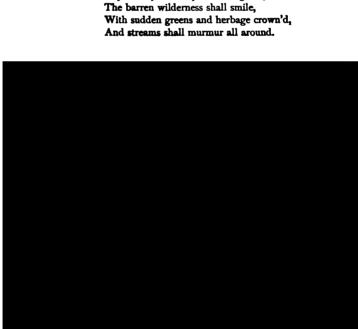
THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks He shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary wandering steps He leads; Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall myrmur all around



What though in solemn silence all Move round the dark terrestrial ball? What though no real voice, nor sound, Amidst their radiant orbs be found? In Reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing, as they shine, "The Hand that made us is Divine."

HOW ARE THY SERVANTS BLEST.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord! How sure is their defence! Eternal wisdom is their guide, Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote, Supported by Thy care, Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt, And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil, Made every region please; The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd, And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think, How, with affrighted eyes, Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung High on the broken wave, I knew Thou wert not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired, Obedient to Thy will; The sea that roar'd at Thy command, At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death, Thy goodness I'll adore, And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life, Thy sacrifice shall be; And death, if death must be my doom, Shall join my soul to Thee. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran, Thine unseen arm convey'd me safe, And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou With health renew'd my face; And when in sins and sorrows sunk, Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least a cheerful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night Divide Thy works no more, My ever-grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to Thee A joyful song I'll raise; For, oh! eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Dean of Émby, is son of the Rev. Robert Alexander, Prebendary of Aghadowey, in Ireland. He is a graduate of Oxford, where he obtained university prizes for prose and verse compositions. His poem on "The Death of Jacob" obtained an Accessit, while that on "The Waters of Babylon" carried off the triennial sacred prize poem. The Dean of Emby has been a frequent contributor, both in verse and prose, to some of the best periodicals of the day. His poetry, however, has only been the interiude of a busy life. Some good specimens of it will be found in the "Lyra Anglicana," The Dublin University Magazine, The Speciator, and Good Words. The Dean has written few pieces which can strictly be called hymns; we extract, however, the following lines from the closing stanzas of his "Death of Jacob."

VISION FROM THE APOCALYPSE.

I saw again, behold! heaven's open door!
Behold! a throne, the seraphim stood o'er it,
The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book—an angel strong
To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud appeals;
But a hush passed across the seraph's song,
For none might loose the seals.

Who dreams of God, when passionate youth is high, When first life's weary waste his feet have trod; Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky, Working the works of God,—

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose;

Through the dark woof of death's approaching night,
His faith shall shoot, at life's prophetic close,

Some threads of golden light.

For him the silver ladder shall be set,
His Saviour shall receive his latest breath;
He walketh to a fadeless coronet
Up through the gate of death.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THIS accomplished suthoress, daughter of Major Humphreys, Strabane, Ireland, was married in 1890, to the Very Rev. William Alexander, Dean of Emly, the subject of the preceding notice. Mrs. Alexander published, in 126, "Verses from Holy Scripture." In 1848, she published her "Hymas for Little Children," of which, to the present time, nearly 29,000 copies have obtained circulation. Her other publications are "Moral Songx," "Narrative Hymns," "Legend of the Golden Prayer," "Hymns, Descriptive and Devotional," "Verses for Holy Sensons," "Poess on subjects in the Old Testament," "The Baron's Little Daughter, and other Tales is prose and verse," and "The Lord of the Forest and his Vassals: an Allegory." She has contributed to the "Lyra Anglicana," and has edited a volume of the "Golden Treassary Series," published by Mr. Macmillan. She has occasionally contributed to The Dubbits Deberrity Magazine, The Englishman's Magazine, and other periodicals.

"TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES."

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul Lies bleeding and unbound, One only hand, a pierced hand, Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast, And tears of anguish flow, One only heart, a broken heart, Can feel the sinner's woe.



10

LYRA BRITANNICA.

When penitence has wept in vain Over some foul, dark spot, One only stream, a stream of blood, Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord, Unseal that cleansing tide; We have no shelter from our sin, But in Thy wounded side.

HYMN FOR ADVENT.

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,

He came in weakness and in woe;

He wore no form of angel mould.

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard, And ere before Thy face we stand, Look Thou on each accusing word, And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

And by the love that brought Thee here, And by the cross, and by the grave, Give perfect love for conscious fear, And in the day of judgment save.

And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

FAITH AND HEAVEN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth never more!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh for a heart that never sins!
Oh for a soul washed white!
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh by Thy life laid down,
Oh that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D.

AN eminent minister of the Scottish Congregational Church, the REV. WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, was born at Leith, near Edinburgh, on the 24th August, 1804. He studied as the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. At the completion of his university studies, he became classical tutor in the Independent Theological Academy, at Blackburn. His first ministerial charge was at Norrington Chapel, Liverpool. In 1835, he became pastor of the Argyle Square Chapel, Edinburgh. In 1855, a new place of worship was erected for him by his congregation, at the cost of about £15,000. In this elegant structure, which has been styled the "Augustine Church," Dr. Alexander now ministers. He likewise holds a professorship in the Theological Hall of the Scottish Independents. Among Dr. Alexander's numerous writings, the following are the more conspicuous, "The Connection and Harmomy of the Old and New Testaments," "Switzerland and the Swiss Churches," "Christ and Christianity," Memoris of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.," "Christian Thought and Work," and "St. Paul at Athens." He has contributed hymns to the Scottish Congregational Hymn-book. The following hymns from his pen have appeared in different collections. Dr. Alexander has kindly permitted their insertion in the present work.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love! Who sitt'st enthroned in light above, Descend, and bear us on Thy wings, Far from these low and fleeting things.



Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire, With burning zeal our souls inspire; Come, like the south wind, breathing balm, Our joys refresh, our passions calm;

Come like the sun's enlightening beam; Come like the cooling, cleansing stream; With all Thy graces present be— Spirit of God, we wait for Thee.

THE LAST WISH.

No more, no more of the cares of time! Speak to me now of that happy clime, Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's moan, And sorrow and care are all unknown: Now when my pulse beats faint and slow, And my moments are numbered here below, With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers;
Of its crystal streets and its radiant throng,
With their harps of gold and their endless song;
Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,
And its streamlets all lucid with living light;
And its emerald plains, where the ransom'd stray,
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless day.

And tell me of those who are resting there, Far from sorrow, and free from care—
The loved of my soul, who pass'd away
In the roseate bloom of their early day;
Oh, are they not bending around me now,
Light in each eye, and joy on each brow,
Waiting until my spirit fly,
To herald me home to my rest on high?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear, Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove That circles the home of our early love; And so let my spirit calmly rise,
From the loved upon earth, to the blest in the skies,
And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,
In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

FROM distant corners of our land, Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand, Once more prepared to Thee to raise Our humble prayer, our grateful praise.

Blest be the Hand whose guardian power Has kept us to this present hour; Blest be the grace that bids us meet Thus round the throne, in union sweet.

We meet to seek, in faith and zeal, The brethren's good, the Church's weal; Oh, whilst for Zion's cause we stand, May Zion's King be near at hand!

We meet, O God, that through our land

Thee, 'midst unfathomed depths of light,
With clouds encircled round,
Angels adore, nor dare the sight,
Nor tempt the dread profound.
Thee we confess; in Thee we trust;
And, born to see Thy face,
Love bears us upward from the dust,
And now foretastes the grace.

Here we would do the Father's will;
Learn all the Son hath taught;
The Spirit's word in truth fulfil,
With His rich graces fraught.
Help us, adorèd Trinity;
Help, Father, Spirit, Son;
Whose empire fills eternity,
Unending, unbegun!

HENRY ALFORD, D.D.

THE VERY REV. HENRY ALFORD, Dean of Canterbury, was born in London, on the 7th Otobe, 18th. His father some time prosecuted the law, but subsequently took orders. He became Retor of Aston Sandford, Bucks, and died in 1852. The Dean studied at Trinity Calege, Cambridge. In 1831, he published his first work, entitled "Poems and Poetical Pagracts." He was ordained in 1833, and, six years after, was instituted in the Vicarage of Wynerwold, Licesstershire. In 1857, he obtained his present preferment. Dean Alford is author of about sixty different publications. His annotated Greek Testament, in four volumes, has secured him reputation as a profound Biblical scholar. He is a contributor to Good Wroti and The Susualey Magnarine. In 1853, appeared his "School of the Heart, and other Passa," roks, 12mo. He published, in 1844, a small collection of "Psalms and Hymns," to which were added thirty-seven sacred lyrics, written by himself. From the latest edition of the Dears' "Poetical Works" published in 1865, the following hymns have been transcribed.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee, Once more, with supplicating cries, We lift the heart and bend the knee, And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven;
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answer'd prayers, and sins forgiven.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to steer our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay.

Be ours Thy fear and favour still, United hearts—unchanging love; No scheme that contradicts Thy will, No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,—
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

Thou that art the Father's Word, Thou that art the Lamb of God, Thou that art the Virgin's Son,



King and Spouse of holy hearts, Fount of love that ne'er departs, Sweetest life, and brightest day, Truest truth, and surest way, That leads onward to the blest Sabbath of eternal rest: Hail, Lord Jesus!

HYMN OF DELIVERANCE.

Lo, the storms of life are breaking, Faithless fears our hearts are shaking; For our succour undertaking, Lord and Saviour, help us!

Lo, the world from Thee rebelling, Round Thy Church in pride is swelling; With Thy word their madness quelling; Lord and Saviour, help us!

On Thine own command relying, We our onward task are plying; Unto Thee for safety sighing, Lord and Saviour, help us!

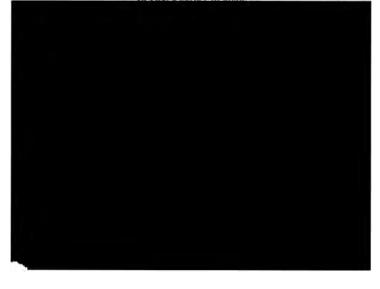
By Thy birth, Thy cross and passion, By Thy tears of deep compassion, By Thy mighty intercession, Lord and Saviour, help us!

HARVEST HOME.

COME, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home. All is safely gather'd in, Ere the winter storms begin. God, our Maker, doth provide, For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home. We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest home; From His field shall in that day All offences purge away; Give His angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast; But the fruitful ears to store In His garner evermore!

Then, thou Church triumphant, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home! All are safely gather'd in, Free from sorrow, free from sin; There for ever purified,



Thus the saint whom Jesus loved, Spoke in word, in action proved; Lord, may Thy disciples be Like to him, and like to Thee.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Lo, the feast is spread to-day; Jesus summons, come away! From the vanity of life, From the sounds of mirth and strife, To the feast by Jesus given, Come and taste the bread of heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain, Spurn His mercy once again? From amidst life's social ties, From the farm and merchandise, Come, for all is now prepared; Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessèd are the lips that taste Our Redeemer's marriage feast; Blessèd who on Him shall feed, Bread of Life, and drink indeed. Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er, They shall never hunger more.

Make then once again your choice, Hear to-day His calling voice; Servants, do your Master's will; Bidden guests, His table fill; Come, before His wrath shall swear Ye shall never enter there.

JAMES ALLEN.

THE REV. JAMES ALLEN was born at Gayle, near Hawes, Wensleydale, Yorkshire, on the 24th June, 1734. In 1751, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, but the year after he juned the followers of Benjamin Ingham, and became an itinerant preacher. He subsequently united himself to the Sandemanians, a Scottish sect. In this connection he continued to minister, in a small chapel, which he built on his own property in Gayle. He published a small volume entitled "Christian Songs," which has been twice reprinted. He died on the 31st October, 1844. The following hymn from his pen has been attributed to others. It appears in nearly every collection, but generally in a mutilated form.

"WORTHY THE LAMB."

GLORY to God on high, .
Let praises fill the sky!
Praise ye His name.
Angels His name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

All they around the throne Cheerfully join in one, Praising His name. Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Though we must change our place, Our souls shall never cease Praising His name; To Him we'll tribute bring, Laud Him our gracious King, And without ceasing sing, "Worthy the Lamb!"

OSWALD ALLEN.

OSWALD ALLEN is son of John Allen, who has, for upwards of half a century, engaged in banking, and is Manager of the Lancashire Banking Company, at Kirkby-Lonsdale, Westmoreland. At this place, the subject of this notice was born in 18th. His great-granduncle, James Allen, is noticed in the preceding article. Owing to a delicate constitution, his education was chiefly conducted in his native place. In 1843, he entered on business at Glasgow, but was compelled to abandon it from impaired health. He now resides in his native place, able, through improved health, to take an active part in bank duties. In 1862, he published "Hysms of the Christian Life;" London, 12mo. From this excellent publication, the following hysms have been selected. They are printed under the author's revision.

THE JOURNEY.

JESUS, through life's journey guide us Safely to the promised land; From the storm and tempest hide us, Watching o'er Thy lowly band. We have pass'd through many dangers In our pilgrimage of love; Lived as outcasts and as strangers, Marching to the world above.

Jesus, none of these things move us,
Man forsakes us—Thou art true;
Thou wilt never cease to love us;
Thou hast strength to bear us through.

If men mark't not our behaviour, If our special were like their rwn, We should not be like our Saviour :— They or Thou most as disswen.

Jesus, Ther our souls have taken
For our Captain and our Guide;
AI for There we have firesaken;
AI we need Thou wilt provide.
Firmest trust in Thy love placing.
Cheerfully we hasten on;
Every promise from embracing.
Till the kingdom we have won.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

O HOLY Spirit, come, And Jesu's love declare; O tell us of our heavenly home,



Thy sceptre, Lord, extend;
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

Give us the melting soul, Give us the will subdued, Give us the streams of grace, to roll Over a heart renewed.

We bless Thee for Thy grace, And Thine Almighty power; We bless Thee for Thy holy place, And this accepted hour.

TO-DAY.

To-DAY Thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin;
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,
However long from mercy
I may have turn'd away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised—
A glorious crown in heaven.

To-day the Father calls me;
The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be ask'd me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wander'd,
It is my Father's home.

O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What should I do without Thee,
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

JOHN ANDERSON.

THE REV. JOHN ANDERSON was born in the manse of Dunbarnie, Perthshire. His father, the late Rev. John Anderson, D.D., was some time minister of that parish; he was subsequently preferred to the parochial charge of Newburgh, in Fife. The subject of this sketch studied at the University of St. Andrews. He took licence as a probationer, in 1844, and was shortly after appointed to St. John's parish, Dundee. In 1845 he was translated to the East Church, Perth, and in 1853, he was preferred to the parish of Kinnoul, his present charge. He has contributed to France's Magazine, and other periodicals. Two interesting volumes of poems, "The Pleasures of Home," and "The Legend of Glencoe," have proceeded from his pen. His latest work, "Bible Incidents and their Lessons," appeared in 1861.

TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Work! and rend each galling fetter
Satan would impose on thee;
Rest not—either worse or better
Every day thy soul must be.

Fearing, trembling, striving, praying, Onward, like you rolling river; Man's delaying proves decaying, Soul immortal resteth never.

Rest celestial is not slumber, Glory's pathway climbs to God; Seraphs, spirits, without number, Tread that ever-rising road.

Ever up to Godhead soaring,
'Tis their glory still to soar;
'Mid eternal bliss adoring,
Heaven behind, around, before.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

'MID the hot desert, where the pilgrim pines
For the cool shadow and the streamlet clear,
Seeking his weary way to Zion's shrines,
A fountain murmurs comfort in his ear.

Stern winter seals not up that source of bliss,
The eastern sunbeam never drinks it dry;
Fresh flowers and greenest grass its waters kiss,
And whispering palms defend it from the sky.

There men of every clime refreshment seek;
All sins and sorrows meet securely there;
These waves have kiss'd Remorse's haggard cheek,
And smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of Care.

The lip of Passion there hath quenched its flame,
While pale Contrition sadly hung its head;
That fount hath mirror'd back the blush of shame,
And wash'd the savage hand, with murder red!

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Sinner, for thee a purer fountain flows,

To see the sorrowful, to help the weak;

To wash the reddest crimes, like spotless snows

That gleam on Lebanon's untrodden peak.

Come, men of every crime and every care,

Behold the words upon that fountain's brink—
"If any sigh in sin, to me repair;

Or thirst in sorrow, come to me and drink!"

The Word of God is that unfailing fount,
Life is the desert where its waters flow;
Drink, if you hope to win the holy mount,
Where Zion's shrines in light eternal glow.

THE DYING SAINT'S PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

HOLY Father! lend Thine ear
To a fainting mortal's cry;
In Thy love and pity hear,

HENRY ADAMS SERGISON ATWOOD.

THE reverend author of the following hymn, whose name is prefixed, was born on the 13th January, 1800. His ancestors were, for five successive generations, beneficed clergymen of the Church of England. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, and took the degree of M.A. in 1804. Obtaining orders, he became Curate of Kenilworth. In 1833, he was collated to the Vicarage of Ashelworth, Gloucestershire, where he continues to discharge the duties of the sacred office. In 1833, he published "Hymns for Private or Congregational use, for every Senday in the Year." 1880.

FORGIVE, AND YE SHALL BE FORGIVEN.

When angels sang the Saviour's birth,
The strain celestial ran—
"Glory to God! be peace on earth!
Goodwill to fallen man!"

When Peter asked, "How oft shall I Forgive, when men offend?" The Saviour's gracious words imply Forgiveness without end.

He for His foes expiring prayed,
To His own precept true:
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

Oh, teach us, Lord, while here we live, As pilgrims bound for heaven, Our brother's trespass to forgive, As we would be forgiven.

SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, BART.

THE REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, BART., was born in London, on the 27th May, 1822. His father, Sir Henry Loraine Baker, the second baronet, was a Vice-Admiral of the Royal Navy. The subject of this sketch was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1844. Having entered into holy orders, he was, in 1831, appointed to the Vicarage of Monkiand, Herefordshire. The reverend baronet is one of the editors of "Hyman Ancient and Modern." The two following hymns, which were contributed by him to that work, we have received his kind permission to insert in this collection.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a blessed Home Beyond this land of woe, Where trials never come, Nor tears of sorrow flow;

LYRA BRITANNICAL

Where faith is lost in sight, And patient hope is crown'd, And everlasting light Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.



Bright is their glory now, Boundless their joy above, Where on the bosom of their God, They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours, Like them in faith to bear All that of sorrow, grief, or pain, May be our portion here.

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee, Whom heaven and earth adore; To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God for evermore.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

JOHN BAREWELL was born in 17st, at Brailsford, Derbyshire. About his eighteenth year, was awakened to a saving knowledge of Divine truth. He began to preach in 1744. Proceeding to London, he formed the acquaintance of John and Charles Wesley, Toplady, Madan, and other realous ministers. He united himself to the Wesleys, and was one of the first of their local appreachers. For same time he lived at Westminster. Subsequently, he became master of the Greenwich Royal Park Academy. In his advanced years, he retired to the neighbouring village of Lewisham, where he died on the 18th March, 18tp. His remains were consigned to the burial-ground adjoining the City Road Chapel. On his gravestone it is recorded that "He adorated the doctrine of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached His glorious gospel about seventy years." Till lately, Bakewell's personal history was imperfectly known. We are mdebted for these particulars to an appreciatory memoir contributed to the Wesleysm Methodists Magassius for February, 1864, by Mr. James Stelfox, of Belfast. The following hymn, by Mr. Bakewell, was first published in Madan's Collection, in 1760; it was inserted, with alterations, in Toplady's collection, in 1776. In Toplady's edition a stanza has been added, borrowed, with slight variation, from Hymn No. 37 of James Allen. We have inserted the former version, thus presenting the hymn in the author's own words.

GRATITUDE FOR THE ATONEMENT.

Hall! Thou once despised Jesus; Hall, Thou Galilean King! Who didst suffer to release us; Who didst free salvation bring: Hail, Thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame!
By whose merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty love appointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
"Spare them yet another year;"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.



ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

This accomplished authoriess was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, on the 20th Jun. 113. Her father, the Rev. John Aikin, was a dissenting minister, and kept an acades. She early wrote verses. In 1773, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, which rapidly passed through four editions. In the following year, she married the Rev. Rockmont Barbauld, with whom she opened a school for boys, at Palsgrave, Suffolk. Her leister hours were dedicated to composition. She published "Early Lessons for Children," "Hymas in Prose," and "Devotional Pieces." In 1784, Mr. Barbauld accepted the pastorate of a dissenting chapel at Hampstead; in 1802, he removed to Newington Green, where he died in 1803, Mrs. Barbauld continued to reside in that neighbourhood till her death, which look piace on the 9th March, 1825. Her collected works, accompanied by a memoir, were published by Miss Lucy Alkin, her niece, in 1805. The following hymns have been transcribed from this edition.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

How blest the sacred tie that binds, In union sweet, according minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

To each the soul of each how dear: What jealous love, what holy fear! How doth the generous flame within Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe; Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place Where God reveals His awful face; How high, how strong their raptures swell, There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire When Nature droops her sickening fire; Then shall they meet in realms above, A heaven of joy, because of love.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

COME, says Jesu's sacred voice, Come and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come! Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn; Long hast roamed this barren waste; Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes Long to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In strong remorse for guilt who mourn; Here repose your heavy care, A wounded spirit who can bear?

Sinner, come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure— Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

LOVE, THE NEW COMMANDMENT.



"He spreads his kind supporting arms To every child of grief; His secret bounty largely flows, And brings unask'd relief.

"To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his God, My peace to him I give; And when he kneels before the throne, His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be shown, And mercy from above Descend on those who thus fulfil The perfect law of love."

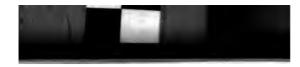
PRAISE TO GOD.

Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous source of every joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield, For the vine's exalted juice, For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain; Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews, Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal Autumn pours From her rich o'erflowing stores.



which find that



Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground, Perils and snares beset thee round; Beware of all, guard every part, But most, the traitor in thy heart.

"Come then, my soul, now learn to wield The weight of thine immortal shield;" Put on the armour from above, Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel, And powers of earth and powers of hell; The Man of Calvary triumph'd here; Why should His faithful followers fear?

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt The heathen world in gloom! O what a sun which broke this day Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls He lov'd.

LYKA BRITARRIDA

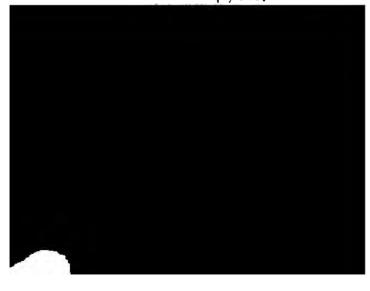
The powers of darkness leagued in the To bond Hg son in desting He should there imagdon when He sell, With His expering breath.

Not long the toil: of hell could keep.
The Hope of Judah's line;
Coccuption never could take hold.
On aught so much Divine.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath his powerful cross,
Death's from sceptre lies.

F solted high at God's right hand, And Lord of all below; Thro! Him is pardoning love dispens'd, And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man, A brother's pity flows;



BERNARD BARTON.

BERUAD BARTON was born on the 31st January, 1784. London and Carlisle have both ben samed as his birthplace. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, the least of which body Barton followed through life. In 1810, he became clerk in Alexander's balt, at Woodbridge, in which situation he remained till near the period of his decease. In stat, he published: "Metrical Effusions," which gained him the correspondence of Southey. In stat, he praid by subscription a thin quarto, entitled "Poems by an Amateur." A volume of "Poems, which he published in 1820, brought him the friendship of Lord Byron. Fron 1822 his stat, legate to the world few volumes of poetry. Two other volumes were subsequently published. In 1841, he received, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, a state pension of 500 per samma. He died on the 19th February, 1849. Selections from his poems and letters were published by his daughter; London, 1873. 22000.

A CHRISTIAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.

He who would win a warrior's fame
Must shun, with ever-watchful aim,
Entangling things of life;
His couch the earth, heaven's arching dome
His airy tent, his only home
The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,
Uncumber'd by the battle's spoil,
No dangers must affright;
Nor rest seduce to slothful ease,
Intent alone his Chief to please,
Who called him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be
Worthy that epithet, stand free
From Time's encumb'ring things;
Be earth's enthralments fear'd, abhorr'd,
Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,
Thy Chief the King of kings.*

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

The hymn originally consisted of five stanzas. Two were afterwards omitted by the author.

Walk in the light! and sin, abhorr'd, Shall ne'er defile again; The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find 'Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd, In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness pass'd away, Because that light hath on thee shone, In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light 1 and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquer'd there,

Walk in the light! and thou shalt be A path, though thorny, bright; For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light.

HENRY BATEMAN.

HENRY BATESIAN was been in London. He now carries on lunivers in the City. His hours

By Thy blessed Spirit's shining On our paths with holy light, Elevating and refining, Guide, O Lord, our footsteps right.

By Thy mercy, great and glorious,
Mighty Saviour, set us free;
Over sin and death victorious,
Give us joyful life in Thee.
Life that has its source and blessing,
In Thine everlasting love;
Priceless treasure! which possessing,
We shall rest with Thee above.

THANKSGIVING.

Revelation vii. 12.

HALLELUJAH! God is near us,
Guides our footsteps everywhere;
He can see, and He can hear us,
Heal our sorrows, soothe our care.
Hallelujah!
He will listen to our prayer.

Hallelujah! praise and blessing
For His love, in Christ our Lord;
He will to us, sin confessing,
Pardon and His peace accord.
Hallelujah!
Thanks for His most precious Word.

Hallelujah! rest in heaven
Comes when work on earth is done;
Strength sufficient will be given,
And life's victory be won.
Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord, through Christ the Son.

PRAISE.

Profes receil r.

LET us with a cheerful voice, In the Lord our God rejoice; Let us with thanksgiving raise Loud hosannahs to His praise.

Praise the Lord, whose loving hand Guides as through this pilgrim land, From whose boundless mercy springs Daily helpful comfortings.

Let us praise Him, who has given Hope, through Christ, of rest in heaven; By whose blessing life may be Full of sweet tranquillity.

Let us all with gladness sing Praises to our God and King, And with thankful heart and voice, In the love of God rejoice.



'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way, Each rising fear control, And with a warm, enlivening ray, To melt the icy soul.

'Tis Thine to cheer us when distress'd, To raise us when we fall, To calm the doubting, troubled breast, And aid when sinners call.

Tis Thine to bring God's sacred Word, And write it on our heart; There its reviving truths record, And there its peace impart.

Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down Thy quick'ning grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

JESUS, Thy Church, with longing eyes, For Thy expected coming waits; When will the promised light arise, And glory beam from Zion's gates?

E'en now, when tempests round us fall, And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky, Thy words with pleasure we recall, And deem that our redemption's nigh.

Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew, Our foes repel, our wrongs redress; Man's rooted enmity subdue, And crown Thy gospel with success.

O come and reign o'er every land, Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd, All nations bow to Thy command, And grace revive a dying world.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

42

Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear;
The smitten earth already reels;
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.

Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering pow

CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLA

O Saviour, may we never rest
Till Thou art form'd within;
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled brea
And crush'd the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon Thy cross, Until the wondrous sight Makes earthly treasures seem but dross.



Lord, I am weak and prone to stray; O keep me in Thy holy way; What nature wants let grace supply, And smooth my progress to the sky.

Though I am but a worm of earth, Sinful by practice as by birth; O let Divine compassion shed New lustre on the path I tread.

Trusting in Jesus, let me go In safety through this vale of woe; And may His gracious presence cheer My heart in all its wanderings here.

And when my pilgrimage is o'er, O let me rest upon that shore Where sin shall never more molest Nor drive me from my Saviour's breast.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

How sweet it is in early youth To tread the sacred paths of truth; From sin's deceitful snares to run, And find a heaven on earth begun.

How happy is the soul that knows What perfect peace and calm repose A gracious Father deigns to give To them who by His precepts live.

Forbid it, Lord, that we should stray Far distant from Thy holy way; Or so deceived and thoughtless be, As to love pleasure more than Thee.

Though fools may make a mock at sin, O teach us wisely to begin
To seek the safe and narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

HARK! the distant isles proclaim Glory to Messiah's name; Hymns of praise unheard before, Echo from the farthest shore.

Hearts that once were taught to ov Idol gods of wood and stone, Now to light and life restored Honour Jesus as their Lord.

Blessèd Saviour, still proceed; Bid the glorious conquest speed; Let this first refreshing ray Brighten to a perfect day.

At Thy gospel's solemn call Bid the towers of Satan fall; And his wretched slaves obtain Freedom from their galling chain.

Let the messengers of peace



Other ground work should we lay, Sweep those empty hopes away; Make us feel that Christ alone Can for human guilt atone.

May we daily grow in grace, And pursue the heavenly race, Train'd in wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest above.

A BETTER HEART.

LORD, a better heart bestow;
Hear a sinner's broken prayer;
Full of weariness and woe,
To Thy mercies I repair.

Once I thought I could amend
All the evil of my ways,
To Thy throne my steps could bend,
Do Thy will and gain Thy praise.

But in vain I toil'd and pray'd, Still I did but sin the more, All the efforts that I made Left me weaker than before.

Now I find no hand but one Can deliver me from guilt; On the merits of Thy Son All my confidence is built.

Ruin'd, helpless, and forlorn,
To the Saviour's cross I flee;
Oh, since Christ my sins hath borne,
Let my burden'd soul go free.

GOD LEADETH TO REPENTANCE.

How strange that souls whom Jesus feeds
With manna from above,
Should grieve Him by their evil deeds,
And sin against such love!

LYRA BRITANNICA.

But 'tis a greater wonder still
That He from whom they stray,
Should bear with their rebellious will
And wash their sins away.

Lord, has not yet my stubborn heart Exhausted all Thy grace? Kind and forgiving as Thou art, Can I behold Thy face?

Can such a rebel be received
Into Thy blest abode?
Have not my sins too often grieved
The Spirit of my God?

Lord, in Thy love I yet behold
An undiminished store,
A depth unmeasured and untold,
A sea without a shore.



We'll think how Jesus lived and died, The pains and sorrows that He bore, The blessing which His love supplied, The home to which He's gone before.

There we will hope to rest ere long, And gladly change before His throne The pilgrim's for the conqueror's song, Saved by redeeming grace alone.

RICHARD BAXTER.

This celebrated Nonconformist divine was born on the 12th November, 1615, at Rowton, in Stopalire. Taking orders in the Church of England, he was appointed, in 1640, to the parish of Liddeninster. Baxter strongly attached himself to the Puritan party in the Church. On the Passing of the Act of Uniformity, he renounced his living. For nine years onwards from 1653, he ired in retirement at Acton, Middlesex, producing during this period many of his more esteemed theological works. The Act of Indulgence permitted him to proceed to London in 1672, where he divided his time between preaching and writing. In 1685, on a false charge of strikes, he was sentenced to imprisonment by the infamous judge jeffreys. After eighteen nearly comment, he was pardoned and released. He died on the 8th December, 1692, in 1815 yib Presr. The works of Richard Baxter have been collected in twenty-five volumes, 1830, is "Parphrase on the Paslams," was printed in 1692. A small volume of his "Poetical Fagnests," was published by Pickering, in 1821; London, 1600.

HE GOETH BEFORE THEM.*

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?

These verses form the fourth, seventh, and eighth stanzas of one of Baxter's poems, entitled, "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith." The opening word of the first line is "Now" in the original.

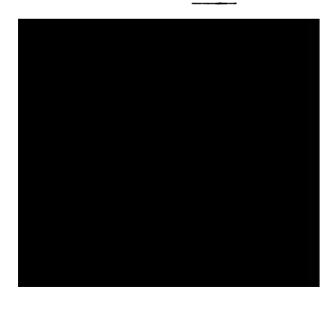
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Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then shall I end my sad complaints, And weary sinful days, And join with the triumphant saints To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.



Soon will my day of life be past,
This glorious orb no more be seen;
But Thou through endless years wilt last,
Holy, as Thou hast ever been.

O may I in death's trying hour
Cast all my cares, dear Lord, on Thee;
Till, saved by Thy almighty power,
I rise, from sin and sorrow free!

And when the ransom'd saints appear,
Crowding Thy courts with songs of praise;
May I, relieved of every fear,
My voice with countless angels raise!

GRACE.

JESUS CHRIST, enthroned on high, Robed in glorious majesty, Hears the sinner's earnest prayer, Bids him all his wants declare, Gives the heavy-laden rest, Soothes and comforts the distrest.

Read what pangs the Saviour felt, When on earth He sinless dwelt, The pain, the anguish He endured, When our salvation He secured;— And with gratitude exclaim: "Lord, I love Thy hallow'd name!"

Give us grace to love Thee more, And our sinful hearts restore To Thy likeness, bright and pure; That, in Thee alone secure, We may on Thy love recline, And in life and death be Thine.

LOBERT EAL! BAINES

The both Research Lain Levels was seen a Wellington Seminate in the science of Lemmid Balls rates, in printers have a ray. Taking mote leave of Lemmid Lemmid Lemmid in the science was approximent the length Westernberg at the approximent of the printing of Lemmid Lemm

THE LIVE OF PESTS.

[EST. to Thy mile left.] Now let every heart he felt, What the true and brong head.

Walls in pennance we kneel, Try sweet presents let us feel, All Try windrous love reveal?

While to Thy fear cross we gate, Mourning the our sinful ways, Turn our sainess into pease!



WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

WILLIAM BEATTIE was born at Dalton, and educated at Clarencefield Academy, Dumfriesthe. Restdied and graduated at the University of Edinburgh; prosecuted his studies in
France, Inly, and Germany; settled in London in 1830, and became Fellow of the Royal
College of Physicians. He is author of illustrated histories of "Switzerland," "Scotland,"
"Scotland,"
"Switzerland," "Courts of Germany," and other works, in French and German; and has
Published to anosymous poems—the "Pligrim in Italy," and "Polynesia." He was executor
of Thomas Campbell, and editor of his "Life and Letters." He was many years physician to
R.R.H. de Duke of Cherence, William IV., and professional friend of the Poets of "Memory"
and "Boge," both of whom he attended in their last hours. The following contributions to
this work we from the pen of Dr. Beattie:—

EVENING HYMN OF THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

BROTHERS, the day declines,
Above, the glacier brightens;
Through hills of waving pines,
The "vesper-halo" lightens!
Now wake the welcome chorus
To Him our sires adored;
To Him who watcheth o'er us,—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!*

From each tower's embattled crest,
The vesper-bell has toll'd;
'Tis the hour that bringeth rest
To the shepherd and his fold:
From hamlet, rock, and châlét
Let our evening song be pour'd;
Till mountain, rock, and valley,
Re-echo—Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord, who made and gave us
Our glorious mountain-land!
Who deign'd to shield, and save us
From the despot's iron hand:
With the bread of life He feeds us;
Enlighten'd by His Word,
Through pastures green He leads us,—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

[•] Every evening, at sunset, "Ye Shepherds, praise the Lord" was sung, and separated from cliff to cliff, until every voice joined in the chorus.

From the party and the rise.

From the take, this are soft at 1 then in are shown.

Let then in an its pourt.

From an to an its pourt.

From an to an its pourt.

Let any our summer rainers.

Let any our summer rainers.

Let any our summer rainers.

Frame the Lord from front and fell Let the voice of old and yearing.

All the strength of Appendix.

The of teach and sweet of image.—

The grateful theme prolong.

With south it suff accord.

The year state title up our samp.—

Ealest with to the Lord!

WALDENSIAN HYMN.

WHEN clouds are hovering o'er us, And tempests chafe the sea;



Through all our woes and wanderings,
When scoffers lift the voice,
To sully with their slanderings
The worship of our choice,
God's sacred lore
We love the more,
And in our wrongs rejoice!

Through every fiery trial
Be Thou our shield and stay!
Till, fading from life's dial,
The shadows fleet away—
Then, Saviour, come,
And call us home
To realms of endless day!

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

REMIANTI BEDDOME was born at Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, on the 23rd January, 1717. Its fabre, the Rev. John Beddome, was minister of the Pithay Baptist Church, Bristol. At Bristol. At Bristol. Belgianis was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary. Becoming seriously impressed, he resolved to devote himself to the duties of the ministry. About his 20th year, he entered he Baptist College, Bristol; he subsequently prosecuted his studies at the Independent Academy, Mooriekls. In 1740, he began to preach, and in three years after, accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist congregation at Bourton-on-the-Water. His people were much strathed to him, and he continued among them till his death, which took place on the 3d September, 1795, in his 79th year. Beddome contributed hymns to Rippon's Collection, published in 1799. In 1817, the whole of his hymns, numbering about 600, were often by the Gelebrated Rev. Robert Hall. Like the great majority of the editors of the stand poet, Mr. Hall has repeatedly altered the author's text.

EXCELLENCY OF THE GOSPEL.*

God, in the gospel of His Son, Makes His eternal counsels known; 'Tis here His richest mercy shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of an humble frame May taste His grace and learn His name; 'Tis writ in characters of blood, Severely just, immensely good.

This hyun and the following have been transcribed from the author's original renisms, in Rippon's Collection.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

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Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways, His soul-attracting charms displays; Recounts His poverty and pains, And tells His love in melting strains.

Wisdom its dictates here imparts, To form our minds, to cheer our hearts; Its influence makes the sinner live, It bids the drooping saint revive.

Our raging passions it controls, And comfort yields to contrite souls; It brings a better world in view, And guides us all our journey through.

May this blest volume ever lie Close to my heart, and near my eye,— Till life's last hour, my soul engage, And be my chosen heritage.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall:
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my all in all.

TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
Remove the darkness of the mind.

To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths Thy word reveals;
Chase prejudices far away,
Unclasp the book, and loose the seals,

By inward teachings make me know The mysteries of redeeming love, The vanity of things below, The excellence of things above,

All through the dubious maze of life, Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad; Point out the dangers of the way, And guide my wandering feet to God.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

BENEFICH was born at Durrisdeer, Dumfriesshire, in June, 1812. Since his 16th year, ided in London. Mr. Bennoch is author of "The Storm, and other Poems," and is a manufactor to the "Modern Scottish Minstrel," Edinburgh, 1855—57.

ON FOUNDING A CHURCH OR SCHOOL.

(Contributed.)

O God of life, at whose command
This wondrous world from chaos came,
Through countless years
The rolling spheres
Thy glory and Thy power proclaim,

has is appended by the author to his published sermon entitled has the Spirit." Mr. Hall made a number of alterations.

O God of love, though man rebell'd
And proudly wander'd far from Thee,
Thy love did yearn
For his return,
Personant personal bloom'd and from

Repentant, pardon'd, bless'd, and free.

O God of grace, when, 'whelmed in sin, Corrupt, deprayed, by passion slain, The streaming flood Of Jesu's blood

Restores us to Thine heart again.

O Lord, with grateful souls do we In active earnest work engage, To teach Thy truth To wayward youth, And consolation bring to age.

O God, we pray, these efforts bless,
To plant and spread Thy word Divine,
By vale and hill,
With all our skill;
And all the glory, Lord, be Thine.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

JOHN BERRIDGE was born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, on the 1st March, 1918. He intended for agricultural pursuits. About his 14th year, he began to experience acress victions, and formed an inclination towards the ministry. He entered Clare Hall, Cambridge 10 1734. There he pursued his studies with unwonted vigour, and earned a repetition becaming. In 1749, he became Curate of Stapleford, near Cambridge. He obtained by Vicarage of Everton in 1755. Fully awakened to a perception of Divine truth, he comment

Weaned from my lordly self, Weaned from the miser's pelf, Weaned from the scorner's ways, Weaned from the lust of praise.

All that feeds my busy pride, Cast it evermore aside; Bid my will to Thine submit, Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child, Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd; Seeing only in Thy light, Walking only in Thy might.

Leaning on Thy loving breast, Where a weary soul may rest; Feeling well the peace of God, Flowing from Thy precious blood.

In this posture let me live, And hosannas daily give; In this temper let me die, And hosannas ever cry.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white; Safe landed on that peaceful shore Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Releas'd from sin and toil and grief, Death was their gate to endless life, An open'd cage to let 'em fly, And build their happy nests on high.

And now they range the heav'nly plains, And sing their hymns in melting strains; And now their souls begin to prove The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

They gaze upon His beauteous face, His lovely mind and charming grace, And, gazing hard with ravish'd eyes, His form they catch, and taste his joys.

He cheers them with eternal smile; They sing hosannas all the while; Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet, Sit down adoring at His feet.

Ah, Lord! with tardy steps I creep, And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep; Yet strip me of this house of clay, And I will sing as loud as they.

JOHN BETHUNE.

JOHN BETHUNE was born in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, in 1812. He neve

school, and continued during life in the condition of an agricultural labourer. With

How many purposes have fail'd, How many doubts my heart assail'd, And held my spirit fast; How many sins have been bewail'd, How many follies have prevail'd, Since I confess'd Thee last!

But still to Thee my spirit springs,
And underneath Thy sheltering wings
A safe asylum seeks:
For this memorial sweetly brings
Remembrance of Thy sufferings,
And all Thy kindness speaks.

And, like a little child, I lay
My spirit at Thy feet, and say,
"Lord, take it, it is Thine:
Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray,—
Feed it with love by night and day,
And let Thy will be mine."

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

THE REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH was born in London, in January, 1825. His back he Rev. Edward Bickersteth, is well known for his theological and devotional writings. He was characted at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1847. Obtaining order, he became Curate of Barmingham, Norfolk; he subsequently ministered at Tunbridge Well. In 1839, he became Rector of Hinton Martell, Dorset. He obtained the Incumbency of Chint Church, Hampstead, his present charge, in 1855.

of Chris Chrish, Hampstead, his present charge, in 1855.

It likersteth is author of "A Practical Commentary on the New Testament," and several size religious prose works. In 1845, he published "Poems," Cambridge, 1600; 1600; and in 1841, "Nisteth, a Poem," London, 1600. He has republished "The Christian Paalmody," edited by his faber, and has added to that collection several hymns of his own composition. The federals by man, transcribed from the second edition of his "Paalms and Hymns," is inserted via his premission.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG OF JUBILEE.

O BROTHERS! lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is fill'd with praise!
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes, and free
The gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of jubilee.

O Christian brothers! glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be, o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token—
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransom'd souls.

Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due:
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
"Not unto us:" in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee,
Exultingly again.

Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore!
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call;
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all!

JOHN BICKERSTETH.

Could I wander, fear disdaining?
Could I quit the sheltering fold?
Heedless of Thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold?

No! Thy pardoning presence ever, Meekly kneeling, I implore; I have found Thee, and would never, Never wander from Thee more! Oh how sweet, how comfortable, In the wilderness to see Such provisions, such a table, Spread for sinners—yes, for me!

There, Thy bounty still partaking,
Bread and consecrated wine,
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine.
In that bruisèd body broken,—
In the shedding of that blood,—
What a gracious pledge and token,
Lord! we have for every good.

Come, my soul! temptations flying,
Arm thee for the strife within;
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
Stamps an infamy on sin.
Yield, my heart! no longer harden'd;
Rouse thy every latent power;
Cleansed and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
"Go in peace! and sin no more."

THOMAS BILBY.

THOMAS BILEY was born at Southampton. In 1809, he joined the army, in which he eight years. Subsequently devoting himself to the cause of juvenile education, he sit infant school system under Mr. Buchanan, whose seminary on Brewers' Green, Wei is said to have been the first infant school in England. In 1825, Mr. Bilby obtained a training school, at Chelsea, where upwards of goo male and female teachers were is in the infant system under his superintendence. In 1835, he proceeded to the Wes where he introduced the new mode of juvenile teaching into several islands. From hi in connection with Mr. J. S. Reynolds, the "Home and Colonial Infant School Socie its origin. Jointly with Mr. R. B. Ridgway, Mr. Bilby has published "The Nurser 1600; "Book of Quadrupeds," 1600; and "The Infant Teacher's Assistant," 18 following hymn by Mr. Bilby, was first published in 1832. It has long been a faw infant and Sunday schools. We print from a copy kindly supplied by the author.

JOYFUL.

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more!

Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful,
Oh, that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.



There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

THOMAS BINNEY.

TROBLE-BIRNEY was born in the year 1798, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was educated at Wymodey College, Hertfordshire. Having entered the ministry, he became pastor of an independent chapted at Newport, Isle of Wight. In 1829, he removed to London, to undertake the pastorate of the congregation assembling at the "King's Weigh House Chapel," on Fish Street Hill. Mr. Binney has long enjoyed a well-merited popularity, as an earnest and striking expositor of Dwine truth. Of upwards of fifty publications which he has given to the world, his nor esteemed works are those entitled "Gold," and "Is it Possible to make the best of fast Wedshir.

GOD IS LIGHT.

ETERNAL light! eternal light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround Thy throne May bear the burning bliss; But that is surely theirs alone, Since they have never, never known A fallen world like this.

Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere Is dark, whose mind is dim, Before the Ineffable appear, And on my naked spirit bear That uncreated beam.

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode;
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

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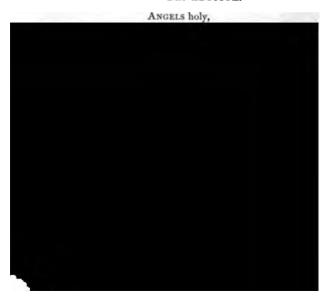
LYRA BRITANNICA.

These, these prepare us for the light Of majesty above: The sons of ignorance and night Can stand in the eternal light Through the eternal love.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE was born at Glasgow, in the year 1809. He studied College, Aberdeen, and the University of Edinburgh. In 1834, he was called to Bar. For some time he travelled abroad. He was appointed Professor of Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1841, and elected Greek Professor in the Univerburgh in 1852. Professor Blackie has published a work on the principles of translation of Æschylus is much esteemed. In 1860, a volume of "Lyrical Poessa from his pen. The following has been transcribed from his volume entitled, "I gends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems." Edinburgh, 1857.

BENEDICITE.



Rock and high land, Wood and island, Crag, where eagle's pride hath soar'd, Mighty mountains, purple-breasted, Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein pour'd,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

HUGH BLAIR, D.D.

THE REV. HUGH BLAIR, D.D., was born at Edinburgh, on the 7th April, 1718. He the University of his native city in 1730, and was licensed to preach in October, 1718 tollowing year, he was ordained to the pastoral charge of Collessie, Pffeshire. In 174 preferred to the office of second minister of the Canongate, Edinburgh; in 1752 promoted to Lady Yester's, one of the city churches. He was afterwards applied the collegiate ministers of the High Church. In 1760, the chair of Rhestoric in the Uwas founded for his acceptance. He was associated with the Rev. John Logue, William Cameron, and the Rev. Dr. Morrison in preparing the Church of Sociated Par Cameron and Morrison are noticed in the present work. The contributions of Log Paraphrases are believed to have been appropriated from Michael Bruce (see suffice of the 1812 of the

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

Hebrews iv. 14-16.

JESUS, the Son of God, who once
For us His life resign'd,'
Now lives in heaven, our Great High Priest
And never-dying Friend.
Through life, through death, let us to Him
With constancy adhere;

TAMES BODEN.

Then let us with a filial heart
Come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs
And all our wants make known;
That mercy we may there obtain
For sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
While days of trial last.

JAMES BODEN.

THE REV. JAMES BODEN was born at Chester, on the 13th April, 1757. A member of the Congregationalist body, he studied at Homerton-College, where he qualified himself for the sinistry. He was appointed in 1754 to the Independent Chapel at Hanley, Staffordshire. In 1754, he removed to Shefield, to undertake the pastorate of the Queen Street Independent Chapel in that place. His death took place at Chesterfield, on the 4th June, 1841. Mr. Boden was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society. Along with the Rev. Edward Wilsons, D.D., be published, in 1801, "A Collection of above Six Hundred Hymns, designed as a New Supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns." To this work Mr. Boden contributed seven output hymns.

"YET THERE IS ROOM."*

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,

Nor vain excuses frame;

He bids you come to-day,

Though poor, and blind, and lame:

All things are ready; sinner, come;

For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is His name.
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

^{*} See Note at end of the volume.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

BRIGHT Source of everlasting love, To Thee our souls we raise; And to Thy sovereign bounty rear A monument of praise.

Thy mercy gilds the paths of life With every cheering ray; Kindly restrains the rising tear, Or wipes that tear away.



Thus passing through the vale of tears, Our useful light shall shine; And others learn to glorify Our Father's name Divine.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

COME, all ye saints of God,
Publish through earth abroad
Jesus's fame;
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
Worthy the Lamb!

Hence, gloomy doubts and fears;
Dry up your mournful tears;
Join our glad theme;
Beauty for ashes bring;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing
Worthy the Lamb.

Hark how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name;
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heavens resound,
Worthy the Lamb,

ANDREW REDMAN BONAR.

ANDREW REDIAM BOAR was been at Effebruph, on the sith March, sist. Babe electrics at the High School and University of his native city. In sign, he homitize of the South Church. It risk, he was ordained to the postored charge parish in Berwickstire. He was trundered to the second charge of the Canonysta, he risk. In November sign, he was a characted to the first charge of the same p. Bonar is an entensive processwrite. In 1864, he pullabled "Hymns for the use 6 Families and of Schools," the enlargement of a former work. Several hymns from I however, contained in his volume, "The Poets and Foetry of Scotland,"

STRENGTH GIVEN.

Thou in the heavens above be dark, Though the waves beat o'er the bark, Though the thunders loudly roar, Though the mist be on the shore,—He, thy Master, walks before thee, Angel forms are bending o'er thee. Haste to prayer, and bow the knee:—"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Are there thoughts thou wouldst not name?



Earthly love, or worthless toys? What are these to heavenly joys? In God's heaven thy treasure see, — "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

HEAVENLY WISDOM SOUGHT.

SOURCE of life and light and blessing,
Raise our hearts to Thee above!
And be with us while expressing
All the wonders of Thy love.
Hear us, Father!
Darkness from our minds remove.

Thou hast given us souls immortal,
Minds to know Thee, hearts to feel,—
Open Thou to us the portal,
Fill our hearts with fervent zeal.
Hear us, Mightiest!
Treasures of Thine own reveal.

Holy deeds in ancient story,
Wonders that the heaven unfolds,—
Traces of His boundless glory,
Who the winds and waters holds—
Benefactor!
Let each praise Thee who beholds.

Bring us to the feet of Jesus,
As the Eastern sages knelt;
May Thy gracious Spirit free us
From the stains and power of guilt.
Blessèd Jesus!
Let Thy light and peace be felt.

Once Thou camest meek and lowly, Moved by pity for our race,— Diedst, the Just One and the Holy, Took'st the helpless sinner's place. Great Redeemer! Shed upon our hearts Thy grace. Where the saints and angels bending,
Bless Thee on the throne on high,
Hear our mortal voices blending
With their lofty minstrelsy.
Safely keep us
By Thine ever-watchful eye.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.

(Contributed.)

WE search Thy word, O Master kind,
Thy holy book of truth,
Fit comforter of bending age,
Sure guide of glowing youth.
That word of Thine which sheds a light
On life's uncertain road—
That book which speaks of Jesu's love,
And points our way to God.

Like music oft its words have come Where pain and fear have been,

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

of the most esteemed sacred poets and religious prose writers of the time, HORATIUS (MAR, was born at Edinburgh, in 1808. He was educated at the University of his native city, a sign, here and ordered to the ministry at Kelso. At the disruption, in 1843, he lond the Free lawth. In 183, he began the series of "Kelso Tracts," which first gained him reputation at religious writer. His larger prose works are "The Night of Weeping," "The Morning [log," "Prophetic Landmarks," "The Eternal Day," "Man," "The Story of Grace," "A breage Reg." "The Land of Promise," and "The Desert of Sinal." Two of his later prose works, "Goft Way of Peace," and "God's Way of Holiness," have obtained an extraordinary includion, and have been eminently useful. Dr. Bonar's hymns are contained in his volumes useful "Hymns of Faith and Hope," first and second series. 1857—1861. 8vo.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright,

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and fil.

Choose Thou for me my friend, My sickness or my health; Choose Thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth. Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom, and my all!

"COME UNTO ME."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus, as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my Shepherd is,
 "Twas He that loved my soul;
 "Twas He that washed me in His blood;
 "Twas He that made me whole.
 "Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 "Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 "Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

THE STREET

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The notices Limit of Roll:
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From the accuracy and.
Through my public beaus.
The waster my minimum status.
The notice is a manufacture.
The last a spat remains.

I lay my writts in Jesus :
All filmess feedle in Him;
He heats all my fluorises.
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my greets in Jesus.
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all redeases,
He all my sorrows shares.



A BETHLEHEM HYMN.

HE has come! the Christ of God, Left for us His glad abode; Stooping from His throne of bliss To this darksome wilderness.

He has come! the Prince of peace, Come to bid our sorrows cease; Come to scatter with His light All the shadows of our night.

He, the mighty King, has come! Making this poor earth His home; Come to bear our sins' sad load; Son of David, Son of God.

He has come, whose name of grace Speaks deliverance to our race; Left for us His glad abode; Son of Mary, Son of God.

"Unto us a Child is born!" Ne'er has earth beheld a morn, Among all the morns of time, Half so glorious in its prime.

"Unto us a Son is given!"
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breezes blow; Be like the night-dew's cooling balm Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft resting on Thy breast; Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest,

THE RELEASE

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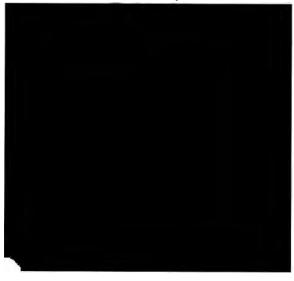
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Lie Ein we ver av same:
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Limit that he give would never with you.

In assuming some to

Let us he himst a he home.



The night is well-nigh spent, my soul,
The night is well-nigh spent;
And soon above our heads shall shine
A glorious firmament:
A sky all glad and pure and bright,
The Lamb, once slain, its perfect light;
A star without a cloud,
Whose light no mists enshroud,
Descending never!

REST YONDER.

This is not my place of resting, Mine's a city yet to come; Onwards to it I am hasting— On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has pass'd away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life along; On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain; Never more be sad or weary, Never, never sin again. - Tarret

TANE BORTHWICK

All Districtions is descended from the all and respectible States in Randy. Under the statement of H. L., the bits contributed immersion compositions in processed section in Parents Presenting. States and known in contraction with the work, "Hypera from the Life of Lands, presenting the contributed of the process of the

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Mir Jisas, as Thon wilt!

Oh may Thy will be mine!

Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.

Through surrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own;

And help me still to say,

My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

If amone thoms I so...

Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood

To overwhelm my heart:
For they are blest with Thee,
Their race and conflict won;
Let me but follow them,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
When death itself draws nigh,
To Thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly;
Leaning on Thee, to go
Where Thou before hast gone;
The rest as Thou shalt please;
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on;
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

JOHN BOWDLER.

JOHN BOWDLER was born in London, on the 2nd February, 1783. Educated at College, he selected the legal profession, and became a member of Lincoln's barrister, he gave promise of attaining to eminence, but was prematurely cut of February, 1815, at the early age of thirty-two. In 1816, his miscellaneous writing lished by his father, in two octavo volumes, under the title, "Select Fieces in Frost accompanied by a memoir. He composed versions of several of the Paulanes.

PSALM CXXIII. PARAPHRASED.

LORD, before Thy throne we bend; Lord, to Thee our eyes ascend; Servants to our Master true, Lo, we yield the homage due; Children, to our Sire we fly, Abba, Father, hear our cry!

To the dust our knees we bow;



THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Psalm xlii.

As panting in the sultry beam, The hart desires the cooling stream, So to Thy presence, Lord, I flee, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee; Athirst to taste Thy living grace, And see Thy glory face to face.

But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll:
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walk'd the happy round That circles Sion's holy ground, And gladly swell'd the choral lays That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise; What time the hallow'd arch along Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

Ah! why, by passing clouds oppress'd Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast? Turn, turn to Him in every pain, Whom never suppliant sought in vain—Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day, Thy hope when joy has pass'd away.

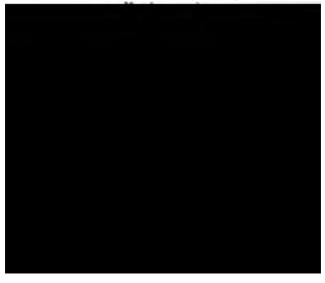
SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D., F.R.S.

A restrictivistiff diplomatist and colonial governor, SIR JOHN BOWRING is entitled to an homorable place among British hymn writers. He was how at East right October, 1901. Processing in extraordinary power of attaining languages, asquired reputation as a metrical translator of poems from many of the European Net business editors of The Westmanuter Remen, in 1895, In 1895, he entered Parl moments for K limarusch. He afterwards represented Bolton. In 1849, he was a British Consul at Canton. He was knighted in 1945, on his nomination as Her Thompsteetinser in China, and Governor of Hongs-Kong. Sir John Bowring is the serveral majoritant works of travel and in political subjects. In 1895, he published at "Hymnis," trans. His "Matins and Vespers," times, appeared about the sin original hymnis from his pen are in the "Hymni Book for Christian Workip," in Am bearton, it whis he he considerably enlarged it passed into a fourth edition in 1891 original hymnis from his pen are in the "Hymn Book for Christian Workip," in Am beaton, it whis he th edition appeared it Booton, U. S., in 1897. Sir John, who Boom public life, is now resident, in honorable independence, man his native city.

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens?
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;



Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.

Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn,
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Traveller! lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come!

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure; Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

TRUST IN GOD.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord! Thy purpose see;
Yet all is well,—since ruled by Thee.

When, mounted on Thy clouded car,



Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel, Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight, Involved in clouds—invisible, Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallow'd part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

And through the various ways of time, And through the infinity of space, We follow Thy career sublime, And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint or fear, Sustain'd by this delightful thought, Since Thou their God art everywhere, They cannot be where Thou art not.

JEHOIADA BREWER.

JEHOLADA BRIWER was born at Newport, Monmouthshire, in 1752. He commenced life a 1 tude, hat becoming seriously impressed, he prepared himself for the ministry. He perpend to seek ordination in the Church of England, but afterwards joined the Nonconfermins. He had some time a congregation at Rodborough, Gloucestershire. In 1763, he recticed a cal to Sheffield, and after fifteen years' ministerial labour there, he undertook the principle of a new congregation in Livery Street. His death took place on the 24th August, 1877, in his 45th year. Brever composed several hymns. The following, which was originally published in The Cospel Magazine, for 1776 (pp. 471, 472), and there subscribed Sylvestru, is much excessed. It has frequently been included in the hymn-books, but is generally mappined.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began The scheme to rescue fallen man! Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace, That gave my soul a hiding-place!

Against the God who rules the sky I fought with hand uplifted high; Despised the mention of His grace, Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

The BETTANES.

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The name of a single-single-

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Harman and an arra-documental male



ANNE BRONTE was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Patrick Bronte, incumbent of Rawork, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; she was born in 1820. Owing to the narrow kenne of her father, Anne, and her two elder sisters, Charlotte and Emily, were necessitated, or reaching vomanhood, to obtain situations as governesses. Escaping from the drudgeries of bities, the sisters returned to their father's house in 1845, resolving to make a vigorous signs in the world of letters. In the following year appeared "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Actas Bala," such being the norms de plume assumed by the sisters. Anne published "Agnes," and "The Temant of Wildfell Hall." She died at Scarborough, on the sitch May, 1849; her remains repose in the old churchyard, near the castle. The following composition by Anne Broate is transcribed from her poems appended to the volume of "Wuthering Ricigian and Agness Grey, by Ellis and Acton Bell," London, 1850.

CONFIDENCE.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe, A burdened heart I bear; Opposed by many a mighty foe; But I will not despair.

With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

Far as this earth may be From yonder starry skies; Remoter still am I from Thee: Yet Thou wilt not despise.

I need not fear my foes, I need not yield to care; I need not sink beneath my woes, For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name, I give myself to Thee; And, all unworthy as I am, My God will cherish me.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, LI

JAMES BALLIWIN BROWN was a barranter of the Inner Tample. He put law, which are entermed by the profession. His life of John Housel, it well known. In this, he published "The Battle of Albana," a potta. I lie Kallica, and Mr. Wiffin. in jublishing. "Pouns by Three Friends, will stoomly in this. In the, Dr. Brown, Lummenced The Investigator, a which was edited by Lie Kallies and another. The following humn by striked from Dr. Railles' collection.

THE HEAVENLY BREAD.

THE manna to the fainting Jews
Was not by Moses given;
Descending with the morning dews,
'Twas bread sent down from heave

'Twas angels' food, yet served to stay But for a while their wants; Hence fresh supplies, from day to da Their heavenly Father grants.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

BALDWIN BROWN, son of the preceding, was born in 1820, in the Inner educated at University College, London, where he took the degree of anding to follow his father's profession, he studied at the Inner Temple.

Deat two years at Highbury College, and entered the ministry. In 1843, he has been to be Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he has been at Leadon Road Congregational Chapel, Derby. Since 1846, he had the leadon Road Chapel Chapel Chapel Chapel Road Chapel Chapel Chapel Road Chapel Chapel Chapel Ro

FOR INCREASE OF FAITH.

THOU who our faithless hearts canst read, And know'st each weakness there; Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead; O turn not from our prayer!

We cannot grasp from hour to hour The truths Thy gospel saith; Then aid us by Thy heavenly power, And so increase our faith,

That we may trust Thy guardian care, When no kind hand we see; That we may lift our souls in prayer Undoubtingly to Thee.

Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean
Some beams of heavenly light.

Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

SIMON BROWNE.

SIMON BROWNE was born at Shepton Mallet, Someractshire, about the year off minister of a dissenting congregation at Portsmouth. In 1716, he accepted a succeed Mr. Shower, at the Old Jewry, London. In 1723, he lost his wife am amount of affliction which so overcame him that he was afterwards incapable ministerial duty. He retired to his native place, where he died at the classe of this sand year. In 1720, he published "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," London, this volume the following hymns have been transcribed.

INCONSISTENCY OF SIN WITH A CHRIS' PROFESSION.

JESUS, my Saviour and my God, My life and sacrifice; My hopes, deep founded in Thy blood, Reach far above the skies.

Up to the highest heav'ns they soar, Where, round Thy dazzling throne, Seraphs lie prostrate and adore, And Thee their Sovereign own.



To Thee I'll ever subject live, And all Thy laws approve, The fullest homage freely give, And proofs of loyal love.

Thus shall my heav'nly hopes begin;
Thus I'll my hopes maintain;
Nor once expect, in ways of sin,
Eternal life to gain.

FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, My sinful maladies remove; Be Thou my light, be Thou my guide, O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far From every sin and hurtful snare; Lead me to God, my *final rest*, In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the living way, Nor let me from His pastures stray; Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in persection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

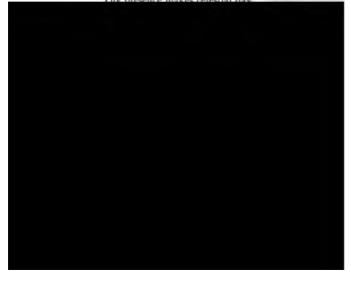
Lead me to means of grace, where I May own my wants, and seek supply; Lead to Thyself, the spring from whence To fetch all quick'ning influence. Thus I, conducted still by Thee, Of God a child beloved shall be; Here to His family pertain, Hereafter with Him ever reign.

GOD OUR HAPPINESS.

ETERNAL God, of Beings first,
Of all created good the spring,
For Thee I long, for Thee I thirst,
My Love, my Saviour, and my King;
Thine is a never-failing store:
If God be mine, I ask no more.

The fairest world of light on high
Reflection makes, but faint, of Thine;
The glorious tenants of the sky
In God's own beams transported shine;
But should'st Thou wrap Thy face in shade,
Soon all their life and lustre fade.

The presence makes calculated day



O let me, Lord, this favour gain,
With smiles still sate, yet feed desire,
In all the loads of life sustain,
In dying moments life inspire.
Guard my departed soul to rest,
Be still my God, and I am blest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

wast gifted of modern poetesses, ELIZABETH BARRETT was born in London, Eather was a person of considerable affluence. In her 18th year, she gave micical talent, by the publication of "An Essay on Mind, and other Poema." In whed anonymously, a translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus. Her next The Seraphim, "confirmed her reputation as a poetess. In 1866, she became the best Browsing, a poet of genius not inferior to her own. The newly married d to Italy,—there they continued to reside, first at Pisa, and afterwards at "a Browsing died at Florence, on the 29th June, 1851. In 1856, her poetical shibbled in three volumes, 1200. A fourth volume was added after her decease.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."-Psalm cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to over weep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

LYRA FRITANNICA

"Steep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say, But have no time to charm away. Sail dreams that through the eyelids creep. But never doleful dream again. Shall break the hoppy slumber, when "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with walling in your voices!
O delived gold, the waller's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth Hir beloved, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan A living, thinking, feeling man,

MICHAEL BRUCE.

out remarkable of short-lived poets, MICHAEL BRUCE, was born at Kinnesswood tmoak. Kinrosshire, on the 27th March, 1746. His parents were in humble cirbut they determined, owing to his literary predilections, to educate him for the ring four years, he presecuted his classical studies at the University of Edinburgh, stly entered on the study of theology, and employed himself in tuition, as a means

Under incessant mental toil, a constitution always weak, began to decline. lingering consumption, on the 6th July, 1767, in his 21st year. The poetical mel Bruce have been made the subject of a curious controversy. At college, the companion of Mr. John Logan, a person of somewhat kindred genius, and becoming minister of Leith, acquired reputation as a preacher. Subsequent ath, Logan visited his parents, and offered to publish their son's poems for their L. He was, accordingly, entrusted with the whole of the MSS., including an sek of hymns, which the parents familiarly termed their son's "Gospel Sonnets." everal were familiar to the neighbours, who had derived their knowledge of the rom the deceased poet himself. After a considerable delay, Logan published a estitled "Poems on several occasions, by Michael Bruce," accompanied by a face, commemorative of the writer. The scantiness of the compositions, and the e "Gospel Sonnets," disquieted the parents. On a request being made to Logan, of the deceased poet, for the MS. book of hymns, he stated that it was lost. sterwards associated with other clerical brethren in preparing a collection of aphrases, for the use of the Scottish Church. He became the most conspicuous e, by contributing a number of compositions, which were hailed with ad readily adopted by the Church. But Michael Bruce's father recognised them "Gospel Sonnets,"-and such, with probably a few verbal alterations, there is dieving, they were. The hymns which follow the present sketch, were all ngan. The industry of the Rev. William Mackelvic, one of the editors of Bruce's ver, established the Kinnesswood poet's claim to certain of them, and the e Rev. Alexander Grosart (1865), has, we think, satisfactorily proved his title to There are few who now defend the claims of Logan to the authorship, a fact the circumstance, that it has been demonstrated that the celebrated "Ode to which he appropriated, was the composition of his deceased friend.

following compositions, all of which are included in the Church of Scotland he eighth puraphrase beginning, "Few are thy days and full of woe," has been acted verses from one of his lyrics. The ninth paraphrase may also be fairly

ADVENT OF THE MESSIAH.

BEHOLD! th' Ambassador Divine, Descending from above, To publish to mankind the law Of everlasting love!

On Him in rich effusion pour'd
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth Divine He shall reveal,
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at His approach, Shall strike the wondering ears; But still and gentle breathe the voice In which the God appears.

LYRA BRITANKICA.

By His kind hand the shaken reed Shall raise its falling frame; The dying embers shall revive, And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of His zeal Shall never know decline, Till foreign lands and distant isles Receive the law Divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaver And bade the planets roll,

Who laid the basis of the earth,

Thus saith the Lord: "Thee have I set A Prophet from the ab...

A Prophet from the sky, Wide o'er the nations to proclaim The message from on high.

Before Thy face the shades of death Shall take to sudden flight, The people who in darkness dwell Shall hail a glorious light;

Chrass shall 'sunder burst,

Now sing a new song to the Lord!

Let earth His praise resound;

Ye who upon the ocean dwell,

And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands Unto Jehovah sing! And joyful from the mountain tops Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combined with one accord Jehovah's glories raise, Till in remotest bounds of earth The nations sound His praise.

THE APPROACHING SAVIOUR.

MESSIAH, at Thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains at Thy call
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom
The lilies in the vale.

H 2

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light, A robe of beauty wears; And in new heavens a brighter sun Leads on the promised years.

The kingdom of Messiah come, Appointed times disclose; And fairer in Emmanuel's land The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of peace
The loud hosannah sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

WHEN JESUS, BY THE VIRGIN BROUC

WHEN Jesus, by the Virgin brought, So runs the law of heaven, Was offered holy to the Lord, And at Thy altar given;



Now let their vigour cease;

last my eyes my Saviour see,

Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe,
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

THE GREAT HIGH-PRIEST.

The house of God not made with hands, great High-Priest our nature wears, The Patron of mankind appears.

The who for men in mercy stood,

And pour'd on earth His precious blood,

Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,

The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a brother's eye; Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains A fellow-feeling of our pains; And still remembers in the skies His tears and agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart, The Man of sorrows had a part; He sympathises with our grief, And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne Let us make all our sorrows known; And ask the aids of Heav'nly pow'r To help us in the evil hour.

LYRA BRITANNICA

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice,

And who celestial wisdom makes His early only choice.

For she has treasures greater far Than East or West unfold, And her reward is more secure Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view A length of happy years; And in her lest the prize of same And honour bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence, In Pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head.

her labours rise,

The beam that shines on Zion-hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts, Their millions slain deplore: They hang the trumpet in the hall, And study war no more.

Come then, O come from every land, To worship at His shrine; And walking in the light of God, With holy beauties shine.

DYING IN THE LORD.

THE hour of my departure's come; I hear the voice that calls me home; At last, O Lord, let trouble cease, And let Thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence, I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear, Save for the friends I held so dear, To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend, And to the friendless prove a friend.

THE BETWEEN

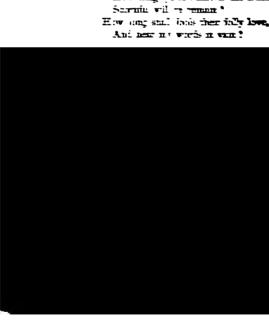
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ें इस र का सम्भाषक **अवस्** I am as was me mis me home; The are of an area of an area of the second Dor et To servet de a peace.

THE LALL OF WISDOM

It erem art winner niche gebes, View have the may provide This negrees Vision life her waich All we i mer nimit:

* How long we serveness of the truth, Sarnin vil 😁 😁 🖜 How and small hole their fully love,



For this is Heaven's decree,

at with the fruits of what he sow'd,

The sinner fill'd shall be."

ATONING SACRIFICE.

Thus speaks the heathen: "How shall men The Power Supreme adore? With what accepted off'rings come This mercy to implore?

Shall clouds of incense to the skies
With grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
Upon the altar bleed?

Does Justice noble blood demand To save the sinner's life? Shall trembling in his offspring's side The father plunge the knife?"

No! God rejects the bloody rites Which blindfold zeal began; His oracles of truth proclaim The message brought to man.

He what is good bath clearly shown,
O favour'd race, to thee;
And what doth God require of those
Who bend to Him the knee?

Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule; Thy heart, in mercy fill; And walking humbly with thy God, To Him resign thy will.

SORROW NOT AS WITHOUT HOPE.

TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends In Jesus fall asleep; Their better being never ends; Why then dejected weep? why mornsulable as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And talk the soul to heaven.

As Jeses fired and rose again.
Victorius from the dead;
So His disciples rise and reign.
With their triumphant Head.

The time traws nigh when from the clouds. Christ shall with shouts descend, And the last trumpet's awful voice. The heavins and earth shall rend.

Then they who live shall changed be, And they who sleep shall wake; The graves shall yield their ancient charge, And earth's foundations shake.

The saints of God, from death set free, With joy shall mount on high;

GEORGE BURDER.

LEV. GEORGE BURDER was born in London, on the 5th June, 1752. He received a able education, and was apprenticed to an engraver. He commenced business at "one. At twenty-four, he began to preach, in connection with the Calvinistic Methodie subsequently joined the Congregationalists. He was ordained at Lancaster, in 1778, he continued six years. He now removed to Coventry, where he remained for twenty has continued six years. He now removed to Coventry, where he remained for twenty has be commenced by the continued six years. He now removed the Condens of the London Missionary Society, as of the Reigious Tract Society, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, see of the originators of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His active and useful life shaded on the 3th May, 1852. He published several volumes of discourses. His "Village "max," her been often reprinted. In 1784, he published a "Collection of Hymns." The 1st dree hymns, which he composed, we have subjoined. The dismissive hymn, begin-Lord, dismiss us with Try blessing," has been inaccurately ascribed to him.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

COME, dear Desire of nations, come, And aid our feeble tongues; While we Thy worthy praise attempt, In our unworthy songs.

By faith we see, and we adore
Thy grace, Thy power, and love;
And, sweetly drawn from sense and sin,
To Thee our spirits move.

Yes, Jesus, Thou art our desire, In Thee our wishes meet; Nor can the whole creation's round Afford a name so sweet.

Let carnal minds for pleasure strive, And after wealth aspire; Our choice is made, our hearts are fixed, For Christ is our desire.

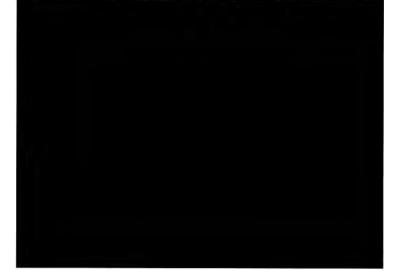
Pity the nations, dearest Lord, Where Thou art yet unknown; Be their desire as well as ours, And make the world Thine own.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

John's TR, MM, NJ, 3. ONS MIS Sorn it Elinburgh, on the 18th February, 18th, He studied at the High School and University (Tits native city. Having graduated, he attended the town Hall (The breecht in higher, and in the time became a licentiste. In 18th, he was a native time past our manager (the Free Church congregation at Domblane. After these years in the source plane narry attack, to vacate his charge, and seek a more immer. He serve event of "Maderia, where he spent few years. Returning to British, he come past on a 18th, of a Presbyterian congregation at Hampstead. His constitution as we become at only in our manager of the control of the 28th Newmber, 18th. His remains were interred in Highgate Constory, Lindian. Mr Barns published, in 1854, "The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems," must a set ad edition appeared in 1858. From the second edition of his poems our selections has been made.

THOUGH LONG THE WANDERER MAY DEPART.

THOUGH long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tenderest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still, through absence, grows



He may behold them dimly here,
And see them as not nigh;
But all he loves will yet appear
Unclouded to his eye.
To that fair city, now so far,
Rejoicing he shall come—
A better light than Bethlehem's star
Guides every wanderer home.

FRIENDS I LOVE.

FRIENDS I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove;
But Thou never wilt deceive me,
O my Saviour! in Thy love.
Change can ne'er this union sever,
Death its links may never part;
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Thou the same Redeemer art!

On the cross, love made Thee bearer
Of transgressions not Thine own;
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.
From Thy glory Thou art bending
Still on earth a pitying eye;
And, 'mid angels' songs ascending,
Hearest every mourner's cry.

In the days of worldly gladness,
Cold and proud our hearts may be;
But to whom, in fear and sadness,
Can we go but unto Thee?
From that depth of gloom and sorrow,
Where Thy love to man was shown,
Every bleeding heart may borrow
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter, Yet since Thou hast made it mine, This, Thy love, will make it sweeter Than the world's best mingled wine.



EIQ

LYRA BRITANNICA

Parker days may yet betide me, Sharper sorrows I may prove; But the worst will ne'er divide a O my Savinar! from Thy low

CHASTENING.

O There whose sacred feet have The thorny path of woe, Forbid that I should slight the r Or hint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroks I meekly would resign, Nor marmar at the heaviest yok That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,

To suffer as a son,—

To say, though lying in the dust

My Father's will be done!



ROBERT BURNS.

The most celebrated of lyric poets, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, on the With a limited education at school, he was sent early to the plough. of leisure, he composed verses; in 1786, he printed a volume of poems by view to his procuring the means of emigrating to the West Indies. The enture led him to change his resolution of abandoning his native country. himself famous; he was invited to Edinburgh, and there hailed as a pro-2500 was realized from an enlarged edition of his poems. He made a tour ting localities of Scotland, and was everywhere received with honours and He became a tenant-farmer in Dumfriesshire, and accepted an appointment in He latterly settled as an Excise officer at Dumfries. His death took place at enst July, 1796, in his 38th year. The songs of Robert Burns are the best Fitten. Though occasionally overtaken in the convivial excesses of his age, the based with pious sentiments, and with an earnest love of Holy Scripture. "The sentiments sentiments, and with an earnest love of Holy Scripture. "The senting Night," and others of his poems, breathe the spirit of devotion. The editor informed by Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, of his conducting worship in the d. at a Period when it was not common among persons of his condition, and that he ful in instructing the younger members of his father's family in the Church Catechism.

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed, Hath happiness in store, Who walks not in the wicked's way, Nor learns their guilty lore;

Nor from the seat of scornful pride Casts forth his eyes abroad, But with humility and awe Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt, Shall to the ground be cast; And, like the rootless stubble, tost Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore Hath given them peace and rest, But hath decreed that wicked men Shall ne'er be truly blest.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU the first, the greatest Friend Of all the human race! Whose strong right hand has ever been Their stay and dwelling-place.

Before the mountains heaved their heads Beneath Thy forming hand; Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at Thy command;

That Power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years, Which seem to us so vast, Appear no more before Thy sight Than yesterday that's past.



JOHN BURTON, SEN.

way of this author is unknown. He published in 1800 a work entitled "The The following hymn from his pen is universally esteemed.

HOLY Bible, book Divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine; Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine to show by living faith Man can triumph over death.

Mine to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; Holy Bible, book Divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, JUN.

unther of "Hymns for Little Children," and to whose name we have affixed sish him from the preceding hymn-writer, was born at Stratford, Essex, on 3. He composed verses in boyhood. In December, 1822, he appeared as the ligious poetry in The Evangelical Magazine. Under the auspices of the Society, he has published "Scripture Characters in Verse," "One Hundred for the Young," "Hymns for Little Children," and several small books and iod of forty years he has been a contributor to religious periodicals. His a which he spent not less than two thousand hours, these chiefly before "Christian Devotedness." This volume is an attempt to show from the Seriptor of a Christian ought to be, and what by the grace of God it might be. For years Mr. Burton has been engaged on a new metrical version of the Book is now ready for publication. Mr. Burton has avoided publicity as an as works bear only his initials, with the affix "Essex." He resides at Stratford, self by trade.

OUR FATHER.

Он, what praises shall we render To the Lord who reigns above, For His mercies, constant, tender, For His condescending love? Though we often have offended, And transgress'd His holy will, Still has He our souls befriended; We may call Him Father still.

Heavenly Father! Thou hast taught us
Thus to seek Thee in our youth;
Hitherto Thy grace hath brought us,—
Lead us onward in Thy truth.
We are weak, do Thou uphold us,
And from every snare defend;
Let Thy mighty arms enfold us,
Save us, keep us, to the end.

Oh, our Father, great and glorious!
Draw our youthful hearts to Thee;
Let Thy grace be there victorious,
Let Thy love our portion be.
May we know Thy great salvation,
Serve and love Thee all our days;
Then in heaven, thy habitation,
Join to sing Thine endless praise.

Prove His kind care and tender love:
What thanks to Him should we express,
The Father of the fatherless.

tus rejoice! above the skies, we have a Friend who never dies; Him we may our prayer address, The Father of the fatherless.

m all our souls Thine image trace; hen shall we never cease to bless he Father of the fatherless.

REDEEMING LOVE.

(Contributed.)

song of gratitude and praise,—
To Thee, our Saviour King.

pirit Divine, Thy grace impart,

Vake every power, warm every heart,

Redeeming love to sing.

Redeeming love!—what theme but this Inspires with ecstasy of bliss
The harps before the throne,
Where angels lead th' enraptured song,
And ransom'd souls the strain prolong,
With joys on earth unknown.

And didst Thou, Lord, ere time began, Engage to rescue fallen man
From guilt and misery?
And didst Thou lay Thy glory by,
Suffer, and agonize, and die,
That we might live through Thee?

THE BUTSHILL

test thist Thus true, and fast Thou selection because source still return.

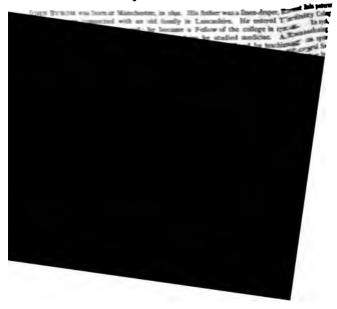
Heading for is move?

Loss asset Thou give as hope that we thank soon Thy are a givey see,

Loss asset Thy perfect love?

Vertire at Thou, O Christ, our Lord, To be by all manisted adorbi, And by the hosts of heaven. Jesus, all power and praise be Thine, And glory massiess and Divine, To Thy great name be given!

JOHN BYROM.



bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
rou and all the nations upon earth;
day hath God fulfill'd His promis'd word;
day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord;

David's city, shepherds, ye shall find long-foretold Redeemer of mankind. pt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe Divine in a manger; this shall be your sign."

spake, and straightway the celestial choir, ymns of joy, unknown before, conspire: praises of redeeming love they sung, beaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rung.

nd's highest glory " was their anthem still; ace upon earth, and mutual goodwill."

Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds ran, see the wonder God had wrought for man;

found, with Joseph and the blessed maid, Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid. u'd, the wondrous story they proclaim; first apostles of His infant fame;

le Mary keeps and ponders in her heart heav'nly vision which the swains impart. to their flocks, still praising God, return, their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

as, like these good shepherds, then, employ, grateful voices to proclaim the joy;

Mary, let us ponder in our mind
s wondrous love in saving lost mankind;

is and watchful, as these favour'd swains, le virgin meekness in the heart remains, e we the Babe, who has retriev'd our loss, a His poor manger to His bitter cross;

ding His steps, assisted by His grace, man's first heav'nly state again takes place. 1 may we hope, th' angelic thrones among, ing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song:

다. 함

LYRA BRITANNICA.

He that was born upon this joyful day, Around us all His glory shall display; Sav'd by His love, incessant we shall sing, Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

LORD BYRON.

GRORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, one of the most illustrious of British poets, was bur Holle, Street, London, on the zand January, 1788. His early years were speat at Aberde under the care of his mother. He afterwards studied at Harrow, and in 1809 entered Th College, Cambridge. His "Hours of Idleness," a volume of juvenile poems, appeared is at The "English Bards and South Reviewers," a satirical poem, which he published reply to a sarcastic cruique on his juvenile volume in The Edmburgh Review, surprised world, and established his fame as a great poet. The first two cantos of his "Childe Hand appeared in 1812. Other poems succeeded, which severally sustained his poetic reputation. He married in 1812, but the union powed a singularly unhappy one. Byron process abroad, irritated by social misfortune, and stung by public rumours. He readded in Italy at Geneva, and subsequently proceeded to Greece. After a short illness, he died at Mis longhi, in Greece, on the 19th April, 1844. The following are two of his "Hebrew Melodis

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERID

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE THAT WEPT BY BABEL'S STREAM.

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream, Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream; Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell; Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet? And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet? And Judah's melody once more rejoice The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast, How shall ye flee away and be at rest! The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave, Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

THE author of two volumes of sacred lyrics, Miss ADA CAMBRIDGE, was born in 1844. Her watts are cuttied, "Hymns on the Litany," and "Hymns on the Holy Communion." The batter volume is prefixed with a suitable preface by the Rev. Robert H. Baynes. Miss Cambridge is now cagaged on a volume of sacred poetry, which will more than fulfil the expectations of her schieres. The two following hymns by Miss Cambridge are transcribed, the former from the "Bymns on the Holy Communion," the latter from the Rev. R. S. Baynes" "English Lyrics," with the kind permission of Mesars. Houlston and Wright, the publishers.

ON THE ALTAR STEP.

JESU, great Redeemer, Source of life Divine, In our souls for ever Grant the life to shine! Light of peace eternal,
Prince of peace, restore!
Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore.

Bread for sinners broken— Bread of life indeed; Manna for the hungry, In their sorest need: Pledge of our salvation, How we thirst for Thee! Cup of heavenly blessing, Wine of charity!

Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin!
Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure!
And O let Thy likeness
In our heart endure.

By the woes Thy love once tasted In this sin-marr'd world below, Succour those in tribulation, Succour those in sorrow now.

Thou who wast so sorely burden'd,
Help the weak that are oppress'd;
Sanctify all earthly crosses
For the coming day of rest;
Give the meek a trustful spirit
That will always lean on Thee,
And in storms of deep affliction
Still Thy gracious Presence see.

Lord, Thou hast a holy purpose
In each suffering we bear,
In each throe of pain and terror,
In each secret, silent tear;
In the weary days of sickness,
Famine, want, and loneliness,
In our night-time of bereavement,
In our soul's Lent-bitterness.

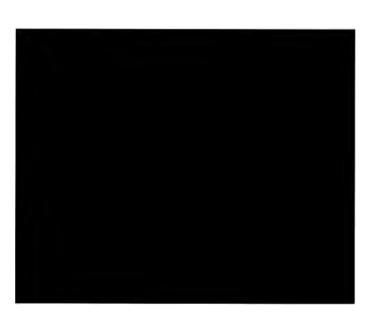
All the needful sweet correction
Of this gentle Hand of Thine,
All Thy wise and careful nurture,
All Thy faultless discipline;
All to purge the precious metal,
Till it will reflect Thy face,
All to shape and polish jewels
Thine own diadem to grace.

Take our cross and follow Thee
Il along the narrow pathway,
If we would Thy glory see;
hen, O help us each to bear it,
By Thine own hard life of shame,
et us suffer well and meekly,
Let us glorify Thy name.

122

Cheer the weak ones, who are bending 'Neath this weary burden now; Lift the pallid faces upward, Smooth the careworn, furrow'd brow, Send a bright and hopeful message To each tried and tempted heart, That the thick and gloomy shadows At that sunshine may depart.

Tell them Thou canst see all sorrow
In this world's rough wilderness;
Tell them Thou art near to succour,
Near to comfort and to bless:
Tell them of Thy cross and passion,
Tell them of Thy trials sore,
Tell them of the angel-city,
Where is joy for evermore.



Now with triumphal palms they stand Before the throne on high, And serve the God they love, amidst The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne Shall o'er them still preside, Feed them with nourishment divine, And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green, He'll lead His flock, Where living streams appear; And God the Lord from ev'ry eye Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

E of the most remarkable of British poets, THOMAS CAMPBELL, was born at Glasgow, on syth July, 1777, and was educated at the University of that city. He wrote verses from shood, and produced, in his twenty-second year, his immortal poem, "The Pleasures of pe." After some years' residence in Edinburgh, he proceeded to London in 1803. A civil-pression of £500 was conferred on him during the premiership of Charles Fox; but this sarry was largely supplemented by sums which he continued to receive from the sale of his fixs, and as a contributor to the leading periodicals. In 1803 he aided Lord Brougham in this ships the London University. He was in the following year elected Lord Rector of University of Glasgow—an honour repeated on two subsequent occasions. He died at alongue, on the 13th July, 1844, in his sixty-seventh year. His remains are interred in Westwater Abbey.

THE NATIVITY.

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still, And silence slept on Zion hill; When Salem's shepherds through the night Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around, A voice, of more than mortal sound, In distant hallelujahs stole, Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye, New streams of glory gild the sky; Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame, The glorious hosts to Zion came; High heaven with songs of triumph rung, While thus they smote their harps and sung:

O Zion! lift Thy raptured eye, The long-expected hour is nigh; The joys of nature rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign!



JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE.

Before Oriental scholar, JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE, was born in 1759. He accompanied be deficient in his travels, and consequent on his celebrity as an orientalist, was appointed to Professivality of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. He also held the ecclesiastical section of Carlisle, and Chaplain to the Il hisho of Durham. His death took place in 1804. A posthumous volume from his pen, hous suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor," appeared in 1805, under the before trans-thed.

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ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of heaven! whose gracious hand
Dispenses good in boundless store,
May every breath Thy praise expand,
And every heart Thy name adore!

Great Lord! may all our waken'd powers
To spread Thy sway exulting join,
Till we shall dare to think Thee ours,
And Thou shalt deign to make us Thine.

Whate'er Thy will, may we display,
Hearts that submit without a sigh;
Whate'er Thy law, may we obey,
Like raptured saints, and feel its joy.

This fleeting life in peace to spend,

But bid our wishes, Lord, aspire

To grasp the life that cannot end.

For Jesus' sake their guilt remove,

That Thou may'st see a world of love.

Protect us when temptation's near,

Reep us from pride and passion free;

Shield us from sin and sorrow here,

And bring us, Lord, at length to Thee.

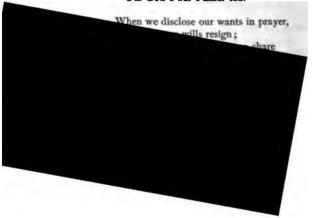
HEARTFELT WORSHIP.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne, And our confessions pour, Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

Then, on Thy glories, while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till Love divine transported tell
Our God's our Father too.



JOHN CAWOOD.

The REV. JOHN CAWOOD was born at Matlock, in Derbyshire, on the 18th March, 1775. His book. Thomas Cawood, was a small farmer, and was enabled to afford his son only a limited at the control of the classics, and in 1797 has a small farmer, and was enabled to afford his son only a limited at the control of the classics, and in 1797 has been small his own exertions, he acquired a knowledge of the classics, and in 1797 has been small been small his classification of the grant of the classics, and in 1797 has been small been small been small been small been small been small classification. In 184, he was present in the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the small work, entitled "Church of the classification of the classification

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

A CHILD of sin and wrath I'm born,
Through Adam's fall and Satan's art;
Corrupt and wretched and forlorn,
And no good thing within my heart.

 O God, in Jesus reconciled, Soon to my soul Thy grace impart,
 And, pitying a little child,
 Plant some good thing within my heart.

Speak, Jesus, in Thine accents mild; Command the *stony* to depart; And put within a praying child A broken, soft, and contrite heart.

As through the path of life I stray, Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart, But guide and cherish all the way, That "better thing within my heart."

When life and all its woes are past,
And death shall soul and body part,
Then mayest Thou, as I breathe my last,
See some good thing within my heart.

When standing near the Great White Thronse, I see Thee, Saviour, as Thou art, Then may'st Thou claim me for Thine own, And see Thine image in my heart.

THE SAVIOUR'S HUMILITY.

THE Son of God, in worlds on high, Eternal praise received; The Son of God, when come to die, Was scorn'd, cast out, and grieved.

On the cold ground, exposed and bare, Our blest Redeemer lies; His prayers disturb the midnight air, And pierce the midnight skies.

The wild beast has his secret lair, The wild bird has her nest, But our Redeemer had not where His weary head to rest.



Blessèd Jesus! Great' Redeemer!
Sadly by Thy cross we stand;
On Thy cross Thou diedst, to bring us
To the joys of Thy right hand.
Blessèd Jesus!
Bring us to Thy heavenly land.

Blessèd Spirit! Great Consoler!

Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place;
Teach us, guide us, sanctify us,
And console us all our days.

Blessèd Spirit!

Ever cheer us with Thy grace.

Blessed Father, Son, and Spirit,
Glorious Godhead, Three in One!
Guide us to the heaven of heavens,
Through the merits of the Son.
Guide and guard us,
Till we see Him on the throne.

FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure th' angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah!

Which they chant in hymns of joy—
Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high.
Hallelujah!

Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound,
Hallelujah!

THE BETWEEN

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Date a term, the great Assumed:

Heaven and earth His goars ang:

Last receive When lost apparated.

For your Proposet, Priess, and King,

Healeston.

Hanner, in this, in alice Him :
Learn His Name, and inste His aw,
I'll is better was any before Him.
Here he is lost most myth
Hallelman.

Let us fearn the windring stary

'If our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till a mover all the earth,
Hallelaph':



HYMN AFTER SERMON.

Almighty God, Thy word is cast Like seed into the ground; Oh may it grow in humble hearts, And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man This holy seed remove, But give it root in praying souls To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

Let not Thy word, so kindly sent To raise us to Thy throne, Return to Thee, and sadly tell That we reject Thy Son.

Great God, come down, and on Thy word
Thy mighty power bestow,
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

HRISTIANS, the glorious hope ye know, Which soothes the heart in every woe, While heathens helpless, hopeless, lie, to ray of glory charms their eye.

give to their desiring sight he hope that Jesus brought to light.

hristians, ye taste the heavenly grace
which cheers believers in their race;
ncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
fillions of souls haste to the tomb;
o heathen lands that grace convey,
which trains the soul for endless day.

K 2

Christians, ye prize that precious blood, In which the soul is cleansed for God; Millions of souls in darkness dwell, Uncleansed from sin, exposed to hell. O strive that heathens soon may view That precious blood which cleanseth you.

IOHN CENNICK.

JOHN CENNICK was born at Reading, Berkshire, in the year 1717. From a youth spent he wolity, he was at the age of fifteen impressed with serious convictions; at the end of two yhe experienced peace in the Savieur. He became acquainted with Wesley and Whitefield, preached in the Methodist connection. When Wesley and Whitefield separated, he jo the latter. In 1745 he attached himself to the Moravians or United Berthren. During original connection he had ministered at Kingswood, Bristol. On joining the Moravian made a tour in Germany, in order fully to acquaint himself with their doctrines. He us quently ministered in Dublm and in the north of Ireland. He died while on a visit to Los on the 4th July, 1755. His remains were interved in the Moravian Cemetery, Chelesa. Compublished (1741—44) "Sacred Hymns for the Children of God," and in 1743—44, "Sa Hymns for the use of Religious Societies." In 1755, an enlarged edition was published thining The Jungment Hymn, respecting which see article "CHARLES WESSLEY." In the published a volume of hymns for children, of which no copy is known to exist. In Moravian collection (1769), several hymns, not in his published works, were printed from MSS.



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Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below; Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee.

MELCHISEDEC A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, I love to hear of Thee; No music like Thy charming name, Is half so sweet to me.

O let me ever hear Thy voice; In mercy to me speak; And in my Priest will I rejoice, My great Melchisedec!

My Jesus shall be still my theme, While in this world I stay; I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name, When all things else decay.

When I appear in yonder cloud
With all Thy favour'd throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone, He that I placed my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of holiness I'll go, for all the paths are peace. No stranger may proceed therein, No lover of the world, and sin; No lion, no devouring care, No ravenous tiger, shall be there;

No; nothing may go up thereon, But travelling souls, and I am one; Wayfaring men to Canaan bound, Shall only in the way be found.

Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd, Shall e'er therein; but they redeem'd In Jesu's blood, shall show their right To travel there, till heaven's in sight.

This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd, because I found it not; My grief, my burden, long have been, Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more; Till late I heard my Saviour say, An ephod Aaron wore,
A cov'ring to the knee,
Sprinkled with bullock's gore;
A type designed to be
Of Jesu's robes wash'd in His blood,
My cov'ring when I go to God.

Down to the foot, saith John,
The milky dress I saw:
Hereby was plainly shown
It was not of the law;
That reach'd but to the knee, lo! this
Declares a perfect holiness.

My Lord a priest is made,
As sware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood;
For sinners, who His mercy seek,
A priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once temptations knew,
Of ev'ry sort and kind,
That He might succour show
To ev'ry tempted mind;
In ev'ry point the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us He died.

He dies, but lives again,
And by the altar stands,
There shows how He was slain,
And op'ning His pierc'd hands,
He 'bides a priest, and pleads our cause,
Transgressors of His righteous laws.

I know I shall succeed;
I shall not ever fail;
The Lamb for me will plead,
He can with God prevail.
He undertakes for me; I soon
Shall hear Him say, "My child, 'tis done."

"'Tis done," my Saviour saith,
His blood He now applies;
I know the living faith,
The faith that justifies;
I can believe the Lord, my Priest,
Hath bought for me eternal rest.

I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for He
Alone me loved, and died for me.

MRS. CHARLES.

MRS. ANDREW PATON CHARLES, see ELIZABETH RUNDLE, was born at Tavistoc Devonshire. She is the only daughter of the late John Rundle, Esq., who for many year represented that borough in Parliament. Her publications, all of which have appear anonymously, enjoy a large measure of popularity. Her best known works are "The Val

Then must Thy heart be stronger far to suffer,
Than any sinful heart that ever beat;
And if Thy path than any path be rougher,
Yet hast Thou strength unscathed its woes to meet.

What tide of anguish, Mightiest! o'er Thee rushes, Thus tasking e'en Thy patience and Thy trust? What woe beyond all woe Thy spirit crushes, Bowing Thee, sinless, spotless, to the dust?

Martyrs for Thee have gone to meet their anguish, Singing glad psalms e'en with their dying breath, Not all their tortures causing once to languish The hope that led them forth for Thee to death.

Thy Stephen's face shone like a happy angel's, Uplifted 'midst the stones towards Thy skies, Beaming from radiant brows Thine own evangels, And glowing with the welcome in Thine eyes.

But Thou, Lord, liftest not Thy face to heaven;
Thou bowest prostrate on the dewy sod,
Thy soul "exceeding sorrowful" with death-pangs riven,
Thy sweat of anguish as great drops of blood!

What storm is this in which Thou all but sinkest,
Whose arm has borne so many through the flood?
What bitter cup is this from which Thou shrinkest,
Strength of all martyrs, patient Lamb of God?

The sin of all the world, whose throne Thou claimest, Hadst made so fair, so fallen, loved and sought; The sin of all Thine own to whom Thou camest, Thou camest, and Thine own received Thee not.

The sin of all the saved, who dying bless'd Thee;
Who from the sting of death hadst set them free;
The sin of all Thy martyrs who confess'd Thee,
And died, rejoicing that they went to Thee.

This is the weight of agony unspoken,
Which Thee, oh Highest! thus so low hath laid
The curse of all the law mankind had broken,
The sin of all the world which Thou hast made.

Earth's serried woe and curse, in one compress.

Thou bearest all within Thy single breast,
And changest thus our every curse to blessing,
Giving us life through death; in labour, rest.

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

Toss'D with rough winds, and faint with family, Above the tempest soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear!—
'Tis I: be not afraid.

'Tis I who wash thy spirit white;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light;
'Tis I; be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea, Bear not a breath of wrath to Thee; That storm has all been spent on me: 'Tis I; be not afraid.



"COME AND SEE."

MASTER, where abidest Thou?

Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.

Canst Thou take our sins away?

May we find repose in Thee?

And the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, say, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore!
The transforming look to Thee;
From the living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?

How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,

Stamp in love upon our breast?

Still a look is all our might;

Looking draws the heart to Thee;

Sends us from the absorbing sight,

With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?

All the springs of life are low;

Sin and grief our spirits bow,

And we wait Thy call to go.

From the depths of happy rest,

Where the just abide with Thee;

From the voice which makes them blest,

Breathes the summons, "Come and see."

Christian! tell it to thy brother, From life's dawning till its end; Every hand may clasp another, And the loneliest bring a friend;

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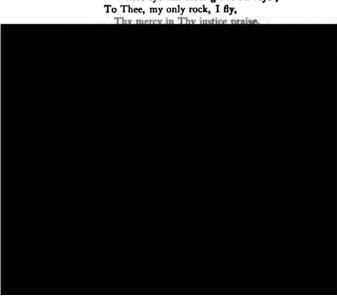
Till the veil is drawn aside,
And from where her home shall be,
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride,
The triumphant, "Come and see."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE greatest prodigy in English literature, THOMAS CHATTERTON, was born at Brints, the 26th November, 1752. Before his sixteenth year, he produced a number of composite in prose and verse, which he attributed to an older date, and which equally surprised a delighted the world of letters. He was apprenticed to an attorney in Bristol, but quitting situation, he attempted a literary career in London. His success in the metropolis was used to his hopes; while, in combination with extraordinary intellectual power, he possesses nature addicted to melancholy. In a state of frenzy he destroyed his manuscripts, a perished by his own hand, on the 25th August, 1770. He had reached only his eightest year,

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky; Whose eye this atom-globe surveys; To Thee, my only rock, I fly,



But ah! my breast is human still; The rising sigh, the falling tear, My languid vitals' feeble rill, The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the Inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

ALMIGHTY Framer of the skies!
Oh let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in Thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made,
Till Thy command gave light.

The Sun of glory gleam'd the ray, Refined the darkness into day, And bid the vapours fly: Impell'd by His eternal love, He left His palaces above, To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appear'd in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd salvation's morn?

An humble form the Godhead wore, The pains of poverty He bore, To gaudy pomp unknown: Though in an humble walk He trod, Still was the man Almighty God, In glory all His own. Despised, oppress'd, the Godhand bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids His vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures He had made
Revile His power, His peace invade;
He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate His name, Who groan'd beneath a life of shame, In all afflictions tried? The soul is raptured to conceive A truth which being must believe, The God eternal died.

My soul exert thy powers, adore, Upon devotion's plumage soar, To celebrate the day: The God from whom creation sprung Shall animate my grateful tongue; From Him I'll catch the lay!



Chose them in Christ, that they should prove The trophies of His dying love; Chose them through faith, that precious grace Which bears the fruits of righteousness; Chose them that they on earth should shine, The image of His face Divine; Chose them, like jewels, from the world, When it should be to ruin hurl'd.

But, oh, no tongue can ever tell
The grace that is unsearchable!
Angels that fell were passed by
When Christ for mortals came to die.
The poor shall wear th' immortal crown
That decks few brows of high renown;
And vilest sinners be forgiven,
To raise the loudest songs in heaven.

WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER, D.D., LL.D.

LELIAM BENGO COLLYER was born at Blackheath. Kent, on the 14th April, 1782. In his becauth year he entered the Academy at Homerton. When only eighteen, he began to ch. Having formed a congregation at Peckham, Surrey, he was ordained to its minist superintendence, in November, 1801. He continued to discharge the pastoral duties at histories for 6thy-three years. He died on the 5th January, 1854, in his 72nd year. Among yother miscellaneous works, Dr. Collyer published "Scripture Tracts," "Lectures on lyture Miracles," and "Lectures on Prophecy." In 1812, he published "Hymns, partly lectured in partly Original," 1880.

AN EASTER HYMN.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb, Jesus dissipates its gloom! Day of triumph through the skies; See the glorious Saviour rise.

Christians, dry your flowing tears, Chase those unbelieving fears; Look on His deserted grave; Doubt no more His power to save.

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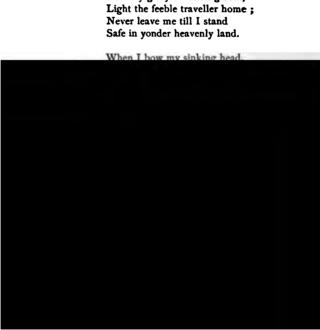
Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade:
Drive your anxious cares away.

Drive your anxious cares away, See the place where Jesus lay.

So the rising sun appears, Shedding radiance o'er the spheres; So returning beams of light Chase the terrors of the night.

"TO LIVE IS CHRIST, TO DIE IS GAIN."

WHEN I tread the mortal vale
Where the shades of death prevail,
Saviour, guide my trembling feet
Through this last, this still retreat;
Let Thy glory chase its gloom,
Light the feeble traveller home;
Never leave me till I stand
Safe in yonder heavenly land.



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JOSIAH CONDER.

se best of modera hymn-writers, JOSIAH CONDER, was born in London, on the 17th st., 1749. He became a publisher in the City, and in 1814 obtained the proprietorship best Review. Subsequent to 1824, he composed a series of descriptive works, which in thirty volumes. In 1833, he undertook the joint-editorship of The Patriet newsich he assisted in conducting till the period of his death. He published "Sacred Sc., London, 1814, 1830; "The Poet of the Sanctuary," 1857, 1830; and "Hymns "1855, 1830. He died at St. John's Wood, on the 17th December, 1855. Nigh to if his death, he was engaged in preparing for the press a revised edition of his hymns, was published soon after his decease. From this volume, entitled "Hymns of Praise, add Devoust Meditation," we have transcribed the following compositions.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

WHEN in the hour of lonely woe, I give my sorrow leave to flow; And anxious fear and dark distrust Weigh down my spirit to the dust:

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid Can heal the wounds the world has made, Oh! this shall check each rising sigh, That Jesus is for ever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care My safety and my comfort are; And He shall guide me all my days, Till glory crown the work of grace.

Jesus! in whom but Thee above, Can I repose my trust, my love? And shall an earthly object be Loved in comparison with Thee?

My flesh is hastening to decay, Soon shall the world have passed away; And what can mortal friends avail, When heart and strength and life shall fail?

But oh! be Thou, my Saviour, nigh, And I will triumph while I die; My strength, my portion, is Divine, And Jesus is for ever mine!

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTAT IO"."

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye Future things unfolded lie, Through the desert, where I stray, Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lead me not, for flesh is frail, Where fierce trials would assail; Leave me not, in darkened hour, To withstand the tempter's power.

Save me from his treacherous wiles; Arm me against pleasure's smiles; Give me for my spirit's health Neither poverty nor wealth.

Help Thy servant to maintain A profession free from stain; That my sole reproach may be Following Christ, and fearing Thee.



DIVINE CHASTISEMENT.

WHEN I can trust my all with God, In trial's fearful hour,

Bow all resign'd beneath His rod,

And bless His sparing power,

A joy springs up amid distress—

A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet, Though sorrows fix me there, Is still a privilege, and sweet The energies of prayer,— Though sighs and tears its language be, If Christ be nigh, and smile on me,

Then blessed be the Hand that gave, Still blessed when it takes; Blessed be He who smites to save, Who heals the heart He breaks. Perfect and true are all His ways, Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

SHEPHERD of Thine Israel, lead us,
Pilgrims through this desert land;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us by Thy mighty hand;
Daily feed us
Till we reach the heavenly strand.

As Thou didst in wondrous manner
Guide Thy chosen flock aright,
Let Thy presence be our banner,
Cloud by day and fire by night;
Thy protection
Be our shield, Thy word our light.

When we come to Death's dark river,
And should we dread the swelling death,
Death of Death! life's Source and God death!
Bid the narrow stream divide.

Joyful praises
We will sing on Canaan's side.

TRUST IN GOD.

"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble."-Pr. x

In the day of thy distress,
May Jehovah hear thee;
In the hour when dangers press,
Jacob's God be near thee;
Send thee, from His holy place,
Timely aid or strengthening grace!



HYMN OF PRAISE.

HALLELUJAH! raise, oh, raise, To our God, the song of praise; All His servants join to sing God our Saviour and our King.

Blessèd be for evermore, That dread Name which we adore! Round the world His praise be sung, Through all lands, in every tongue.

O'er all nations God alone, Higher than the heavens His throne; Who is like to God Most High, Infinite in Majesty?

Yet to view the heavens He bends, Yea, to earth He condescends; Passing by the rich and great For the low and desolate.

He can raise the poor to stand With the princes of the land; Wealth upon the needy shower, Set the meanest high in power.

He the broken spirit cheers; Turns to joy the mourner's tears; Such the wonders of His ways; Praise His name, for ever praise.

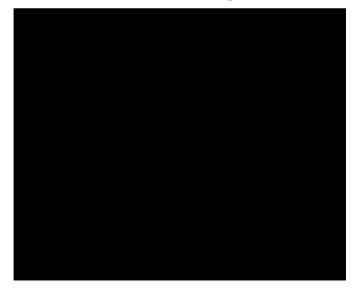
ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA COOK was born at Southwark, about the year 1817. At an early secontributor to some of the London periodicals. In 1840 she published a whole the title of "Melaia, and other Poems," which, four years after, was republished weekly till 1894, when falling health obliged the accomplished editor that edition of her "Poems" was published by Routledge, in 1844 which edition the two following compositions have been transcribed.

AN EVENING SONG.

FATHER above, I pray to Thee,
Before I take my rest;
I seek Thee on my bended knee,
With warm and grateful breast.

First let me thank Thee for my share Of sweet and blessed health; It is a boon I would not spare For worlds of shining wealth.



Ah! let me value as I ought
The lessons good men teach;
To bear no malice in my thought,
No anger in my speech.

Father above, O hear my prayer, And let me ever be Worthy my earthly parents' care, And true in serving Thee!

A SABBATH EVENING SONG.

God on earth, and God in heaven; God who gave one day in seven Unto man, that he might rest With Thy mercy in his breast;—God of goodness, I am kneeling, In my spirit's deep revealing, Fervently to give Thee praise For the peace of Sabbath-days. Calm and tranquil Thou hast made This soft hour of twilight shade; And I ask Thee, in Thy might, To be "watchman of my night."

Let me thank Thee, let me own,
At the footstool of Thy throne,
All my grateful joy and love,
Drawn from hopes that point above;
Let me lay my heart before Thee,
And with holy trust implore Thee
To forgive its human blot,
Gather'd in its human lot.
Listen, Father! to my singing,
Like a child to Thee I'm clinging;
If I wander, guide me right,
Be Thou "watchman of my night."

Let me ask Thee, ere I sleep,
To remember those who weep,—
Those who moan with some wild sorrow,
That shall dread to meet the morrow;

Let me ask Ther is abide
At the faming sick one's side,
Where the plants of anguish rise
In smother't grouns and weary sighs;
Give them strength to brook and bear
Trail pair and trial care;
Let them see Thy saving light,
Se Thou "watchman of their night."

God of al. 'Thou knowest well
Myrasis of Try children dwell
Here among us, lone and blind
In the milinght of the mind;
Well Thou knowest how they need
Words to reach and hand to lead;
Well Thou knowest that they sin,
For the want of light within;
They grope and fall, and men refuse
To rasse them up, and "bind the braise;"
But Thou, O God, in indegment right,
Be Thou "watchman of their night,"



JOSEPH COTTLE.

COTTLE was born in 1770. In his 24th year he became a bookseller and printer in at he retired from business in course of a few years. Being in circumstances of ince, he now employed his time in cultivating his literary tastes, and in cherishing towns of some of his gifted contemporaries. He published numerous works in prose at he was an early friend of Southey and Coleridge; and perceiving their respective raked the expense of producing their first poetical efforts from his printing office. In at life he published several volumes of reminiscences of these poets. He composed rounds, which, though generally meritorious, will only entitle him to a secondary rank at 4 print. His death took place at his residence, near Bristol, on the 7th June, 1853, in 1822. Of the two following hymns, the former has been transcribed from his volume pass and Sacred Lyrics, "1842, the latter from Dr. Leifchild's Hymn-Book, 1842, in he maintend under the author's sanction.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

MIGHTY Lord! extend Thine empire!

Be the truth with triumph crown'd!

Let the lands that sit in darkness

Hear the glorious gospel's sound,

From our borders,

To the world's remotest bound.

By Thine arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night!
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light,
And the future
Realize our visions bright.

What are Satan's mightiest barriers,
Which a breath of Thine o'erthrows?
Shall the creature, in his frenzy,
The Creator's power oppose?
Him, whose lightning
Ruin hurls upon His foes?

Come, too long to earth a stranger,
Once again Thy reign restore!
In Thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more,
Till the heathen
Shall the Lord supreme adore.

LYRA BRITANUECA.

On their cruel habitations

May the dawn celestial break!

May they from the sleep of ages,

To the blaze of day awake!

Spura their idols,

And the Lord their portion make.

Nor, in breathings for Thy kingdom, Would we banish from our prayer, Men renouncing home and kindred, Tidings of the cross to bear; Ease disdaining, Burning suns and poisonous air!

Such, of high and noble daring,
Venturing thus the truth to spread;
Bounteous Father, good and gracious,
On their path Thy blessings shed!
And, in danger,
Cheer their heart and shield their head.

Oh, what crowns await the faithful,

When the storms of life shall cease !

No longer these desiring, Upward our wishes tend, To nobler bliss aspiring, And joys that never end.

From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go.
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above,
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

NATHANIEL COTTON, M.D.

The was born in the year 1707. He studied medicine at Leyden, and on a said a saisted a physician who kept a house for lunatics at Dunstable. He seemeded a large establishment for lunatic patients at St. Albans. His death albans, on the snd August, 1788. The poet Cowper was for a period under things were published posthumously, under the title of "Various Pieces in s vols. 1200, 1791.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

AMIDST these various scenes of ills, Each stroke some kind design fulfils; And shall I murmur at my God, When sovereign love directs the rod?

THE BETWEEN

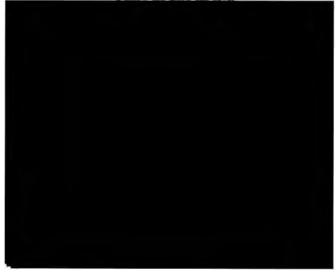
Proce, wish from the TI not complain, We Inher to make separating poin, innies that a thousand pays compact, that your the miss that had the second.

Though serven afficis, I'd not repine, Lach searcies majors still a mine,— Camior that shall revienth prevail, Ann parmey with me through the vale.

Dear Jesus, amount that ragged way, And lead me to the realms of day; To mider sites, and lighter plains, Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

APPLICATION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,



A LORD'S-DAY HYMN.

This is the day the Lord of life Ascended to the skies; My thoughts pursue the lofty theme, And to the heaven arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind From this celestial road; Nor all the honours of the earth Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heaven is the birthplace of the saints, To heaven their souls ascend; Th' Almighty owns His favourite race, As Father and as Friend.

O may these lovely titles prove My comfort and defence, When the sick couch shall be my lot, And death shall call me hence!

WILLIAM COWPER.

LIAM COWPER was born at Berkhampstead, Herts, on the 26th November, 1731. He ed at Westminster School. In 1754, he was called to the bar. Through family influence formed the appointment of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords; but nervous mean, followed by a period of mental alienation, prevented his entering on his duties. He induced to write verses as a relief to his habitual melancholy, and the result was his sing a high place among British poets. In 1794, he obtained a civil-list pension of £300 at ... Be died on the 25th April, 1800. Along with his friend, the Rev. John Newton, Cowper used the "Obney Hymns," sixty-eight of their number proceeding from his pen. In his need years, his constitutional malady returned; he latterly was oppressed by a deep and meantachte despondency.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain: God is His own interpreter, Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet;
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here, No correction by the way, Might I not with reason fear, I should prove a castaway?

Worldlings may escape the rod, Sunk in earthly vain delight; But the true-born child of God, Must not,—would not, if he might.

FRE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

"O my people, faint and few;
"O my people, faint and few;
omfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
horns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
ou shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden, Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light."

RETREMENT

Dut men de word. I Land, I fine, Frank some une mensk far : Frank somes where better wages still. The most succession was.

The main versus, the silent shade.

Virth mayer may prove agrees,
data seem by Thy sweet housely made.

See those was railow These.

Dave, i The Spirit track the seed, And grain for most above, The wife what peace and my and have She communes with her God?

There like the ingrimmyale she pours hier smitner lays; Mir naiss a witness it her song, Nic missis in human passes.



WILLIAM COWPER.

Why should I shrink at Thy command, Whose love forbids my fears? Or tremble at the gracious hand That wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield What most I prize to Thee, Who never hast a good withheld, Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
Tis better still to want.

Visdom and mercy guide my way, Shall I resist them both? ▶ poor, blind creature of a day, And crush'd before the moth!

Still bind me to Thy sway;

Still bind me to Thy sway;

Sise the next cloud that veils the skies,

Drives all these thoughts away.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord. Tis thy Saviour; hear His word; lesus speaks, and speaks to thee; 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

"I deliver'd thee when bound, And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right; I'urn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee. THE RESERVED

T=

* More 2 or mercanging love, Eigens than the angles above, Incise than the angles insteads, Free can nothing at death.

* The suit set my given soon, Very the work of grant is done; Factor of my immer shall be; but your sound, over then me?

Lord to some chart complaint, That me are a weak and faint; Let I are Ther and nines; It for gover to love Ther more!

LINENS TO BE WITH CHRE

T: Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My son, is in maste to be gone;
C near me, we cherulum, up,
And with me away to His throne?

WILLIAM COWPER.

And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain Shall set me eternally free, Will but strengthen and rivet the chain Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

PRAYER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy-seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be often there.

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love; Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright; And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's side; But when, through weariness they fail'd, That moment Amalek prevail'd.

Have you no words? Ah! think again, Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow-creature's ear With the sad tale of all your care.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Did ever mourner plead with Thee, And Thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not the word still fix'd remain, That none shall seek Thy face in vain!

That were a grief I could not bear, Didst Thou not hear and answer praye But a prayer-hearing, answering God, Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me; I have an Advocate with Thee; They whom the world caresses most Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot, Yet God, my God, forgets me not; And he is safe, and must succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plea Hiark! it is the Bridegroom's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest."
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest.
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Seal'd—by signs the chosen know;
Bought—by love, and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in certain rapture die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE wintry winds have ceased to blow, And trembling leaves appear; And fairest flowers succeed the snow, And hail the infant year.

So when the world and all its woes Are vanish'd far away, Fair scenes and wonderful repose Shall bless the new-born day.

When from the confines of the grave The body too shall rise; No more precarious passion's slave, Nor error's sacrifice.

'Tis but a sleep—and Sion's King Will call the many dead; 'Tis but a sleep—and then we sing O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Yes wintry winds have ceased to blow, And trembling leaves appear, And Nature has her types to show Throughout the varying year.

GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

College III.

Co

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



When shall we see the coming sign?
When hear the trumpet blown,
Which makes earth's kingdoms all be Thine,
The universe Thy throne?

SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.

BLEST be the day, all gracious Lord,
Which Thou to man hast given,
To sing Thy praise, and hear Thy word,
And fix his heart on heaven.

And while beneath Thy sacred roof
We join in humble prayer,
May every thought be kept aloof
Unfit to enter there.

Teach us on earth, however tried,
To love and serve Thee still;
To make Thy law our only guide,—
Thy will our only will.

Teach us to keep our conscience pure, Our heart without a stain; Our hope unclouded, faith secure, Till death dissolves our chain.

SUPPLICATION.

" If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. —Gal. v. 25.

Start of God! descend upon my heart;

Storp to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
make me love Thee as I ought to love.

No dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Towns me the panence of unanswer'd prayer.

Teach me in love Thee as Thine angels love, One holy pussion filling all my frame; The haptism of the heaven-descended Dove, My hoset an allier, and Thy love the flame.

A DIRGE.

Excess to earth, and dust to dust! Here the evil and the just, Here the youthful and the old, Here the learnal and the wald, In one allent bed are laid; Here the wassal and the king Side by side lie withering; Here the sword and sceptre rust—Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Age on age shall rol

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones.
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Then shall come the judgment sign,—
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round His state;
Spirits with the crown and plume.
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransom'd just—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem, Shine thy mount, Jerusalem; Then shall in the desert rise Fruits of more than Paradise; Earth by angel-feet be trod, One great garden of her God; Till are dried the martyr's tears Through a glorious thousand years. Now in hope of Him we trust—Earth to earth, and dust to dust!



THE BUILDING

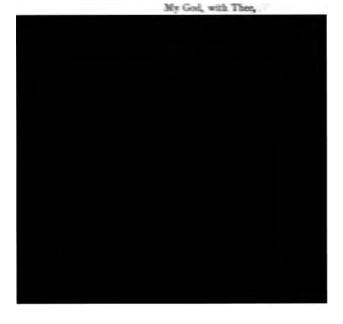
SANTEL CROSSMAN.

SACTED. TO SERLE one on a binner Deserver, of Bredied Manchelles, on our a rea. In section between a Deserver a Lancocky, and processes as a Deserver, and processes a lancocky, and processes a lancocky of the section of the section

ELVIEN.

FIRST PART.

SWEET many sweet time sione! The must if had most high; The nearest if heavens, the throne of spatiess Minesty: On happy place! When shall I be.



SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

There should temptations cease, My frailties there should end; There should I rest in peace. In th' arms of my best Friend. Oh, happy place! etc.

SECOND PART.

Jerusalem on high,
My song and city is;
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
Oh, happy place! etc.

Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnished;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
Oh, happy place! etc.

No sun by day shines there, Nor moon by silent night; Oh, no! these needless are; The Lamb's the city's light. Oh, happy place! etc.

There dwells my Lord, my King, Judged here unfit to live; There angels to Him sing, And lowly homage give. Oh, happy place! etc.

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of peace.
Oh, happy place! etc.

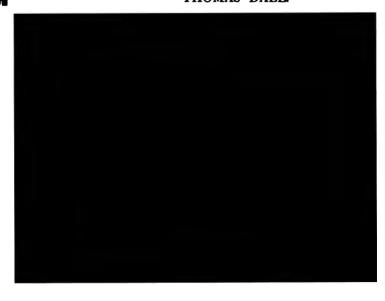
The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
Oh, happy place! etc.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

The bleeding martyrs, they,
Within those courts are found;
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd.
Oh, happy place! etc.

Ah, me! ah, me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
Oh, happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

THOMAS DALE.



When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From His love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever;
Weep not for me.

WEEP NOT FOR HIM.*

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is, that thou art free.
And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh
To think the fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace Divine;
Oh, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine!

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

(Contributed.)

THINE is the spacious earth, O God,
And Thine the boundless sea;
By Thee the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
The mountains fix'd by Thee.
Thou speakest—and the whirlwinds rise;
Thou speakest—all is still;
And lightnings glance along the skies,
Or vanish at Thy will.

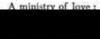
A dirge, sung by the village minstrel in Mr. Dale's "Widow of Nain."

LYRA BRITANNICA.

What then is man, and what are we
That thus we seek to raise
An altar in our hearts to Thee,
And from our lips Thy praise?
Can there be room for infant strains
Where kindling seraphs flame?
There can—there will, for Jesus reigns,
And bids us bear His name.

Meekly in that blest name we bow
To Thee, Almighty Lord;
Nor dread avenging lightnings now,
Nor fear the flaming sword.
He lived to bless, and died to save;
And light by Him is given
To guide our passage to the grave,
And through the grave to heaven.

And they, by whom the wisdom came
That raised our hopes above;
They, who fulfill'd in Jesus' name



THOMAS DAVIS, M.A.

DAVIS is a native of Worcester, of which city his father, Richard sector. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated to the curacy of All Saints, Worcester. In the office of perpetual curate of St. John's, Roundhay, Yorkshire, an Ell retains. Mr. Davis has published "Devotional Verse for a Month," Songs for the Suffering," London, 1859, 8vo.; and "Hymns Old and selected and 260 original hymns, London, 1864, 3mo. The following cribed from "Songs for the Suffering," by the kind permission of bishers. The proof sheets have been revised, and an alteration made the nathor.

LOVE AND FEAR.

THE mighty God who rules above,
He is thy Father: oh, with love,
Confiding love, draw near:
Thy Father is the mighty God
Who spread the firmament abroad:
Approach with holy fear.

Thy love should be the child's, that knows
The sweetness of secure repose
Upon a father's breast;
Thy fear, the feeling pure and deep,
That prompts him watchfully to keep
Meet for that place of rest.

Oh, watch and pray that both may be In holy union found in thee;
And thou shalt soon adore
Thy God and Father face to face,
Where love, in its own native place,
Reveres for evermore.

DEATH CONQUERED.

SHALL I fear, O earth, thy bosom, Shrink and faint to lay me there, Whence the fragrant, lovely blossom Springs to gladden earth and air?



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LYRA BRITANNICA.

Whence the tree, the brook, the river, Soft clouds floating in the sky, All fair things come whispering ever, Of the love Divine on high?

Yea, whence One arose victorious, O'er the darkness of the grave; His strong arm revealing, glorious In its might Divine to save.

No, fair earth! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be;
And through Him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee!

SAMUEL DAVIES.

SAMUEL DAVIES was born at Newcastle, Delaware, U.S., on the 3rd November.

Angels and men resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

In worder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon bought with Jesu's blood:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

O may this strange, this matchless grace, This godlike miracle of love, Fill the wide earth with grateful praise, And all the angelic choirs above: Who is a pardoning God like Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

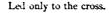
JAMES GEORGE DECK.

RGE DECK is the eldest son of the late John Deck, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, consission in the army. For some years he has been settled in New Zealand. He a religious memoir, entitled "Joy in Departing." He has written a number of eral of these are contained in "Hymns for the Poor of the Flock," 1838, a collective of the Poor of the Flock, "1838, a collective of the Poor of t

HYMN TO JESUS.

O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God:—

Thy love by man, so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.



O Lerd, with sorrow and with shame, We meekly would confess, How little we who bear Thy name, Thy mind, Thy ways express.

Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind: We would obedient be; And all our rest and pleasure find, In fellowship with Thee.

FAITH AND COMMUNION.

When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shart To Jesus' cross I trembling came, Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear, Yet drawn by love, I ventured near, Pardon I found, and peace with God, In Jesu's rich, atoning blood.

My sin is gone, my fears are o'er, I shun His presence now no more; He sits upon the throne of grace, By faith that voice I also hear;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear:
Th' accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of Him whose name is Love;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by th' atoning blood.

Here I can rest without a fear;
By this, to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
or this has made, and keeps me clean;
and when I reach the throne of God,
I ll praise that rich, atoning blood.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

While upon Thy face we gaze:
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays:
Thine Almighty power and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim:
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,
As the ever great "I AM."

Lamb of God! Thy Father's bosom
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;
His delight in Him rejoicing,
One with Him, in power and grace:
Oh, what wondrous love and mercy!
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven
As the Lamb of God to die.

Lamb of God! when we behold Thee
Lowly in the manger laid;
Wandering as a homeless stranger,
In the world Thy hands had made;
When we see Thee in the garden
In Thine agony of blood—
At Thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God!

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LYRA BRITANNICA.

When we see Thee as the victim,
Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and sorrow stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee:
Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,
Thou has loved us unto blood;
Glory, glory, everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God!

SIR EDWARD DENNY, BART

SIR EDWARD DENNY, BART., of Tralee Castle, county Kerry, Ireland, ward, At-ber, 1794. On the death of his father, he succeeded as fourth baroate. Sir E-lward is the author of several publications on Scripture propincies, clim the milennial period. In 1848, he published "Hymns and Posma," Loss. work has passed into a second edition. Sir E-lward resides chiefly in London.

THE HEART WATCHING FOR THE MOR



The, then, with all Thy quickening power, With one awakening smile,

d bid the serpent's trail no more

Thy beauteous realms defile.

Of grace and peace divine;
Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear The cross with all its scorn, Or love a faithless, evil world That wreathed His brow with thorn?

No; facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To you celestial hill.

In tents we dwell amid the waste, Nor turn aside to roam 'In folly's paths, nor seek our rest Where Jesus had no home.

Dead to the world, with Him who died To win our hearts, our love; We, risen with our risen Head, In spirit dwell above.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

By faith, His boundless glories there, Our wond'ring eyes behold; Those glories which eternal years Shall never all unfold.

This fills our hearts with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love,
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

THE HEART BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE WORL

Thou vain, deceitful world, farewell!

Thine idle joys no more we love;

By faith in brighter worlds we dwell,

In spirit find our home above.

Jesus, we go with Thee, to taste
Of joy supreme that never dies;
Our feet still press the weary waste,
Our heart, our home are in the skies.



Thy spirit, through the lonely night
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near,
And Jesus comes with voice of love
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

He comes, for oh, His yearning heart No more can bear delay, To scenes of full unmingled joy, To call His Bride away.

This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

Thou too shalt reign, He will not wear His crown of joy alone; And earth His royal Bride shall see Beside Him on the throne.

Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own— His crown, His joy Divine; And, sweeter far than all beside, He, He Himself is thine.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

WHERE, in this waste, unlovely world, May weary hearts, opprest With thoughts of sorrows yet to come, In calm assurance rest?

In Him who, of the Father's love, The gracious herald came, Of mercy to a guilty world, Of blessing through His name.

LYRA BRITANNICA

In Him who, with unsullied fact And guileless spirit, trod The paths of this unquiet earth, In solitude with God.

In Jesus who, ascended now, Looks backward on the past, Feels for His suff'ring members bere, And loves us to the last.

Tis only in His changeless love, Our waiting spirits, blest With the sweet hope of glory, find Their dwelling-place of rest.

In the same track where He of old The dreary desert trod, Led onward by His grace, we learn The fulness of our God.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

TREN of light, arise and shine! nes are all divine; blessèd Lord, we yet shall reign,
 Redeem'd from sorrow, sin, and pain,
 And walk with Thee in white.
 We suffer now, but oh, at last
 We'll bless Thee, Lord, for all the past,
 And own our cross was light.

DAVID DICKSON.

EXD Presbyterian minister, DAVID DICKSON, was born at Glasgow, in 1983, swclaimed minister of Irvine; in 1640, he became Professor of Divinity at sear an interval of ten years, he was preferred to the Chair of Theology in the mb-wayh. He was deprived of his office at the Restoration, for refusing the 179- His dearth took place in 1653. Dickson published commentaries on \$\mathbb{E}\$ Scripture, and other theological works. The well-known hymn, "O Mother parameted here in an abridged form, was adapted by him from an older them suthership is unknown.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death, nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.
No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night!
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

The houses are of ivory,

The windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
Where angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
O God! if I were there.

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There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all;
Whom they most perfectly behold
In glory spiritual.
They love, they praise, they praise, they love,
They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.

O passing happy were my state Might I be worthy found, When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?

O when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dismay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there, Around my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX

WILLIAM CHAPTERTON DIX was born at Bristol, in June, tilp: [16] febr. [46] in originally a surgions in that city, was a person of much ingenuity and formy tile of the field in life of Charteston, the "Local Legends of Bristol," "Lap of Rost," and works; he died intely is Asserted. The subject of this notice was charted a legended in Gauges and was bred to mercanfile pureaths. During the limited particle in Company is to be habit a respectable appointment in a Maria Immeet (the Dix has published a number of surger days down typics in The Briston Maria Immeet (the Dix has published a number of surger and other typics in The Briston Maria Immeet (the Dix Immeet (th

EPIPHANY.

As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright: So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manger-bed; There to bend the knee before Him whom heaven and earth adore: So may we with willing feet, Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare

In the heavenly country bright Need they no created light; Thou, its light, its joy, its crown, Thou, its sun which goes not down; There for ever, may we sing Alleluias to our King.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

RIDGE was born in London, on the south June, 1702. Educated in an academy at afterwards at Hinckley, he entered the ministry in 1722. In the following tiled at Kibworth. In 1729, he removed to Northampton. Having contracted coember, 1732, he proceeded to the south of Europe to try the benefits of a He died at Lisbon, on the soth October, 1732. Dr. Doddridge is well known "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," the "Family Expositor of sent," and the "Life of Colonel Gardiner." His hymns, numbering 375, were equent to his decesse, by Mr. Job Orton, his friend and biographer. The seem transcribed from an edition of Dr. Doddridge's hymns, published by his John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq., London, 1819, 36mo.

SALVATION.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And lift your voices high; Awake, and praise that sovereign love, That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies:

Each moment brings it near;

Then welcome each declining day!

Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run, Nor many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand reveal'd To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course; Ye mortal powers decay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day.

GRACE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way

To save rebellious man;

And all the steps that grace display,

Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.



PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

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Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun; and crown'd with victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honours down.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ell may Thy praise our lips employ, hile in Thy temple we appear, hose goodness crowns the circling year.

while, as the wheels of nature roll, hy hand supports the steady pole; he sun is taught by Thee to rise, and darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command mbalms the air, and paints the land; he summer rays with vigour shine, for raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winter, soften'd by Thy cares,
No more a face of horror wears.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and closing shade.

Here in Thy house shall incense rise,

s circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;

And still we make Thy mercies known,

Around Thy board, and round our own.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue these songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

ON OPENING A PLACE OF WORSH.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He from His radiant throne
Avow our temples for His own?

We bring the tribute of our praise, And sing that condescending grace, Which to our notes will lend an ear, And call such sinful mortals near.

Our Father's watchful care we bless, Which guards our Churches here in pear That no tumultuous foes invade, To make our trembling souls afraid.

These walls we to Thine honour raise; Long may they echo with Thy praise; And Thou, descending, fill the place With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

Here let the great Redeemer reign With all the virtues of His train;



When death o'er nature shall prevail,

And all the powers of language fail,

Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,

And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But oh! when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chain'd to flesh no more, With what glad accents shall I rise, To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains Which echo o'er the heavenly plains; And emulate, with joy unknown, The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give, Long as a deathless soul can live; A work so sweet, a theme so high, Demands and crowns eternity.

DIVINE MERCY.

We own Thy power divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

They work Thy sovereign will;

nd, awed by Thy majestic voice,

Confusion shall be still.

To them that seek Thy face,

and mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;

and gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand Thine Israel still is fed, Who through this weary pilgrimage Hath all our fathers led;

To Thee our humble vows we raise, To Thee address our prayer, And in Thy kind and faithful breast Deposit all our care.

If Thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide;
If Thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment wilt provide;

If Thou wilt spread Thy shield around ______ Till these our wanderings cease, And at our Father's loved abode, Our souls arrive in peace:

To Thee, as to our covenant God, We will ourselves resign; Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are moulder'd down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast May Thy dear name be worn, A sacred ornament and guard, To endless ages borne.

GOD THE LIGHT OF HIS SAINTS.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light; Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my Divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief Shall swell into mine eyes, Nor the meridian sun decline Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints Shall in one song unite, And each the bliss of all shall view With infinite delight.

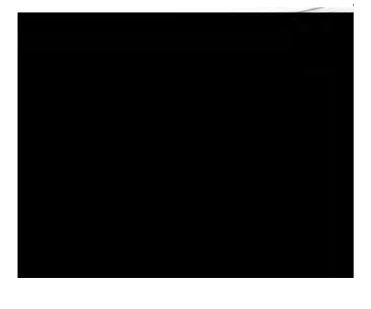
THE WISE CHOICE.

BESET with snares on every hand, In life's uncertain path I stand: Saviour Divine, diffuse Thy light To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart To fix on Mary's better part; To scorn the trifles of a day For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies >
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh, Cheerful I'll live, and joyful die: Secure, when mortal comforts flee, To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.



High heaven that heard the solemn vow, vow renew'd shall daily hear; Till vow rener I bow, bless in death a bond so dear.

CHRIST'S MESSAGE.

the glad sound! the Saviour comes, Saviour promised long; every heart prepare a throne, nd every voice a song.

Him the Spirit, largely pour'd, Exerts its sacred fire; exerts its sacred nre; sdom, and might, and zeal, and love, His holy breast inspire.

comes the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held; e gates of brass before Him burst, The iron fetters yield.

e comes from thickest films of vice, To clear the mental ray, nd on the eycballs of the blind To pour celestial day.

e comes the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure, nd with the treasures of His grace, T' enrich the humble poor.

Fis silver trumpets publish loud The jubilee of the Lord; Our debts are all remitted now, Our heritage restored!

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heaven's eternal arches ring With Thy beloved name.



Who brought the eternal covenant down, And seal'd it with His blood.

So may Thy Spirit seal my soul,

And mould it to Thy will;

That my fond heart no more may stray,

But keep Thy covenant still.

Still may we gain superior strength, And press with vigour on, Till full perfection crown our hopes, And fix us near Thy throne.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

FAR from Thy servants, God of grace.
The unfeeling heart remove;
And form in our obedient souls.
The image of Thy love.

O may our sympathising breasts Thy generous pleasure know, Kindly to share in others' joy, And weep for others' woe!

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JAMES DODDS.

IRS DODDS was born at Cummertrees, Dumfriesshire, in 1812. Licensed as a the Church of Scotland in 1839, he was admitted to the pastoral charge of the bie, East Lothian, in 1841. At the Disruption, in 1843, he joined the Free following year, he was translated to Dunbar. Mr. Dodds is author of a catilide "A Century of Scottish Church History." In 1849, he edited a small ellyrics, estitled "Poetry of the Seasons," which contains a number of original bus his pen.

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.*

ER heart was in heaven, and she cared not for earth, Nor all that its pleasures afford; death was to her but a life-giving birth, or she lived in the joy of her Lord.

valley she walk'd like an angel of love, to lighten our sorrowful shade, and to revisit that region above, here it first was in glory array'd.

was impress'd on her sweet-beaming brow,

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As from a dark prison she struggled away
To a mansion of God in the sky;
And her light is now lost in the brightness of day,
In the glory that never shall die.

Sweet pledge of a sanctified rest in the skies, Her life was a Sabbath of peace; And the day that beheld her dear Saviour arise, Was the day of her spirit's release.

HYMN.

(Contributed.)

O God of nature and of grace, How lovely is Thy dwelling-place! The temple where Thou art adored As universal King and Lord; Where meet the simple-hearted just In holy awe and childlike trust, To catch devotion's kindling flame, O God of nature and of grace,
How spacious is Thy dwelling-place!
From low-roof'd churches, towers sublime,
From minsters sanctified by time,
And homes where humble Christians dwell,
What songs of spiritual gladness swell!
Joining the hymn of earth and sea,
And starry heavens, that mounts to Thee.

D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

LEV. D. T. K. DRUMMOND is the youngest son of James Drummond, of Aberuchill, hire. He was born at Edinburgh, and educated for the Episcopal Church. In 1890, he all orders in the English Church, and for two years held a charge in the neighbourhood tol. He is at present incumbent of St. Thomas's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh. Among works, he has published "Last Scenes in the Life of Christ," and "Memoirs of Monimaley."

"CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT."

Thou earth, o'er which the curse of sin Has flung the shroud of night, On thee the day-spring hath appear'd, For Christ shall give thee light.

O sinner! on whose soul hath dwelt Sin's deep and deadly blight, Arise! hope dawns upon the tomb, For Christ shall give thee light.

Christian! does thy pathway seem
Dark to thy feeble sight!
Direct thine eyes to Christ on high,
For He shall give thee light.

Soldier! does the shadowy foe
Darken the field of fight?
Dauntless hold up the shield of faith,
For Christ shall give thee light.

Mourner! has sorrow bow'd thy heart
In sad and dreary night!
Smile through thy tears, the day is night.
When Christ shall give thee light.

Thou trembling one, who must appear
Before Christ in His might!
He is thy Judge, but He is love,
And He shall give thee light.

Bless'd heir of glory! hast thou reach'd
Thy home so pure and bright?
Thy heritage is sure, for Christ
For ever gives thee light.

"GOD IS LOVE."

WHAT is the Lord? Survey the world,
Each hill, each vale, each stream, each g.
From every rock, and field, and tree,
A voice replies, that "God is love!"

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Dark is the wood, and stain'd with blood,

Uttering it broods the holy Dove,

The still small voice, that "God is love!"

HEAVEN.

The city of our God,
e resting-place of peace and love,
The pilgrim's sweet abode.

Oh for an angel's wing,
To soar above the skies,
and join the angelic choir who sing
Their hallow'd symphonies!

Pure mansions of the blest,
Prepared by Jesus' hand,
That all His own may sweetly rest
Safe in Emmanuel's land.

May each we love be there,
From death and darkness free;
Our joy unspeakable to share
Throughout eternity.



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CHARITY.

Service of the servic

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COME let us sound her praise abro-Sweet Charity, the child of God! Hers, on whose kind, maternal bro-The shelter'd babes of misery rest;

Who, when she sees the sufferer bl Reckless of name, or sect, or creed Comes with prompt hand and look To bathe his wounds in oil and with

Who in her robe the sinner hides, And swothes and pities while she c Who lends an ear to every cry, And asks no plea but misery.

Her tender mercies freely fall.

Ere these received their name or birth,
She dwelt in heaven, she smiled on earth;
Of all celestial graces blest,
The first—the last—the greatest—best.

When Faith and Hope, from earth set free, Are lost in boundless ecstasy, Eternal daughter of the skies, She mounts to heaven, and never dies.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill:
"The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way;
The word of Jehovah He comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendour of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high!
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Sion, Your King, your Redeemer, is nigh."

The beams of salvation His progress illume,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST.

The victory is ours;
And hell is overcome
By Christ's triumphant powers.
The monster sin
In chains is bound,
And death has felt
His mortal wound.

Oppress'd by guilt and woe,
In darkness long we lay;
Till Christ on earth appear'd,
Then all was boundless day.
With terror struck,
The host of night
Fled in despair,
To shun the light.

Now o'er the vanquish'd tomb,
Behold the trophy blaze;
The banner of the Cross,
That pours its streaming rays,
To mark the path
Where Jesus trod,
And upward guide
Our steps to God.

Give thanks to God the Lord!
The victory is won;
And up the path to heaven
Our march is now begun.
The hymn of joy



While sounds, with high ecstasy filling My soul, all around me should rise; From harps of blest seraphim thrilling Unseen as they float through the skies.

JOHN DRYDEN.

greatest of British poets, JOHN DRYDEN, was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptone 5th August, 553. He was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, He pursued the career of a poet and man of letters, under a variety of enternal less. His poems, plays, and prose works have been edited by Sir Walter Scott, in tavo volumes. Dryden died on the 1st May, 1700. He was interred in Westminster in great work is his translation of Virgil.

CREATOR SPIRIT! BY WHOSE AID.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid, Come, visit every pious mind; Come, pour Thy joys on human kind; From sin and sorrow set us free, And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence,—

Refine and purge our earthly parts, But oh! inflame and fire our hearts! Our frailties help, and vice control, Submit the senses to the soul; And when rebellious they are grown, Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal for, And peace, the fruit of love, hestow; And lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe; Give us Thyself, that we may see 'The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honours, endless fame.
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
'The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal advantation be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

JAMES EDMESTON.

of nearly two thousand bytens, Lawrence we discuss the state of the st

Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from Thee; Thou art He, who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.

Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrow past us fly, Angel-guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow More lovelily than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

Oh, then the setting sun smiles fair; And all below, and all above The different forms of nature wear One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene !—a world at rest,

A God all love, no grief nor fear :

A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,

A smile, unsullied by a tear !

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene celestial as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of unmingled bliss,

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reigned
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day—
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil its ceaseless ray!
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

AS OFT, WITH WORN AND WEARY

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

T FEI

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,

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SPIRITUAL PEACE.

ME, sacred peace, delightful guest, fuse thy heaven within my breast! y soothing power, thy gladdening ray d gives, and none can take away.

tormy world, a heart of sin ke strife without and fear within; God can give the soul repose, sugh toss'd by storms and press'd by foes.

petual summer, cloudless skies, ushing spring which never dies, able in the desert spread, illow for the weary head,—

h is the peace which God can give, sweetest portion while I live; I when the last dark hour draws nigh, sweetest solace as I die.

RUST IN GOD IN ANXIETY.

Y should I, in vain repining, lourn the clouds that cross my way? e my Saviour's presence shining urns the darkness into day.

the warmest passions win, the silken wings of pleasure, mly waft us on to sin.

within the vale of sorrow, Il with tempests over-blown, est light and joy we borrow rom the face of God alone.

lcome, then, each darker token; lercy sent it from above: the heart, subdued, not broken, lends in fear, and melts with love.

"FULLUW IHOU ME."

STRANGE that, through grace, in one we find Such diverse characters combined; Son of thunder, voice of love, Eagle strength in gentle dove.

And while he on his Saviour's breast Found his place of surest rest, Burst on his prophetic eye Depths of wondrous mystery.

And so with us, when once we place Our trust in Christ's sustaining grace, The spirit, erst how herce and wild, Turns to Him as confiding child.

Prospective breaks a brighter day; And as scenes present pass away, The soul, 'mid noise and strife set free, Hears one voice only, "Follow me,"

TRUST IN CHRIST.

THE Christian's voice is low and meek,
The Christian's strength is faint and weak;
Yet that meek voice

The foremost of the warrior band,
Who bore the cross o'er sea and land;
The first in perils, toils, and woes,
'Midst stripes and deaths and fiercest foes;—

He boasts but of infirmities, In those his chiefest glory lies: So doth our all on God depend, Our Strength, our Guardian, and our Friend.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH was born at Norwich, on the 1st October, 1790. She was the only the Rev. Michael Browne, rector of St. Giles' parish in that city. At an early expeted the hand of Captain George Phelan, of the 6oth Riffes, but this union shappy one. Thrown upon her own resources, she contributed to the Dublin, r, and otherwise sought a livelihood by lettered industry. She resided successful and the state of the state of the Dublin, Cliffons, Sandhurst, and London. In 1934, she became editor of The whise Magazine. Her husband, Captain Phelan, who had sought to deprive her cearmings, died in 1937. After three years of widowhood, she married Mr. L. H. se continued to retain her two Christian names as her literary designation. She happiness with her second husband, at Blackheath, Kent, till her death, which the 18th 19th, 1866. Her works are very numerous.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

Rose of Sharon, far excelling
Every flower of mortal birth,
From the glories of Thy dwelling,
Look upon us plants of earth.
Here Thou once didst suffer anguish,
Drought, and floods, and darken'd sky;
Here beneath the tempest languish,
When the storm of wrath was high.

Rose of Sharon! then debased, None can now with Thee compare; In seraphic anthems praised, Fairest plant of all the fair.

.nd the two following hymns are transcribed from "Posthumous and ns." by Charlotte Elizabeth. London, 1846.

Ever fragrant and unfading,
Thou dost in perfection grow,
Though destruction all-pervading
Devastate the world below.

Rose of Sharon! may we never
Blush the deep-red tint of shame,
If the world in scorn should sever
From the plants that bear Thy name
Us, Thy feeble saplings, nourish
By Thy wisdom, power, and love;
May we blossom here, and flourish
In Thy paradise above.

EARTHLY TRIALS AND HEAVENLY

TRIBULATION, pain, and woe Are the Christian's lot below; Glory, triumph, peace, and love Are the Christian's crown above.

Shall we sport a little while In the world's deceitful smile,— Careless how we waste our breath, Thoughtless of eternal death?

No; if Christian souls we be,
Saviour, we must live to Thee;
Trusting in Thy mighty name,
seelcome grief and shame.

Every distant soul embrace,

in everlasting union,

We attain our resting-place.

h, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move;
ne pure flame and heart pervading,
One our Lord, our faith, our love.
weet when each can bend, imploring,
Soothing, for his brother's pain;
Ad, the stumbling foot restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

Friends in dearest union tied;

But created power shall never

Tear us from our Shepherd's side.

Tear, and death, and hell combining,

Present things, and things to come,

annot cloud the promise shining,

Cannot bar us from our home.

Dow we part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain:

e shall yet, in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again.

hus, while fond affection weepeth,
Faith exalts her cheering voice;

te that soweth, he that reapeth
Will together soon rejoice.

THE TRUE PROTECTOR.*

HOLY Saviour, mighty King,
O'er me spread Thy guardian wing:
When by trembling fears distress'd,
Let me flee to Thee and rest.

readers. Minor Poems of Charlotte Elizabeth, written especially for Dublin. 32mo, pp. 92.

Call me, keep me by Thy side, Teach me there alone to hide: Where for safety should I flee, If my footsteps stray'd from Thee!

Warn me with Thy gentle voice; Point my path, and guide my choice; Let me, Lord, in Thee possess Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT is grand-daughter of the celebrated preacher, the Her brother, the Rev. Edward Bishop Elliott, incumbent of St. Mark's Chathe well-known author of "Horæ Apocalypticæ." Miss Elliott has publishering Hymns for a Week, by a Lady," 36 pp., "Hours of Sorrow Cheered and "Poems by C. E.," 1893, 17mo. She publishes annually a small volume Christian Remembrancer." She has contributed 117 hymns to various Invalid's Hymn-Book," and edited the last edition of that compilation.



)h, ever present, ever nigh,esus, on Thee I fix mine eye;Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;Smile on my evening hour!

dy only Intercessor Thou, dingle Thy fragrant incense now Nith every prayer and every vow; Smile on my evening hour!

And oh! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

If God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Lest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
Then, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

or then a Day-spring shines on me, Brighter than morn's ethereal glow; and richer dews descend from Thee, Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renew'd;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief

Here for my every want I find,

What strength for warfare, balm for grief!

What peace of mind!

Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore, No privilege so dear shall be, As thus my inmost soul to pour In prayer to Thee.

PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so Divine, Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine, When, as the branches to the vine, My soul may cling to Thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd.
Here she has found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee.



ough faith and hope awhile be tried, sk not, need not, aught beside; we safe, how calm, how satisfied The souls that cling to Thee!

ney fear not life's rough storms to brave, ace Thou art near, and strong to save; ar shudder e'en at death's dark wave, Because they cling to Thee.

est is my lot, whate'er befall; hat can disturb me, who appal, hile as my strength, my rock, my all, SAVIOUR, I cling to Thee?

JUST AS I AM.

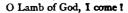
st as I am,—without one plea it that Thy blood was shed for me, ad that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

st as I am,—and waiting not o rid my soul of one dark blot, o Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

ist as I am,—though toss'd about lith many a conflict, many a doubt, ightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come!

nst as I am,—poor, wretched, blind; ight, riches, healing of the mind, 'ea all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

ust as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Secause Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come.





My God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done,"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me "be still" and murmur not; Or breathe the prayer, Divinely taught, "Thy will be done,"

What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no longer nigh, Submissive still would I reply, "Thy will be done."

Though Thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was min
I have but yielded what was Thine;
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done."

RALPH ERSKINE.

IKDIE was born at Monilaws, Northumberland, on the 15th March, 1685. He is University of Edinburgh, where he graduated in 1704. He was licensed to 8 and in 1711 was ordained to the ministry at Dunfermine. In 1733 he adhered Febreaers, and two other ministers, when they constituted the Associate Presformally seceded in 1737, and in the year following was deposed by the General His death took place on the 6th November, 1752. Ralph Erskine composed a Phrase of the Song of Solomon, the Book of Lamentations, and portions of the His "Cospel Sonnets" have been often reprinted. Many of them are variations of Dr. Wattr.

GLORY OF GOD IN CHRIST.*

ALL nature spreads, with open blaze, Her Maker's name abroad; And every work of His displays The power and skill of God.

But in the grace that rescued man His brightest glory shines; Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn, In precious bloody lines.

Here His whole name appears complete; And who can guess or prove, Which of the letters best are writ, The wisdom, power, or love?

Justice and mercy, truth and grace,
In all their sweetest charms,
Here met, and joined their kind embrace
With everlasting arms.

Complete edition of Ralph Erskine's poetical works, 8vo. The preface Scow, Sept. 24, 1778.

PROSPECT OF GLORY.

OH, send me down a draught of love, Or take me hence to drink above! Here Marah's water fills my cup; But there all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire; But there the spark's a flaming fire; Joys here are drops that passing flee, But there an overflowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here, Will there resign to vision clear; My hope, that's here a weary groan, Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing, But there the captive is a king; And grace is like a buried seed, But sinners there are saints indeed.

JOHN FAWCETT.

ETI was born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire, on the 18th January stitemth year, he was awakened to serious convictions by listening to a discourse i. In 1763, he entered the ministry of the Baptist Church, and after two years, clarge of a congregation at Wainsgate. He removed to Hebden Bridge, in the wabod, in 1777. In 1786, his volume of "Hymns adapted to the circumstances whip and Private Devotion," was published at Leeds. A second edition was fracett shortly before his death. He died on the 25th July, 1817. He composed Weal works. His memoirs have been published.

SUPPORT IN AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTED soul, to Jesus dear, Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear; His faithful word declares to thee, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say, "How shall I stand the trying day?" He has engaged by firm decree That as thy days thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong; Yet sure the conflict shan't be long: Thy Lord shall make the tempter flee, For as thy days thy strength shall be.

The Christian race with patience run, Till grace complete the work begun; Wrestle and strive for victory, For as thy days thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame, Still trust in thy Redeemer's name; In fiery trials thou shalt see, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the weighty cross, Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss, Or deep distress, or poverty, Still as thy days thy strength shall be. How presints is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

Its light, descending from above, Our gloomy world to cheer, Displays a Saviour's boundless love, And brings His glories near.

It shows to man his wand'ring ways.

And where his feet have trod;

And brings to view the matchless g.

Of a forgiving God.

When once it penetrates the mind, It conquers ev'ry sin; Th' enlighten'd soul begins to find. The path of peace divine.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hear In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising tears.

This lamp three all the testions wishe

DELIGHT IN GOD.

PARENT of good, Thy works of might I trace with wonder and delight;
Thy name is all divine;
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good or fair,
But what is wholly Thine.

Immensely high Thy glories rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield;
An ocean wide, without a bound,
Where every noble wish is drown'd,
And every want is fill'd.

The riches of Thy matchless grace,
Display'd in my Redeemer's face,
Attract my wond'ring mind;
Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
In all their various rays complete,
With truth and justice join'd.

To Thee my warm affections move in sweet astonishment and love,
While at Thy feet I fall;
pant for nought beneath the skies,
To Thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal All.

Were I deprived of all below,—
Would'st Thou Thy gracious smile bestow,
I should be richly blest;
Thy love is my unfailing store;
In darkness I Thy light implore,
To set my heart at rest.

This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
And banish every painful fear
That can my soul invade;
Should earth and hell against me join,
The beamings of Thy love divine
Would give me sov'reign aid.

228

LYRA BRITANNICA.

What shall I do to spread Thy praise.

My God, thro' my remaining days?

Or how Thy name adore?

To Thee I consecrate my breath;

Let me be Thine in life and death,

And Thine for evermore.

And thro' a blest eternity
I'll raise a humble song to Thee,
In yon divine abode;
Oh hasten on the happy day;
Ye tedious hours, fly swift away,
And bring me to my God.

My thoughts with vast delight shall r
O'er all the wonders of Thy love,—
A most divine employ;
In Thee alone th' enlarged mind
Shall constant entertainment find,
And everlasting joy.



JOHN FAWCETT.

Il to Thee resign; let Thy will be mine; it all Thy dealings prove of Thy paternal love.

· ev'rywhere attends, · hope on Thee depends; supported by Thy arm, soldly face the storm.

me, Saviour, by Thy power, me in the trying hour; y unremitted care to from the lurking snare.

y bounty I rely, nall all my wants supply; hould doubts my faith assail? will Thy promise fail.

few remaining days ected to Thy praise; last, the closing scene tranquil and serene.

y will I leave the rest: me but this one request,— 1 life and death to prove 5 of Thy special love.



period of the joint indeed, at a very early up, and others under the sever milettion when my pen has frequently given that rate f which could not be defined play actual.

HARVEST HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!

How rich Thy bounties are!

The rolling seasons, as they move,

Proclaim Thy constant care.

When, in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was The The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone Thou dost on man bestow;

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD.

RENCE FORD is the son of a distinguished artist in Bath. He was educated i.A. of the University of London. Six hymns, from his pen, are inserted in the a, educated by the Rev. Robert H. Baynes. He has also contributed to Mr. ion of "English Lyrics."

MARAH.*

Exodus xv. 23.

God sends us bitter, that the sweet,
By absence known, may sweeter prove;
As dark for light, as cold for heat
Brings greater love.

God sends us bitter, as to show

He can both sweet and bitter send;

That both the might and love we know

Of our great Friend.

He sends us bitter, lest too gay
We wreathe around our heads the rose,
And count our right what Heaven each day
As alms bestows.

God sends us bitter, lest we fail
That bitterest grief aright to prize,
Which did for all the world avail
In His own eyes.

God sends us bitter, all our sins
Embittering; yet so kindly sends,
The path that bitterness begins
In sweetness ends.

He sends us bitter, that heaven's sweet,

Earth's bitter o'er, may sweeter taste,—

As Canaan's ground to Israel's feet,

For that great waste.

From "English Lyrics." London, 1865, 8vo.

Our passions murmur and rebel,

But faith cries out unto the Lord,

And prayer by patience worketh well

Its own reward:

For if our heart the lesson draws
Aright, by bitter chastening taught,
And keep His statutes and His laws,
Even as we ought,

He openeth our eyes to see
(Eyes that our pride of heart had sealed),
The sweetness of life's heavenly tree,
And grief is healed;

And lo before us in the way

We view the fountains and the palms,
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay
Singing sweet psalms.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.* FATHER, for Thy kindest word O remember Him who died,
With His life my soul to save;
Let me clasp the Crucified,
Till I reach the awful grave;
Then, the light affliction o'er,
Heaven is mine for evermore.

CHRISTINA FORSYTH.

ORSTTH was the sixth daughter of the late Thomas and Jane Hamilton Forbora at Liverpool, in 1825. From her childhood, she was deeply impressed
18th, and devoted to her Saviour. Possessed of a delicate constitution, she was
nonfined to her bed-chamber. Latterly her illness was attended with much
but she bore her affliction not only without a murmur but with unvarying
his seemed to think always of others, and never of herself, and by the singular
r disposition she won the love of all who knew her. Gifted with superior
sposed a considerable number of sacred lyrics, which were collected into a
blished after her decease, under the title "Hymns by C. F.," London, 1861.
the owner of the copyright, Mr. C. Caswell, of Birmingham, we have transcompositions to our pages.
deed at Hastings, on the 18th March, 1899. Of her brothers, the late Rev.
Foryth is known by his sermons and interesting memoir. Her two surviving
sta of honour. The eldest, William Forsyth, Esq., Q.C., lately sat in Parliar for Cambridge; and the youngest, Douglas Forsyth, Esq., C.B., is a comPagiab in India.

"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

HIMSELF hath done it" all.—Oh how those words Should hush to silence every murmuring thought! Himself hath done it,"—He who loves me best, He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

Himself hath done it:" Can it then be aught I han full of wisdom, full of tenderest love? It one unneeded sorrow will He send, I o teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

Himself hath done it:" Yes, although severe May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup, is His own hand that holds it, and I know He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

- * Himself hath inner to? Oh, no new best His Count to a session beneath earth's dreamy lot; But while I know He a imag all things well, My next His laying landness questions not.
- * Himself hair time it? He wha's search'd me that Sees how I there to earth's ensuring ties!
 And so He trends each reed in which my soul.
 The main for tappiness and pay railes.
- "Himself hath hime it?" He would have me see What holden insterns human friends must prove; That I may turn and quench my burning thirst At His two hunt of ever-living love.
- ** Himself hath fone it?" then I fain would say,
 * Thy will in all things evermore be done;
 ** Een though that will remove whom best I low,
 ** Winle Jesus lives I cannot be alone.
- "Himself," my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend Lond Salmess no variation knows,—

 Lond Salmess no variation knows,—

 Long me to the end.

THOMAS GIBBONS, D.D.

BBONS was born in the neighbourhood of Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, on 1970. In 1742, he became assistant minister at Silver Street, and in the following tend minister of the Independent congregation at Haberda-hear's Hall, London. It also for Dr. Watts, and other biographical and philosophical works, in acknowwhich the degree of D.D. was conferred on him by the University of Aberdeen, were published in 1749. Dr. Gibbons died on the zond February, 1748.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest, In every cheerful ray; Love draws the curtains of the night, And love restores the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields:

But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord, Are in the Gospel seen; There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines Without a cloud between.

Thy Son, Thy noblest, richest gift, Was from Thy bosom sent, To bear from off our guilty world Its load of punishment.

Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy Are publish'd in His name: Ours is the life, the glory ours, And His the death and shame.

THE BUTANNICA

If average grantiles with the reign; him string the current rolls. That team is near is incremited bless. Jun tell-interving scale!

PLEADENS WITH GOD IN AFFLICTION.

Then my look whose presence falls
The mink mileses, and skies,
Then whose name, whose heart is love,
With all my powers I use.

Treaties in long succession roll, Ware rackes upon wave; Part to pay my incress: Thy shall. Thy supplicant save!

On had the maring tempest cease; Or give me strength to bear. Where'er Thy holy will appoints,



MRS. GILBERT.

IRT, see ANN TAYLOR, is connected with a gifted family. Her grandfather, Isaac a celebrated engraver. He educated his sons, Charles and Isaac, to his own The former is to be remembered as the industrious editor of Calmet; the latter rt, and, directing himself towards the ministry, accepted, in 1796, the charge of an congregation at Colchester, afterwards at Ongar, in Essex. His wife, whose : was Ann Martin, composed several works for the domestic circle, which enjoyed starity. Their children, Ann, Jane, Isaac, and Jeffreys were intended as en-I were early employed in acquiring a knowledge of the art. Isaac became a d philosophical writer; he died in 1864. Jeffreys composed many small works of humour; he died in 1853. The sisters obtained reputation for their poetical me is noticed subsequently in the present work. Ann, the subject of the present born at Islington, in 1782. She married the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, successively dependent congregations at Hull and Nottingham. Mr. Gilbert died at Notting-L. Mrs. Gilbert continues to reside at Nottingham. Conjointly with her sister, and early in the century, "Original Poems," "Hymns for Infant Minds," and She has contributed 18 hymns to Dr. Leifchild's collection. or the Nursery." Mished work is a memoir of her husband, which appeared in 1853. The following s have been contributed by Mrs. Gilbert to the present work,

THE CURSE AND THE BLESSING.

(Contributed.)

SCATTER'D to every wind they roam,
The seed of Abraham, Thy friend!
Call, gracious God, Thy wanderers home,
Thine outcasts to their Zion send!
How long, O Lord? How long, till they
With Gentiles share the gospel day?

True,—as the fathers, so the sons,— Stiff-neckèd and rebellious found; Yet are they not Thy chosen ones, Once heirs of Palestina's ground,— Possessors there, by gift Divine, Of temple, promise, rite, and sign?

And is there in those hearts a stone
Too hard, almighty Love, for Thee?
Can they be harder than our own,
Ere steep'd in mercy's crimson sea?
Oh, if from them we differ now,
Who made us differ? Who but Thou?

LIBA BRITANNICA.

Lord, is not menty Thy delight? . Dos Thos the same s death enjoy! Are not scale precious in Thy sight? The strange work, surely, to destroy E We plead that mercy's boundless scope, On which Thou causest as to hope.

O'er which the curse of heaven must cond! Have not the ages rolled away Now shed abroad the melting ray, And be the stubborn heart subdued. Haste, Lord! the promised grace fulfile. And he the God of Israel still !

A RANSOMED CHURCH.

(Contributed.)

WE, sitting round the Saviour's board With bread from heaven supplied, The rich provision would not hoard, But with the world divide. aloured tribes,



Thy ransom'd Church sends up its cry, Nor rest would take or give, Till Love shall pass in mercy by, And say to Israel, Live!

MRS. GODWIN.

GODWIN, see ELIZABETH AYTON ETHERIDGE, is the daughter of the late Mr. W. heridge, Thorpe Hamlet, Norfolk. In 1840, she was narried to Mr. Christopher Godwin, as written many interesting sacred lyrics, some of which have appeared in different ficals. Mr. and Mrs. Godwin reside at Clifton, Gloucestershire. The following lyrics been contributed by Mrs. Godwin at our request.

THE CROSS.

(Contributed.)

"LORD, I would follow Thee; but must I take The weary cross, and bear it for Thy sake? Is there no other path, no smoother way? Pity my weakness, Jesus! Master, say!

I have bright hopes; must they be laid aside— My soul's ambition, and my restless pride? But I have dearer joys; and must they fly, Like a pale meteor in the evening sky?

Nay, spare them to me: sure 'tis death to part With the deep love, the treasure of my heart; Life would be dark: oh, any cross but this, And I will follow Thee to heaven and bliss,"

'Twas thus I murmur'd, thus I held my will: I could not give, and cheerfully be still; Binding my treasures close, I sought the way, The narrow path to heaven and endless day.

But soon I found that I was left alone To win my way to an immortal crown: My hopes were darken'd; those I cast asid, And parted quickly with my spirit's pride. Take up thy cross, and dry the murmuring t

I clasp'd it to me! 'twas no cross I found, No burden held me, and no fetters bound: Gladly I follow'd in His steps, who trod The path of sorrows to His Father God.

"SAVE, LORD, OR I PERISH."

(Contributed.)

My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene,
Be Thou my stay;
Guide me, through each perplexing path
To perfect day.
In weakness and in sin I stand,
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

My Saviour, I have nought to bring Worthy of Thee; A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn; Accept of me.

I need Thy righteourness divine

iaviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng
I see Thee there,
ing with all Thy matchless love,
And tender care,
or the angel-forms around,
or lost souls in fetters bound,
they may hear salvation's sound.

aviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee;
ath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
gthen'd with Thy all-glorious might,
il be conqueror in the fight,
give to Thee my crown of light.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

born at Southborough, Kent, in 1805. For many years engaged in ion, he has latterly retired, and now resides on his estate of Mount-r. Gough published, in 1832, "An Indian Tale, and other Poema." yra Sabbatica," a volume of hymns and poems. He occasionally mal periodicals, and is a local preacher among the Wesleyans.

AN AFFLICTED CHILD.

NTLEST lamb of Jesu's fold, called to suffer from thy birth, ke of heaven a firmer hold, ince thou art not made for earth; y lie at Jesu's feet, m affliction will be sweet.

sp thy tiny hands in prayer; 'ell the Saviour all thy heart; st Him with thy every care, 'very grief to Him impart; r to Him the suppliant knee, re He was a child like thee.

Never murmur or complain; Cheerful songs and holy prayer Ease and sanctify thy pain. Sing of Jesus and His love: So the angels sing above.

Gentlest lamb of Jesu's fold,
Called to suffer from thy birth,
Take of heaven a firmer hold,
Since thou art not made for earth
Only lie at Jesu's feet,
Then affliction will be sweet.

FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

CHAFED and worn with worldly caresweetly, Lord, my heart prepare;
Bid this inward tempest cease,
Jesus, come and whisper peace.
Hush the whirlwind of my will;
With Thyself my spirit fill;

Draw the curtain of repose,
While my wearied eyelids close;
Seal my spirit while I rest,
Give me dreamings pure and blest.
Raise me with a cheerful heart;
Holy Ghost, Thyself impart;
Then the Sabbath-day will be
Heaven brought down to earth and me.

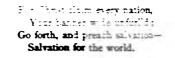
THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

UPLIFT the blood-red banner,
Unsheath the Spirit's sword;
Put on the Christian's armour—
The armour of the Lord:
The helmet of salvation,
And faith's victorious shield;
Go forth with acclamation,
The world your battle-field.

Every battle of the warrior,
Who fights by land or flood,
Is with confused noise,
And garments rolled in blood;
But this shall be with burning,
From heaven its light shall shine,
God's Spirit overturning:
The fire of love Divine.

Uplift the blood-red banner,
And shout with trumpet's sound
Deliverance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound;
Earth's jubilee of glory,
The year of full release:
O tell the wondrous story,
Go forth and publish peace.

Go forth, confessors, martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live or die for Christ.



JAMES GRANT.

TENT

623

It is TRANT is understood to have been a native of Edinburgh. He be triad thy. Though of most unobtrustive disposition, he was frequently for T wn Cosmoil. In 176-17, he held the unanticula office of Chy Trant is decisted one of the magistrates, and Dean of Guild. Of the region in the tity he was a realized processor. In the property of the was especially concerned. For the benefit of this institution he will natural diffidence by publishing a small welman of hymna, which he has present out. The little volume appeared in 176, 17 was reprinted in 180, 187 y Mr. Sedgwick in his "Library of Spiritual Songs." Mr. Grant died of 1876.

GOD'S UNCHANGEABLE LOVE.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,—
By no man comforted, whom no man can save
By darkness surrounded, by terrors undone;
In toiling and rowing thy strength almost gone

Thy en'mies are many, thy fears overwhelm, But thy blessed Pilot, He sits at the helm; His wisdom conducts thee, His pow'r thee deed quiet Thy warfare He ends, my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
ou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
thy distresses, thy Head knows the pain;
are most needful, not one is in vain.

Trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure;

Solom is perfect, supreme is my power;

I correct thee, thy soul to refine,

ke thee at length in my likeness to shine.

Colish, the fearful, the weak are my care!

Suppless, the helpless I hear their sad prayer;

all their afflictions my glory shall spring;

The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."

SUFFICIENCY IN CHRIST.

Infinite wisdom, power, and grace In our Redeemer shine; O let me, by a lively faith, Make these perfections mine.

In this dark world of sin and grief, My steps I can't direct; Nor can I from surrounding foes My feeble heart protect.

By force, or fraud, they enter here, And lead my thoughts astray; Poor captive! I forsake my God, And wander from His way.

This poor diseased, treacherous heart,
Thus wandering from the road,
All nature's skill can never heal,
Nor turn my face to God.

But since in Thine eternal word, Wisdom and power and grace In wondrous love are there bestowed On mankind's helpless race,—

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Since wretched, sinful men as I
The promise have believed,
And hence in every time of need
A fit supply received,—
I, too, will on Thy record rest,
On faithfulness divine;
For wisdom, power, and grace I'll
The promise makes them mine.

TOO

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, second son of Charles Grant, an eminent philanthem was horn in 1785. He entered Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he selects age the legal profession, he was called to the bar, at Lincoln's In, itself, the became representative in Parliament of the Inverness buying sat for other places. He was sewn a Privy Councillor in 1834, and was applicable of the Bonbay in 1834. While in the discharge of his high duties, he died at Dayly, 1836, in his fifty-third year. He published two works on the governed hymns from his pen, mutitated by the editors, were in circulation in 1830, his elder brother, Lord Glenelg, published the whole of his succession number, from the original MSS. From the second edition of this publicably mans have been transcribed,

Martyrs there, and prophets high, Blaze—a glorious company; While immortal music rings From unnumber'd seraph strings. Oh, that world is passing fair; Yet, if Thou wert absent there, What were all its joys to me? Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest:
I was lost; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child:
I was blind; Thy healing ray
Charm'd the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

LITANY.

SAVIOUR! when, in dust, to Thee Low we bow th' adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes: Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffer'd once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy helpless infant years, By Thy life of want and tears, By Thy days of sore distress In the savage wilderness, By the dread mysterious hour Of the insulting tempter's power; Turn, O turn a favouring eye, Hear our solemn Litany.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

By the sacred griefs that wept O'er the grave where Lazarus slept; By the boding tears that flow'd Over Salem's lov'd abode; By the anguish'd sigh that told Treachery lurked within Thy fold, From Thy seat above the sky, Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of pray'r,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By the deep expiring groan, By the sad sepulchral stone, By the vault whose dark abode Held in vain the rising God: O from earth to heav'n restor'd, cing thoughts within me rise, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies; He who once vouchsafed to bear sickening anguish of despair, sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

a sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, h covers what was once a friend, from his voice, his hand, his smile, les me—for a little while, , Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed, I hou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

O when I have safely past agh every conflict—but the last, still, unchanging, watch beside ainful bed—for Thou hast died; point to realms of cloudless day, wipe the latest tear away.

Y AND GOODNESS OF GOD.



This earth, with its store of wonders untold, Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old; Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree, And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;

It streams from the hills, it descends to the plantary distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end, Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might! ineffable Love! While angels delight to hymn Thee above, The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays, With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.



I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn; Thou show'dst me the path, it was dark and uneven; All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown;

I grasp'd at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown
I ask'd, and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdu'd and instructed, at length to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
Oh give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

SET AND BROWN RE was born at Maidenhead Thicket, Berks, on the 24th September, 1812.

The childhood, she appeared as an authoress in her fifteenth year, by passa. When a year older, she produced another poetical volume, entitled "Ada." Her bay Gh. "Ignation" were, "Repentance, and other Poems," "The Coronal," "The Coronal," "The Coronal," "The Coronal," "Sacred Poetry," and "Sketches from the Antique, and other Gardiners, and the Poetro of the Ettrick Shepherd. On the she is a passa. "Sacred Poetry," and "Sketches from the Antique, and other Gardiners, and Shenory, the Save birth to her only child. She died on the 28th of the same Poetro of eminent piety and amiable manners. She contributed to The Lavery Ge.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

But 'tis the Christian's stay,

But 'tis the Christian's stay,

Through every varied scene of care,

Until his dying day.

Sthrough the wilderness of life

Calmly he wanders on,

His prayer in every time of strife

Is still, "Thy will be done,"

When in his happy infant years
He treads 'midst thornless flowers;
When pass away his smiles and tears,
Like April suns and showers:
Then, kneeling by his parents' hearth,
Play-tired at set of sun;
What is the prayer his heart pours for
"Father, Thy will be done."

When the bright summer sky of time
Cloudless is o'er him spread;
When love's bright wreath is in its prompter
With not one blossom dead:
Whilst o'er his hopes and prospects factor
No mist of woe hath gone;
Still he repeats his first-taught prayer
"Father, Thy will be done."

But when his sun no longer beams,
And love's sweet flowers decay;
When all hope's rainbow-coloured dream.
Are sadly swept away;
As flowers bent beneath the storm

gn the neavy tear-drops start, st the cloud is on thine heart, gh thy hope sends not a glance. His hidden countenance, can thy trials see, as tempted once like thee.

gh thy faith is weak and dim, alvation trust in Him; le promised in His word is a while deferr'd;

1 He vowed thy prayer to grant, resaw thy every want;

y Saviour's treasury
garnered up for thee.

:, nor faint, though o'er thy soul w's heavy billows roll; gh thy heart scarce form a prayer, st the evil swelling there: thine eyes through good and ill at blessed Saviour still; thy prayer? Here look and see! prayeth now for thee.

not that the faith shall fail.



JOSEPH GRIGG.

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CASCA was beed to reschooled property. He abserved been been a second to the Treaty-come absenced by the second of the treaty-come absenced to the treaty-come absence at the treaty-come absenced to the treaty-come absence at the treaty-come and the treaty-come absence at the treaty-come and treaty-come at the treaty-come The last of the last of control to the probability of the probability We would be about his deep in the sid transpire. the second second by the day trought

W Solveth Looks on the

"REHOLD! 1 STAND."

He costly knocks, has knock'd before; BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door! Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a friend indeed? He will; the very friend you need. The Man of Narareth, 'tis Hel With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh lovely attitude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands: Oh matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His fees.

-1 touch'd with gratitude divine,

Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly, For who can weep with Jesus by? No terror shall thy hopes annoy, No tear—except the tear of joy.

Admit Him; for the human breast Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest. Admit Him; for you can't expel; Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him; ere His anger burn, His feet depart, ne'er to return; Admit Him; or the hour's at hand, When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know (nor of the terms complain), If Jesus comes, He comes to reign; To reign, and with no partial sway; Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

Sov'reign of souls! Thou Prince of peace!

Oh may Thy gentle reign increase!

Throw wide the door, each willing mind,

And be His empire all mankind.

"ASHAMED OF ME."

JESUS! and shall it ever be!

mortal man ashamed of Thee?

corn'd be the thought by rich and poor;

may I scorn it more and more!

shamed of Jesus! sooner far et evening blush to own a star. shamed of Jesus! just as soon et midnight blush to think of noon.

Tis evening with my soul till He, That Morning Star, bids darkness flee; He sheds the beam of noon Divine O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

LUKA BRITANNICAL

Ashemed of Jesus : seam you ment Ashamed of Jesus ! shall you field Vet block I mak, while I adore, I black to think I yield no more.

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Ashamed of Jenns 1 of that Friend On whom for heaven my hopes depe It must not be! he this my shame, That I no more revers His name.

Ashamed of Jeons 1 yes, 1 may, When I've me crimes to wash away ! No tear to wipe, no joy to crave, No fears to quell, an smal to save.

Till then (ner is the boasting valu), Till then, I boast a Saviour slain; And oh, may this my portion be, That Savious not ashamed of me!

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

THE REV. THOMAS GRISTIELD and hors at Birth, on the 19th Sel THE REV. THOMAS CHAPSTELD was born at High, so the only received his eigencomery education at Pacific Cost, seed in cost, case.

Cambridge. He was credated in this sond year years after took his degree. Cambridge, He was ordered in 1865 and they years are 1000 to the heather the became Harctor of Shirland, Derlyshire, Mr. Catasada has published. he became Hactor of Shirkond. Dertry three. Mr. Cristed has proceeded, and the became Hactor of Shirkond Company of Sacrod South Company of Sacrod South Company of Patitons. "Company of Sacrod South Company of Patitons." And I a biographical and the beginning the sacrod South Company of Patitons. Oh, let nothing lure my heart
That would cause my Saviour smart;
Let me nothing slight or shun
That would please Him, borne or done:
What my Friend of friends would grieve,
Let me with love's instinct leave;
What His smile would honour, still
Do it with a cheerful will.

In my lot of joy or care,
Thus may nought my heart ensnare;
But Thy Spirit, ever near,
Draw me, guard me, guide, and cheer.
Most at last when most I need,
Be, my Saviour, mine indeed;
Till I rest, all trials o'er,
In Thy presence evermore.

ART, THE SEAT OF PEACE OR PAIN.

ALL may be outwardly
Desert and gloom;
While, in the secret soul,
Summer may bloom.
Health may depart;
Yet, from above,
Jesus may give the heart
Peace, hope, and love.
All may be desolate
Round us the while,
Yet a sweet paradise
Inwardly smile.

All may be sunshiny,
Summer-like scene,
Yet may the heart-ache lie
Heavy within:
Wealth may increase,
Friends may be nigh;
Friends cannot give us peace,
Wealth cannot buy.

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LYRA BRITANNICA.

All may around us be Sunshine and smile; Yet the poor heart may bleed Inly the while.

'Tis not in circumstance
Peace to bestow;
Nor, where that heaven resides,
Turn it to woe.
Lord, if Thou bless,
Where is distress?
Where, if Thou wound the heart,
Balm for the smart?
'Tis not in earthly things
Peace to bestow;
Nor, where that heaven resides,
Turn it to woe.

Let me then faithfully Seek, in the Lord, Peace which none else can mar,



But oh, the prospect !—'tis too bright;
And if, when faith is strong,
A glimpse of glory glads our sight,
'Tis faded, lost, ere long:
Yet dying saints, with rapt delight,
Have seem'd to catch the song,
Far echo'd from those harpers white,
Heaven's holy, happy throng.

Though once the favour'd three might share
Their Lord's transfigur'd blaze,
And drink celestial accents there,—
How brief that sweet amaze!
But well the shades of grace we bear,
Ere glory suit our gaze;
And well our voice, with sighs of prayer,
Attune to songs of praise.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

PDEM GURNEY was son of Mr. Baron Gurney; he was born in the year 1809. He y years curate at Letterworth, where he enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Arnold. He zero of St. Mary's Church, Marylebone, and was made an Honorary Canon of St. published "Sermons on Old Testament Histories." "Sermons on Texts from the 1Gospela." and numerous miscellaneous discourses. His death took place on the 256s, in his fifty-ninth year. The three following hymns have been selected from 'a constributions to "Palms and Hymns for Public Worship," a collection published r the sure of the charches in Marylebone;" London, 182; ; from

GOD'S GOODNESS.

YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood;
Night's sparkling hosts,—all seem to say
In accents clear, that "God is good."

The merry birds prolong the strain, Their song with every spring renew'd; And balmy air, and falling rain, Each softly whisper " God is good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze; The hills that have for ages stood, The echoing sky, and roaring seas, All swell the chorus, "God is good."

Yes; "God is good," all nature says, By God's own hand with speech endus And man, in louder notes of praise, Should sing for joy that " God is good

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord; But chiefly for our heavenly food; word Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening These prompt our song that "God is

"THY WILL BE DONE."

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we fice. And plead to be forgiven, So let Thy life our pattern be, our souls for heaven.

d

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife, Forgiving and forgiven, Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life, And follow Thee to heaven.

SURRECTION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust:"
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head, and tongue, and hand, and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part.
Righteous is the common doom;
All must moulder in the tomb.

Like the seed in spring-time sown, Like the leaves in autumn strown, Low these goodly frames must lie, All our pomp and glory die; Soon the spoiler seeks his prey, Soon he bears us all away.

Yet the seed, upraised again, Clothes with green the smiling plain; Onward as the seasons move, Leaves and blossoms deck the grove; And shall we forgotten lie, Lost for ever when we die?

Lord, from nature's gloomy night Turn we to the Gospel's light. Thou didst triumph o'er the grave, Thou wilt all Thy people save; Ransom'd by Thy blood, the just Rise immortal from the dust.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

WILLIAM HAMMOND composed an autobiography in Greek, which was a set is lost. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the preached in connection with the Calvinistic Methodists, but after a period vians. In 1745, he published "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs," L. work from his pen is entitled "The Marrow of the Gospel," He died interred in the Moravian burying ground, Chelsea.

GOD'S UNCHANGEABLE LOV

If Jesus is yours
You have a true Friend
Whose goodness endures
The same to the end:
Your tempers may vary,
Your comforts decline;
You cannot miscarry,
Your aid is Divine.

Be perfect in love, And cast off all fear;



WILLIAM HAMMOND.

Then Israel's defection
And treacherous ways,
Shall cause their rejection
From glory and grace.

The hills may depart,
The mountains remove;
God's infinite heart
Is nothing but love.
The waters of Noah
Shall sooner return,
Than God will forego a
True oath He hath sworn.

A moment I hid
The light of my face,
Yet firmly decreed
To save thee by grace;
And though I reproved thee,
And still should reprove,
For ever I loved thee
And ever will love.

Then who shall advance
The song of the Lamb?
Can angels enhance
The worth of His name?
Let every believer
Incessantly praise
The bountiful Giver
Of glory and grace.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love; Sing of His rising power; Sing how He intercedes above For all whose sins He bore.

If you have felt His grace,
You'll not refuse to sing,
But summon all your powers to page 4 aise
Your Saviour and your King.

Look back, and see the state
Wherein your nature lay;
Then wonder at His love so great
Who did your ransom pay.

His faithfulness proclaim,
While life and health are given

Join hands and hearts to praise Harman same
Till we all meet in heaven.

May Jesu's word take place, And wisdom in us dwell, That we His miracles of grace In psalms and hymns may tell.



WILLIAM HAMMOND.

When Paul and Silas sung,
The earth began to quake;
The prison doors were open flung;
Her firm foundations shake.

The pris'ners' bands were loosed;
Who can the Lord control?

Yay equal power be now diffused,
And free each captive soul.

Sing till you feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires your songs,

Sing till you hear Christ say
"Your sins are all forgiven;"
o on, rejoicing all the way,
And sing your souls to heaven.

TYMN FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before Thee now; At Thy feet we humbly bow. Oh, do not our suit disdain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? In Thy temple, lo, we wait, Knocking at Thy mercy's gate; Now let all Thy chosen race See with joy Thy blessed face.

Oh, that we might lift our eyes!
Oh, that our poor hearts would rise
To the throne of grace above,
And enjoy the sweets of love!
Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

Saviour, wilt Thou not appear?
Thou hast often met us here;
Blessed Master, don't dismiss
Us without a kiss of peace;
Take away the veil of sin;
Shed Thy glory, Lord, within:
Give us double for our shame;
Let our portion be the Lamb.

In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Open, Lord, the Fountain wide, Bury us in Thy dear side; Thy rich mercy has no bounds, Hide us, Saviour, in Thy wounds;

MORGE WASHINGTON HANGFORD.

Sin and Satan, Lord, dethrone, Rule and reign in us alone; Save us all from sin and wrath; Make us heirs of God through faith.

Stablish, Lord, our hearts with grace, Give us an abiding peace;
Then, though floods around us flow,
Though winds from all quarters blow,
Built upon Thyself, the Rock,
We endure the mighty shock;
We are over and above
Conquerors through Thy matchless love.

GE WASHINGTON HANGFORD.

FOR HANGFORD held an appointment in India, where he died a few small history, we have been unable to ascertain any further particulars. Online hymn "Speak gently," which originally appeared in Sharpt's to, p. 95. 2847—8. It was set to music by Miss Lindsay, and is published, was, Cocks &t Co., New Burlington Street, London.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low The vows that true hearts bind; And gently Friendship's accents flow; Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain.
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear:
Pass through this world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one; Grieve not the care-worn heart; The sands of life are nearly run; Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor; Let no harsh tone be heard; They have enough they must endure, Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know They must have toiled in vain; Perchance unkindness made them so; Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently: He who gave His life

WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

ILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, canon residentiary of York Cathedral, is younger Rev. Edward Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, and Anne, third daughter arquees of Scafford. He was born in 1789, at Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire. He is at Oxford and Cambridge, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1840, he a daudecimo volume of "Psalms and Hymns," but the compositions in this work cluded in the "Symmetrical Psalmody," which appeared from his pen in 1855, ourt was one of the originators of the British Association for the Advancement of a 1861, he succeeded, on the death of his elder brother, to the property of Nunc-Oxfordshire. The following hymns have been transcribed from the "Symmetrical with Mr. Harcourt's kind permission.

THE MILLENNIUM.

A SEEDLING of Jesse shall flower, A Ruler descend from his line, Instinct with the Spirit of power, The Spirit of wisdom Divine.

A Judge to reprove for the meek,
The mantle of justice to wear,
To render their rights to the weak,
The wrongs of the poor to repair.

Then none shall dévour or hurt,
When God has His dwelling with men;
The babe with the scorpion shall sport,
And play on the cockatrice' den.

hen children the tiger shall lead;
The wolves shall lie down with the flocks;
he kid with the leopard shall feed,
The lion eat straw with the ox.

A light to the nations shall be,

To spread from the north to the south,

And flow like the tides of the sea.

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LYRA BRITANNICA.

DELIVERANCE.

FOR succour to my God I cried,
While many mocked my prayer.
When compassed round on every safeWith troubles hard to bear.

He heard me from His holy hill, What time the waves ran high; His mercy bade the sea be still, And calmed the stormy sky.

Recovered from my mortal pain,
I laid me down and slept,
To tread Thy courts, my God, again,
By Thee in safety kept,

Thy power to redeem Thine own, In all my grief I knew;



Thank the Lord, who heeds our call,

Hears all flesh, and feeds them all;

Thank the Lord whose love has given

Man the bread of life from heaven.

Full of mercy evermore,

Him, the Lord of lords, adore!

JOSEPH HART.

ora is London, in 1712. His parents were God-fearing persons, and were car his proper upbringing. He did not repay their anxiety, for his conduct exitions. With occasional intervals of reflection, he plunged recklessly can. He became a teacher of languages, but employed much of his time verses. About his forty-third year, he became seriously impressed, but at the errors of Antinomianism. The truth dawned upon him after hearing a seriously of the independent Chapel, Jewin Street, he became most acceptable as a distinctions were much blessed. He died on the 24th May, 1768, in his fifty-six edition of Mr. Hart's hymn-book appeared in 1759. It contained a national life, and set forth the blessedness of that change which, under grace, In subsequent editions, other hymns from his pen were added. His located admissers.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove;
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravish'd breasts inspire.
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

Breathe on these bones so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad..
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

Water to quench the fiery law,
And blood to purge our sin,
We'll tell the Father in that day
(And Thou shalt witness what we say),
"We're clean, just God, we're clean.

Teach us for what to pray, and how;
And since, kind God, 'tis only Thou
The throne of grace can move,
Pray Thou for us, that we, through fait
May feel th' effects of Jesu's death,
Through faith that works by love.

Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Art that mysterious Three in One,
God blest for evermore;
Whom, though we cannot comprehend,
Feeling Thou art the sinner's Friend,
We love Thee and adore.

REDEEMING LOVE.

rs of redeeming love!

ond what words express, s can feel, or angels guess. it hymn the great IAm, and veil before the Lamb.

t heavens are short of this; than the vast abyss; han thought can e'er conceive, pect, or faith believe.

d sigh'd human breath;
f life experienced death;
done we can't discuss,
know, 'twas done for us.

this faith, then let us raise in love, our voice in praise; o us mast work for good, the Lord hath shed His blood.

press of every sort;

pe sore—they must be short;

lieve, but soon shall view

admics Cod and show

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Cheer our despending hearts,
Thou heavenly Parachete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

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Revive our drooping with,

Our doubts and fours remove.

And kindle in our breasts the fluidle in our breasts the fluidle in our breasts.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Show us that loving Mnn
That rules the courts of bliss:
The Lord of bosts, the mighty G
The eternal Prince of peace.

Tis Thine to cleanse the leart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And now create the whole.

If thou, celestial Dove,

SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Sesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, joined with power:

He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

Come, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,—
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View Him grov'ling in the garden, Lo, your Maker prostrate lies! On the bloody tree behold Him; Hear Him cry before He dies— "It is finish'd!" Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

LADY FLORA HASTING

Larry Painta, Hairtenin was the elibert daughter of East Moin, 5 Hastings. Her meller was Countries of Londons in her over right; destrue, Luily 190m; was hours at Edisbourgh, so the carth Spherocy, Mri. hook site was appointed budy of the belichandow in Her Royal Highest She died, ammarried, on the gib July, 1935. A positionness values of may published in may, edited by her others, the Marchissess of Bate. B

THANK-OFFERING.

In every place, in every hour,

Whate'er my wayward lot may be a
In juy or grief, in san or shower,

Father and Lord, I turn to Thee.

Thee, when the incense-breathing flow Four forth the worship of the spring With the glad tenants of the bowers My trembling accents strive to simp

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

ee, when athwart the azure sky
Thy starry hosts their mazes lead,
id when Thou sheddest from on high
Thy dewdrops on the flowery mead.

ree, when my cup of bliss o'erflows;
Thee, when my heart's best joys are fled;
see, when my breast exulting glows;
Thee, while I bend beside the dead.

tike in joy and in distress,

O let me trace Thy hand Divine;
ighteous in chast'ning, prompt to bless,

Still, Father, may Thy will be mine.

FAITH AND HOPE.

THOU, who for our fallen race, Didst lay Thy crown of glory by; and quit Thy heavenly dwelling-place, To clothe Thee in mortality.

y whom our vesture of decay,

Its frailty and its pains, were worn;

Vho, sinless, of our sinful clay

The burden and the griefs hast borne.

Vho, stainless, bore our guilty doom; Upon the Cross to save us bled; and who, triumphant from the tomb, Captivity hast captive led;

) teach Thy ransom'd ones to know Thy love who diedst to set them free; And bid their torpid spirits glow With love which centres all in Thee.

And come, triumphant Victim, come,
In the brightness of Thy holy love:
And make this earth, our purchased home,
The image of Thy courts above.

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LYRA BRITANNICA.

Dimly, O Lord, our feeble eyes

The dawning rays of glory see;
But brightly shall the morning rise,

Which bids creation bend to Thee.

Rise, Sun of righteousness, and shed Thy beams of searching light abroad, That earth may know (her darkness fled) Her King in Thee, Incarnate God!

And oh, while yet Thy mercy speaks,
So may the words of love prevail,
That when the morn of judgment breaks,
Many may Thine appearing hail!

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL



Downwards, from His star-paved dwelling, Comes the incarnate Son of God: Countless voices thrilling, swelling, Tell the triumphs of His blood. Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless, With His spotless righteousness.

See His glowing hand uplifted!
Clustering bounties drop around:
Rebels e'en are richly gifted;
Pardon, peace, and joy abound.
Shout, O earth! and let thy song
Ring the vaulted heavens along!

Call Him blessèd! on thy mountains,
In thy wilds and citied plains:
Call Him blessèd! where thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains.
Let thy captives, let thy kings,
Join the lyre of thousand strings.

Blessèd Lord, and Lord of blessings!
Pour Thy quickening gifts abroad;
Raptured tongues, Thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God.
Blessèd, blessèd, blessèd Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word!

"GATHER THE LAMBS."

Isaiah zi. 11.

(Contributed.)

To praise our Shepherd's care, His wisdom, love and might, Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare, And bid the world unite!

Supremely good and great,

He tends his blood-bought fold;

He stoops, though throned in highest state,

The feeblest to uphold.

He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if His meanest lamb should frame,
His bosom bears it home.

Kind Shepherd of the sheep,
A weakly flock are we,
And snares and foes are nigh; but
The lambs who look to Thee.

And if through death's dark vale
Our feet should early tread,
Oh may we reach Thy fold, and hal
The love which us has led.

SALVATION.

(Contributed.)

HALLELUJAH! Lord, our voices
Rise in choral strains to Thee.
Son of man, Thy Church rejoices
In her weekly jubilee!

Hallelujah! mercy beaming

Hallelujah! mercy beaming

Hallelujah! mercy beaming

Hallelujah! mercy beaming

HYMN OF PRAISE.

(Contributed.)

Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn To David's Son and Lord; With cherubim and seraphim Exalt th' incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue No lofty strains can raise: But Thou wilt not despise the young, Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest, How vast Thy gifts—how free! Thy blood our life—Thy word our feast— Thy name our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts, to be Thine own.

Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear Approved a lisping throng: Be gracious still, and deign to hear Our poor but grateful song.

O Saviour, if, redeem'd by Thee, Thy temple we behold,— Hosannas, through eternity, We'll sing to harps of gold!

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

(Contributed.)

WIDELY, 'midst the slumb'ring nations,
Darkness holds his despot-sway;
Cruel in his habitations,
Ruthless o'er his prostrate prey.
Star of Bethlehem,
Rise and beam in conquering day!

Light of life, our sole Defender,
Rise with healing on Thy wing:
Rise in all Thy soothing splendour,
Rise, and earth with joy shall sing_
Israel's glory,
Gentiles call Thee, "Lord and Kinggar"

Christians, haste! the morn is breaking.

Darkness wheels his downward fligh.

But, your polished armour taking,

Stand! nor quit the waning fight.

Great Redeemer,

Guard us with Thy shield of light!

Onward, Christians, onward pressing,
Triumph in the Crucified!
Endless honour, rest, and blessing,
Wait you at His radiant side.
Cease not, cease not,
Till you see Him glorified!



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Look to Him who once was willing All His glory to resign, That, for thee the law fulfilling, All His merit might be thine. Strive to follow day by day Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to Him who ever liveth,
Interceding for His own;
Seek, yea, claim the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly throne.
Will He not thy strength renew
With His Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn;
Lace once more thy heart shall lighten:
Rise! He calleth thee; return!
Lace not weary on thy way:
Lace sis thy strength and stay.

TE THINGS WHICH ARE BEHIND.

(Contributed.)

Fleeting hope, and changeful love;

Leave its soon corroding treasure;

There are better things above.

Leave, oh, leave thy fond aspirings, Bid thy restless earth be still; Cease, oh, cease thy vain desirings, Only seek thy Father's will.

Leave behind thy faithless sorrow

And thine every anxious care;
He who only knows the morrow,
Can for thee its burden bear.

Leave behind the doubting spirit, And thy crushing load of sin; By thy mighty Saviour's merit, Life eternal thou shalt win.

Realms of glory lie before thee, Cloud and shadow-land behind; Hasten! light is breaking o'er thee Enter! welcome thou shalt find!

Leave the darkness gathering o'er the Leave the shadow-land behind.
Realms of glory lie before thee;
Enter in, and welcome find.



THOMAS HAWEIS.

Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since His rich blood was spilt.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Now the ungodly dares
The holy God draw near;
Justice itself declares
No cause remains for fear.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Hail the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred word;
Before Thy throne we bow.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

THE ASCENSION.

THE Saviour to glory is gone;
His sufferings and sorrows are past;
His work is completed and done,
And shall to eternity last.
For ever He lives to bestow
The blessings He purchased so dear;
Our bosoms with gratitude glow,
Whilst to Him, by faith, we draw near.

Expecting from Him to receive
All fulness of glory and grace,
Rejoicing in hope, we believe,
His promises thankful embrace.
Our King shall protect us from harms,
Our Advocate make our plea good;
Our Shepherd will bear in His arms
The sheep which He bought with His

Our Prophet will point out the way
Which leads to the mansions above;
Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,
Our Friend of unchangeable love.
But whilst to the Lamb on His throne
Our hearts and our voices we raise,
His glory exalted we own
Above all our blessing and praise.

=;

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

His love within us shed abroad, Life's ever-springing well, Till God in us, and we in God, In love eternal dwell.

MBER ME, O MY GOD, FOR GOOD."

Nehemiah ziii. 31.

Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee; n all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me!

When groaning on my burden'd heart, My sins lie heavily, My pardon speak, new peace impart : In love remember me!

Femptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh give me strength, Lord, as my day:
For good remember me!

Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see: Grant patience, rest, and kind relief; Hear, and remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name, Shame and reproaches be; All hail reproach, and welcome shame, If Thou remember me.

The hour is near; consign'd to death,
I own the just decree.
"Saviour!" with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

in the ROBERT HAWKER, D.D. Arecons ROBERT HAWKER WAS born at Exeter, on the 13th April, 1753.

Manufacture and annual the assemble transfer of confidence and annual the assemble transfer of confidence and annual transfer of confidence and confidence an ROBERT HAWKER was born at Exeter, on the 13th April, 1755. He benedicine, and received the appointment of assistant-surgeon in the Royal benedicine, and received the appointment of assistant-surgeon in the Royal benedicate believed to the surgeon of the surgeon Die medicine, and received the appointment of assistant-surgeon in the Royal set to dedicate himself to the clerical profession, he abandoned his commission of the commission of to dedicate himself to the clerical profession, he abandoned his commission of the control of the same year, he obtained the Bishop of Exercer, in 1784, he was chosen vices of Charles, Fysiola, III at 1884 he was chosen vices of the control of th the Hishop of Exeter. In 1784 he was chosen vicar of Charles, Flynomb, discharged the duties of the curacy for six years preceding. From the bureh he recentled the ducers of D.D. in 1980. Who describe tooks return on the discharged the duties of the curacy for six years preceding. From the burgh he received his degree of D.D. in 1792. His death took place of the burgh he received his degree of D.D. Hawkar's numerous writings his seventual current water. burgh he received his degree of D.D. in 1790. His death took place of beath is seventy-fourth year. Of Dr. Hawker's numerous writings, his Scriptolett know. His works have been collected in two volumes, \$v_0\$, accompany that have been collected in two volumes, \$v_0\$, accompany that the property of the London, 1831.

ABBA HYMN. "ABBA, Father," Lord, we call Thee, Hallow'd name! from day to day; 'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee; None but children "Abba" say: This high privilege we inherit, First Thy gift, and then Christ's blood God the Spirit with our spirit Witnesseth we're sons of God.

extint . Marines

"Abba, Father!" Lord, we call The Abba sounds through all our host. All in heaven and earth adore Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

first gave us being. rast plan, But the plan Himself had formed,

Ere like sheep we went astray,

"They" said God, "shall call me Father,

From me shall turn away."

sets forth in Christ His Son,
With the Spirit's grace to guide us—
to bring His children home.
Father 1" makes all certain,
by word and oath and blood:
saith, "They are my people,"
they say, "The Lord our God."

through all our changing seasons,

ble, sickness, sorrow, woe,

changeth God's affection,

shall all Thy blood-bought children

the throne their anthems raise,

in songs of rich salvation,

to Abba endless praise.

AMEN HYMN.

Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all His word;
No promises are doubtful then,
For all are yea and all Amen,
Jesus Christ our Lord.
Secured in this, the Church on high
helow unceasing cry,
To men, Amen, Amen!
The O Lord, all praise is given,
The O Lord, all praise is given,
hail, Thou great Amen!

By Him I say again;

Thy record must for ever stand Of this eternal from God's hand, And all in Thee, His Son.

Sweetly Thy verilies we hear,
For God's Amen dispels all fear,
Thy faithfulness it proves;
And while such grace for God is shown:
To God's Amen we add our own,
Our So be it He loves.
Secured in this, the Church, etc....

Ye saints of God, in age or youth,
Who swear by Him, the God of truth
By Him I say again;
Make Him whom God hath made to
Your Alpha and Omega too;
God's Christ is your Amen.
Secured in this, the Church, extend

Nor less above, ye heavenly host, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Was born on the 21st April, 1783, at Maipas, Cheshire. In his seventeenth transmose College, Oxford. In 1802, he obtained the University prize for land in the following year gained the gold medal for his poem of "Palesard A.M. in 1803. He was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls' College, and the living of Hodnet. In 1822, he was elected preacher to the benchers of an addition of £600 to his yearly income. In 1823, he accepted the land to the lates of his high office in India, he applied himself with apositive the was cut short while in course of an episcopal visitation. He complexy, while taking a bath, at Trichinopoly, on the 3rd April, 1804, in his Sanahop Heber was a contributor to The Quarterly Review; he wrote a laylor, and published some other prose writings. In 1827, his hymns were laylor volume, along with sacred lyrics by Mr. Milman and others. We have

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

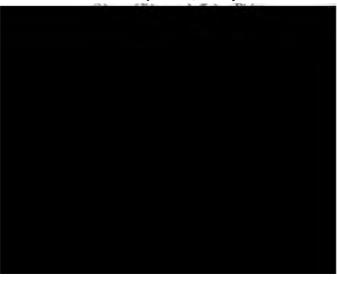
Wark waft we winds, His story;
And you we waters, roll,
The last of glory,
It screams from pole to pole.
The run ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In hiss returns to reign!

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

PARTIEST and best of the sons of the manager and lend us This Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Cartie where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold in His craile the dew-drops are shim and Low lies His head with the beasts of the Angels after Him, in slumber reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all

Sav. shall we yield Him, in costly devotions



Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age Will shake the soul with sorrow's power, And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine,— Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd, Were all alike Divine,—

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

"HELP, LORD, OR WE PERISH."

through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, ope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish, to our Maker: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

is! once toss'd on the breast of the billow, ed by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow, seated in glory, the mariner cherish, cries in his danger, "Help, Lord, or we perish."

h, when the whirlwind of passion is raging, hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging, in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish; se the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

AT A FUNERAL.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplose the Though sorrows and darkness encompass the towns to Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before the And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the

Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold the Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side.

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold the And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forship Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the semple.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and gu
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore the
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

THE BELIEVER'S PRAYER.

LORD, whose love, in power excelling,
Wash'd the leper's stain away:
Jesus, from Thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray.

I filth of vice and folly,

Jen's rage,

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

AYER FOR DIVINE MERCY.

were the accents of early creation,
the Word of Jehovah came down from above;
ds of the earth to infuse animation,
the their cold atoms to life and to love!

hty the tones which the firmament rended,
on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
ling, and hail, and thick darkness attended,
ter'd on Sinai His laws to mankind.

was the voice of the First-born of heaven igh poor His apparel, though earthly His form), igh to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven!" whole" to the sick, and "Be still" to the storm.

of the world! when, arrayed in Thy glory, mmmons again shall be heard from on high; tature stands trembling and naked before Thee, waits on Thy sentence to live or to die;

he heav'n shall fly fast from the sound of Thy thunder, the sun in Thy lightnings grow languid and pale, sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder, hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail!

THE SECOND ADVENT.

- Lord will come! the earth shall quake, hills their fixed seat forsake, withering, from the vault of night stars withdraw their feeble light.
- Lord will come! but not the same once in lowly form He came, ilent Lamb to slaughter led, bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.
- : Lord will come! a dreadful form, h wreath of flame, and robe of storm; cherub wings, and wings of wind, sinted Judge of human-kind!

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pri
O God! is this the Crucified!

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

THE HOLY TRINITY.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!

God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the gize
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee, Perfect in power, in love and purity.

holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Thy name, in earth, an

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM.

SOTHAM is the author of a volume of "Hymns Privately Printed,"

Demonal history is unknown.

THE YOUNG PERSON'S PRAYER.

HARK! 'tis your heavenly Father's call, How soft the charming accents fall: "Ask and receive, my son," He cries, With loving heart and melting eyes.

Lord, I accept Thine offer'd grace, I come to seek my Father's face, Nor will He turn His ear away Who taught my heart and lips to pray.

One thing I ask, and wilt Thou hear, And grant my soul a gift so dear? Wisdom, descending from above, The sweetest token of Thy love.

Wisdom betimes to know the Lord, To fear His name and keep His word; To lead my feet in paths of truth, And guide and guard my wandering youth.

Then shouldst Thou grant a length of days, My life shall still proclaim Thy praise; Or early death my soul convey
To realms of EVERLASTING day.

RAISE TO GOD IN LIFE AND DEATH.

My soul shall praise Thee, O my God, Through all my mortal days, And to eternity prolong Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.

And soothe my pains to rest.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim The honours of my God; My life, with all my active powers, Shall spread Thy praise abroad.

And though these lips shall cease to move Though death shall close these eyes, Yet shall my soul to nobler heights Of joy and transport rise.

Then shall my powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

THE GOD OF SEASONS.

GREAT God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing Thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.

Seasons and moons, revolving round,
In beauteous order speak Thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd.

MRS. HEMANS.

Our health, our friends, we owe the Thy vast unbounded love; thousand precious gifts below, hope of nobler joys above.

MRS. HEMANS.

BROWNE was born at Liverpool, on the sth September, 1794. Her rehat. When his daughter was very young, he removed his family was. The romantic nature of her early home, an old mansion by the rocky hills, exercised a powerful influence on her fancy. In her ninth the world. In 1812, she published a second volume, entitled "Domestic man year, married Captain Hemans. After some years, her husband her to undertake the upbringing of their five sons. She continued the to undertake the upbringing of their five sons. She continued the total composition, and her numerous lyrics age to be remarked for their sections, alike of expression and thought. After residing in different the per abode in Dublin, where she died on the 16th May, 1835. Her to upbrished, with a memoir, in seven volumes, 8vo;

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play, While the red light fades away; Mother, with thine earnest eye, Ever following silently; Father, by the breeze of eve Called Thy harvest-work to leave: Pray, ere yet the dark hours be; Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea:
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw Into the bitter wave? Left it no scion where it grew, The thirsting soul to save?

Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed?
Is there no distant eastern bower,
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?

Nay, wherefore ask ! since gifts are our.
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showe
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh, mingled with the cup of grief Let faith's deep spirit be; And every prayer shall win a leaf From that bless'd healing tree!

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise, And the date grows ripe under sunny skies? Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas. Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze, And strange bright birds, on their starry wings, Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?" Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it far away in some region old, the rivers wander o'er sands of gold, Where the burning rays of the ruby shine, And the diamond lights up the secret mine, And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand— Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?" Not there, not there, my child.

hath not seen it, my gentle boy; Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy; Dream not near a world so fair; and death may not enter there; and death may not stateless bloom; Yound the clouds, and beyond the tomb, there, it is there, my child."

GEORGE HERBERT.

IBER T born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, on the 3rd applies 2002 by of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, and his eidest promer, well known as a philosophical writer, and as the author of an interestwell known as a philosophical writer, and as the author of an interestsubject of this notice was educated at Westminster School; he
subject of this notice was elected Fellow in 1615; he subject of this notice was educated at Westmanner Charles, in a cambridge, about the year 1608. He was elected Fellow in 1615; he to the post of public orator. He sought preferment at court, but In 1606, he became Prebendary of Leignton promsword, and of Remerton, near Salisbury. He died in 1623, in his thirty-ninth and Private Ejaculations," was published a year In 1600, ne tocome
of Bemerton, near Salisbury. He died in 1033, in nis tunt, year
or Secred Poems and Private Ejaculations," was published a year
ork at once became popular, and the celebrity of the author as a
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limitation. When he entered the Church, Herbert resolved to ork at once became popular, and the celebrity of the undiminished. When he entered the Church, Herbert resolved to andiminished. When he entered the Church, Herbert resources to the service of God. His compositions breath the spirit of a devoted to the service of God. rus compare transcribed from the edition of 1674.

GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase Doth my dull husbandry improve; O let Thy graces without cease Drop from above!

LVRA BRITANNICA.

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If still the sun should hide his race,

Thy house would but a dungeon proventy works night's captives.

O let grace

Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dow
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above!

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above!

O come! for Thou dost know the way Or if to me Thou wilt not move, Remove me where I need not say,



Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
I hreaded together on time's string,
I ake bracelets to adorn the wife
If the eternal, glorious King.
In Sundays heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,

And did inclose this light for His,

That, as each beast his manger knows,

Man might not of his fodder miss.

Thrist hath took in this piece of ground,

And made a garden there for those

Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full process
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth,

And where the week-days trail on gro
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,

Leaping with thee from seven to seven
Till that we both, being toss'd from ea

Fly hand in hand to heaven.

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God, my King, In all things Thee to see; And what I do in anything,



Last turneth all to gold;
Last turneth all to gold;
Last which God doth touch and own

SIGHS AND GROANS.

O Do not use me

sins! look not on my desert,

Thy glory; then Thou wilt reform,

efuse me, for Thou only art

ghty God, but I a silly worm;

O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!

account can Thy ill steward make!

abused Thy stock, destroy'd Thy woods,

Thy magazines. My head did ache,

found out how to consume Thy goods.

O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!

served that an Egyptian night

thicken all my powers, because my lust
lsew'd fig-leaves to exclude Thy light;

frailty and already dust;

O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
turn'd vial of Thy bitter wrath;
hou hast other vessels full of blood,
whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
unto death; since He died for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
Ou hast life and death at Thy command;
art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
and corrosive. Put not Thy hand
the bitter box; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me!

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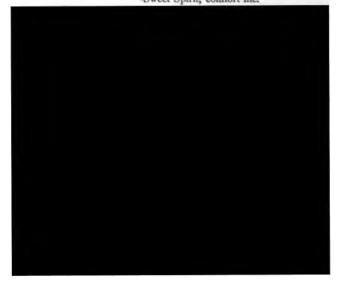
ROBERT HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK was descended from an old family in Leicestership,
Herrick, was a goldsmith in Cheapside, London. He was born in London
educated at Westminster School. He entered St. John's College, Cambrillating orders, he was preferred to the vicarage of Dean Prior, Devosshipment of his living under the Protectorate, when he returned to London. At the
he re-obtained his charge. He died in 1674. Herrick published his "
149. His "Hesperides" appeared in the following year. As edition on memoir, was published in London, in 1899.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress, When temptations me oppress, And when I my sins confess, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed, Sick in heart and sick in head, And with doubts discomforted, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.



ROBERT HERRICK.

When the tapers now burn blue, And the comforters are few, And that number more than true, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath pray'd, And I nod to what is said,

Cause my speech is now decay'd,

Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about, Either with despair or doubt, Yet before the glass be out, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth With the sins of all my youth, And half damns me with untruth, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries Fright my ears and fright mine eyes, And all terrors me surprise, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd And that open'd which was seal'd, When to Thee I have appeal'd, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

(Contributed.)

As I will shall may go up and down upon the mountains,"—7sa

THERE'S a wail upon the mountains; it resounds o'e heights:

Tis the cry of Jephthah's daughter, for her girlhood's lost Ere the summer moon declineth, she, too, shall pass away Untimely cropp'd in beauty, as a budding thorn of May.

"Alas! thy vow, my father! 'Twas a bitter vow for the And what cared I for Ammon, while the earth was green Shall my days of youth be gather'd ere the fervid noon be As the grass beneath the sickle, as the leaf before the blast

There, in silence, on the mighty hills, the stars are seen to Where she bows her head o'er Gilead in the meekness of I Across her breast her arms she folds; and, kneeling on th With steadfast gaze, looks upward, as the mountains look

"() Thou that dwellest above the cloud, and ridest on the Lay Thy commandment on me, as the glory of a dream! Could I hear the voice that Moses heard, whate'er my doom The ground whereon I tread should be as Horeb unto me

There are steps along the mountain-side, where beautiful:
Descends the child of lephthah, with a halo round her bro

ROWLAND HILL.

HILL, the celebrated preacher and wit, was sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. a one his father's estate of Hawkstone, Shropshire, on the 23rd August, 1744. He subsequently afterwards at the University of Cambridge, where he graduated. Contrary to if his family, he entered the Church, receiving orders in 1774. He subsequently the Calvinistic Methodists. In 1782, Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road, London, for his use. There he afterwards preached during six months each year, employs half-year chiefly in itinerating. He died on the 11th April, 1833. He published an nosmo, entitled "Divine Hymas, attempted in Easy Language, for the Use of The following hymn is transcribed from his "Collection of Psalms and Hymns." 30. Sth edition.

GLORY OF THE SAINTS.

EXALTED high at God's right hand, Nearer the throne than cherubs stand, With glory crown'd, in white array, My wond'ring soul says, Who are they?

These are the saints beloved of God, Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood; More spotless than the purest white, They shine in uncreated light.

Brighter than angels, lo! they shine, Their glories great, and all Divine; Tell me their origin, and say Their order what, and whence came they.

Through tribulation great they came; They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame; Within the living temple blest, In God they dwell, and on Him rest.

And does the cross thus prove their gain? And shall they thus for ever reign, Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise The wonders of redeeming grace?

Hunger they ne'er shall feel again, Nor burning thirst shall they sustain; To wells of living waters led, By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.

Dominion and eternal praise.

JAMES HOLME.

THE REV. JAMES HOLME was born in Orton, Westmoreland, on the Having received an elementary education in his native place, he proceedings are to University of Cambridge. He graduated in homours at Gewiller in 1825. He was ordained the same year, and, in 1826, was instituted in Low Harrogate, Yorkshire. In 1836, he accepted the vicarage of Kitkluffer, Holme is now associated with the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond in the missional Mediations, it and in 1825. House for the vicarage of Kitkluffer and the result of the property of the property of the result of the Queen Dowager. Conjousity with his brother, Holme, vicar of East Cowton, he published, in 1861, a small volume of "Morety," a work which contains a number of excellent compositions.

LITANY.

God, my Father, hear me pray, Wash my crimson guilt away; Wretched helpless lost undone , my Comforter, my Light, ngthen me with holy might; te Thy dwelling in my heart; h and joy and hope impart. l, unnumber'd sins are mine, eternal love is Thine.

sèd, glorious Trinity!

7, everlasting Three!

7, O hear my earnest prayer!

7 my soul for heaven prepare!

8, unnumber'd sins are mine,

9, eternal love is Thine.

R TIME OF SICKNESS.

are ours; how abundant the treasure, which heaven or earth can afford! thanks, like His grace, without measure, to the glory and praise of our Lord!

re ours; be it sickness or healing, red alike for our infinite good; by grace, and for ever revealing 1, that we love and are loved of our God.

re ours; though the body may perish, not to feel it fast wasting away; bright visions of glory will cherish, gthen in holiness day after day.

re ours; yea, the present affliction through the gloom of mortality viewed; all we joy in the blissful conviction, it was good to be tried and subdued.

ne ours; thro' the Saviour's merit, e of His cross, which must needs be our own, n the glory that circles the spirit cles like gems in our heavenly crown.

How hope we the day of God's wrath to ab-

Death laughs at our efforts his sting to avoing Hell glories to see us deluded by pride, And Satan exults o'er his prey.

One heaven-born hope will the Christian

Before the tribunal of God;

A hope which His Spirit alone can unfold.

A claim in the deed of redemption, enroll.

And sealed by the Saviour's blood.

O Lord, may the Sun of Thy righteousness:
And shed on the gospel a might
To soften all hearts, to illumine all eyes,
To make us aspire to the Christian's prize,
And soar to the regions of light.

THE SABBATH.

On each return of holy rest,

When gospel messages I hear,
) may the Holy Dove be near
To seal Thy promises to me,
And give new confidence in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

Vhen, humbly kneeling at Thy throne, Vith deep distress my guilt I own, Then let my contrite spirit see Enough of pardoning grace in Thee, In Thee, my God, in Thee.

Vhen in Thy temple I adore, and truth's unfathomed mines explore; it trembling praise the One in Three, 'resh glories let me view in Thee, In Thee, my God, in Thee.

Vhen to Thy table I repair,
e Thou, my Saviour, with me there;
ix my whole soul on Calvary,
ill it is all absorbed in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

hus, on each day of holy rest
ay I with heavenly joy be blest,
nd, in a bright eternity,
ave my undying bliss in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

THOMAS HOLME.

THE REV. THOMAS HOLME, brother of the praceding, was born on
He was educated at the Grammar School of Appleby, and obtained order front
Durham in 1876. In 1822, he was appointed Master of the Grammar School of S.
Kurkby Ravensworth. Since 1822, he has held the vicarage of East C.
1861, he published a small volume of hymas, conjointly with his brother.

THE BELIEVER'S PORTION___

ALMIGHTY Father, God of love,
Whose wisdom rules the circling years,
Grant, as I run my destined course,
That faith may triumph over fear;
May all my cares on Thee be thrown,
Be Thou my portion, Thou alone.

Let favours past confirm my hope
That Thou hast greater things in sto
That love enjoyed through Christ on earth
Unchanged shall last for evermore:
Far, far each faithless doubt be gone;
Be Thou my portion, Thou alone.



"THY WILL BE DONE."

In Thee I live, and think, and move;
In Thee I live, and think, and move;
From Thee each earthly blessing springs,
And richest streams of heavenly love.

Assist me, Lord, with willing speed
In duty's happy paths to run;
May every thought, and word, and deed
Confirm this prayer, "Thy will be done."

And should some wish, that's near my heart,
Conceal no sin, nor hurtful be,
Kindly the wish'd-for gift impart;
The time, and way, I leave to Thee.
But would that gift ensnaring prove,
Oh then the rebel thought dethrone;
My anxious prayer denied in love,
Help me to say, "Thy will be done."

When life's bright scenes shall fade away,
And darkening clouds of grief appear,
Be Thou my light, my hope, my stay,
And still each murmur, doubt, and fear.
With heart and eyes upraised to Thee,
When joys and health are gone,
Then shall my prayer through Jesus be,
"Thy will, good Lord, not mine be done!"

DIVINE LOVE.

OVE Divine, all love excelling
Which a changing world can give,
Take my soul Thy favoured dwelling;
Then to God I'll wholly live.

'eace with Thee, my kind Creator,
Peace, through Christ, I humbly crave;
ho' my guilt is great, yet greater
Are Thy power and love to save.

Keep me, Lord, from self-deceiving, Free from sin's debasing sway; In Thy love and truth believing. Cheer me on my heavenward way.

Thou, of peace the only giver, Thou, the source of bliss Divine, Cleanse my heart, and O for ever, Heavenly Father, make it Thine.

Come then, worldly grief and weeping; Come then, disappointment's sting: While my heart is in Thy keeping. Joyful still Thy praise I'll sing.

Pain nor death from Thee shall move m Death, through Christ, shall be my fr That subdued, my God, I'll love Thee With a love that knows no end.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE

THE Christian's path shines more and memore From morn to perfect day; Yet darkening storms will rise the while-Though clouds may dim faith's heavenwar and flight vening time it shall be light."

7

frien

re few,

evening time it shall be light;"

Funs the promise dear,

er the pilgrim's fainting heart,

en death's dark hour draws near;

ididst the gloom of nature's night,

evening time it shall be light."

HENRY HOPE.

Netwe of Belfast. He was there apprenticed to a bookbinder. Since
you'd in the finishing department of the Messrs. Chambers, stationers,
hymn was printed by Mr. Hope in 1822, for private circulation. Like
has been altered by the editors. It is here printed from a copy kindly

JESUS IS MINE.

Now I have found a friend,

Jesus is mine;

His love shall never end,

Jesus is mine.

Though earthly joys decrease,

Though earthly friendships cease,

Now I have lasting peace,

Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

When death is sent to me,

Jesus is mine;

Welcome eternity,

Jesus is mine.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

He my redemption is, Wisdom and righteousness, Life, light, and holiness, Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away, Jesus is mine. In the great judgment-day, Jesus is mine. Oh! what a glorious thing, Then to behold my King, On tuneful harp to sing, Jesus is mine.

Father, Thy name I bless, Jesus is mine; Praise shall be The Thine was the sovereign grace,

Spirit of holiness, Sealing the Father's grace, Thou mad'st my soul embrace Jesus as mine.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HO

How was born in 1803, at Shrewsbury, Kidderminster in 184

wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight; the darkness drear their Light of light.

Alleluia I

- Apostles' glorious company, ring forth the Cross o'er land and sea, all the mighty world, we sing to Thee Alleluia!
- : Evangelists, by whose blest word, urfold streams, the garden of the Lord and fruitful, be Thy name adored.

Alleluia!

ertyrs, who with rapture-kindled eye e bright crown descending from the sky. ed to grasp it, Thee we glorify.

Alleluia!

hay Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, is the saints who nobly fought of old, in, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

: communion! fellowship Divine! bly struggle, they in glory shine; are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

hen the strife is fierce, the warfare long, on the ear the distant triumph-song, earts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

Aden evening brightens in the west: soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest; is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

! there breaks a yet more glorious day : ints triumphant rise in bright array; ng of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia!



Soldiers of the cross, arise! Gird you with your armour bright; Mighty are your enemies, Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world Raise your banner in the sky; Let it float there, wide unfurl'd; Bear it onward, lift it high.

Mid the homes of want and woe, Strangers to the living Word. Let the Saviour's herald go, Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie, Carry truth's unsullied ray; Where are crimes of blackest dye, There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn

Tell of realms where sorrows cease

To the outcast and forlorn

Speak of mercy and of peace.

MRS. HOWITT.

ond daughter of Samuel Botham, a member of the Society of se cestury, at Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. From childhood she baservation and love of reading; she composed verse ere she sumniting thems to paper. Her early union with Mr. Howitz, pecially akin, tended to promote her juvenile predilections, periodicals, both is prose and verse, would occupy many attons are "The Sevun Temptations," a dramatic poem Wood Leighton," a romance; "Tales for the People;" the "The Cost of Caergwyn." Mrs. Howitt's name is honourably restore, she being the first to introduce the works of some of lanish authors to the British public. The following hymns loweitr.

WILLING DISCIPLE.

(Contributed.)

uffer, let me drain up, vinegar and gall: rd—dear Lord, sustain r trembling soul through all! in and anguish cease to be, hen the Spirit leans on Thee!

ear the heaviest cross, world be crucified! Lord, amidst all loss, found, whate'er betide, ss or penury cannot be the soul enrich'd by Thee!

it e'er I treasure dearest, neart, or pride of eye; ne know Thou hearest, el that Thou art nigh. en 'tis easy to resign, nowing that my all is Thine, at that Thou, dear Lord, art mine!

THE CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

(Contributed.)

CLOTHE me with Thy saving grace,
Mould me to Thy will Divine;
In Thy blood my sins efface,
And in service make me Thine:
Lord and Master, make me Thine!

Wealth I do not crave to own,
Outward honour, pomp, nor case;
All I ask is this alone,
Thee to serve and Thee to please,
Lord and Master, Thee to please.



Brother, are thy days of gladness
Like the dews of morning fled?
Have the clouds of grief and sadness
All thy summer skies o'erspread?
Trust me, while thy bosom bleedeth
O'er its joys so bright and fleet,
Thou wilt find the help it needeth
Flowing from the mercy-seat.

There is ONE, our nature wearing,
Link'd for ever with His own;
All our bliss and sorrow sharing,
As our kindred flesh and bone.
Though as God He rules the nations,
Still as man He deigns to hear
All our groans and supplications,
Ever kind and ever near.

Cease then, brother, cease complaining;
Weep no more thy lot forlorn;
Dost thou grieve o'er sin remaining?
Dost thou for lost comforts mourn?
Does thy soul in secret languish
For the Saviour's presence sweet?
All thy troubles, all thine anguish
Carry to the mercy-seat.

Say not that thy sins are many,
Say not that thy guilt is great;
Christ was never deaf to any,
None to Him e'er came too late.
'Twas thy trembling hope to cherish,
On the cross thy crimes He bore;
If beside that cross thou perish,
None e'er perish'd there before,

Bride and Spirit both invite thee; Ransom'd sinners bid thee come; Strains of welcome shall delight thee, Streaming from thy heavenly home. 324

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Bowers of bliss, for ever vernal, There the ravish'd senses greet; Joy, and love, and life eternal Blossom round the mercy-seat!

SATURDAY EVENING HYMN.

YE worldly cares and themes, begone; Far other thoughts my bosom fill: Another week has swiftly flown, And I am spared and living still.

Lord, teach me so to count my days,
That I my heart and soul may give,
With all their powers, to wisdom's ways,
And to Thy praise and glory live.

Soft let the dews on sleep descend
This night upon Thy servant's head;
And, while I rest, Thy wings extend,
Thy guardian wings, around my bed



THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

WHAT is faith? It is to see Jesus bleed, and die for me; 'Tis to trust that He has won All I've set my heart upon.

What is hope? It is to know Comfort, 'midst the deepest woe; 'Tis to fix the inward eye On a home beyond the sky.

What is love? It is to find Brethren, friends, in all mankind; 'Tis to bid the wretched share In our bounty, feel our care.

Faith discerns where Jesus trode; Hope supports us on the road; Love instructs us to display Christian kindness by the way.

Heavenly Dove! descend and bring All these graces on Thy wing; That my Saviour's eye may see Faith, and hope, and love in me.

ANNA MATILDA HULL

HULL was born at Marpool Hall, Exmouth. Her father, Mr. William a local magistrate. Miss Hull has devoted a large portion of her time to the , and the extension of Divine knowledge. She has published "Heart likver Trumpet Answered," "Fruit from the Tree of Life," and a "Hymn-

THE LIFE-LOOK.

RE is life for a look at the crucified One; here is life at this moment for thee; h look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved hto Him who was nail'd to the tree. Oh, why was He there as the bearer of sin, If on Jesus thy sins were not laid? Oh, why from His side flow'd the sin-cleansing blood, If His dying thy debt has not paid?

It is not thy tens of repentance, or prayers,
But the blood, that names for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen? His cry of distress hast thou heard? Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured, Should pardon to thee be deferr'd?

We are heal'd by His stripes;—would'st thou add to the worl!

And He is our righteousness made:

The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on:

Oh, could'st thou be better array'd?

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Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared There remains the more to be done! That once in the stul of the world. He appeared

IOB HUPTON.

PTON was born in the vicinity of Burton-on-Trent, in March, 1762. His conduct in a perofame; but, in his twenty-second year, he was brought under Christian influences. By John Bradford, who ministered at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, Walsall, his religious was were confirmed. He became a preacher of the Baptist persuasion, and was, in er, 1794, elected to the pastorate of that connection at Claston. His death took place the October, 1890, in his eighty-eighth year. He contributed extensively to The Garyel se.

His prose writings were collected in 1843, in a 12mo volume, entitled "The Truth Jesses," and his "Hymns and Spiritual Poems," with a short memoir, were, in 1861, d by Mr. Sedgwick.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

JESUS, the Saviour, praise,
Who left His throne above;
Bring Him, ye saints, your choicest lays,
For all His love.
For His beloved bride,
That He might make her free,
He hung, and bled, and groan'd, and died,
On yonder tree.

Jesus, the Saviour, praise,
Who rose and left the dead,
And lives, through everlasting days,
Our glorious Head.
All power to Him belongs;
All grace in Him abounds;
Praise Him in grateful, cheerful songs,
With sweetest sounds.

Jesus, the Saviour, praise:
All praises are His due,
Whose love, and grace, and righteousness
Are ever new.
He was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
And saints shall sound aloud His fame
Eternally.

Jesus, the Savanur, praise:

He'll me'er inreake His sheep,

But in His peaceful, pleasant ways,

Their footsteps keep;

He will His lambs defend,

When wolves and hone roar,

And be their faithful, constant Friend

For evermore.

JOSEPH IRONS.

PREFER BRUNN was been at Warn, Herriforchikere, on the 5th November, 6th Removed the Schiefer is a builder. About his deprecately year, he removed to Louden, which leads around a present to the facilities beaused to the maintage. He spirit he shall be made to the maintage, he was it for a family to the pastitude of the independent Chapel, Holderdon. He subsequently have to the independent Chapel, Holderdon. He subsequently asserted to Canada Chapel, and the subsequently as anyter place of worship, named "Grove Chapel," was created for him with the fall and the product of the subsequently and the subsequently produced to Canada Chapel, and the subsequently as a super place of worship, named "Grove Chapel," was created for him with the fall of the subsequently and the subsequently produced to Canada Strome, and the subsequently as a super place of worship to the subsequently as a super place of the subsequently as a super pl

INVOCATION OF THE SPIRITE.

PRAISING CHRIST.

Now let our hearts unite
To praise the Saviour's name;
Let ransom'd souls delight
His triumph to proclaim:
Till heav'n and earth shall hear our songs,—
"Salvation to our God belongs."

He gave us to His Son,
In everlasting love;
And lo, our Lord came down
His faithfulness to prove;
Obey'd and suffer'd, died, and rose
In triumph over all our foes.

Now He's exalted high,
And from His glorious throne
He hears His people cry,
And claims them as His own.
He bears them all upon His breast;
In Him we are completely blest.

For ever justified
In His atoning blood,
We shall be glorified
In presence of our God:
Ere long we shall our Jesus see,
For where He is His saints must be.

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BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON, the celebrated dramatist, was born in 1574. He attended Westminst but was subsequently employed as a bricklayer. Disliking his occupation, he call army. He next tried the stage, but without success. As a dramatic writer, he am eminence. A state pension was conferred upon him.

HYMN TO GOD!

HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part;
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove,
Therein, Thy love.

If Thou had'st not Been stern to me, But left me free, I had forgot

Myself and Thee.



But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under His cross.

JANE ELIZABETH JOY.

LEETH JOY is daughter of Henry Holmes Joy, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., Dublin. She id "The Pearl of Angrogna: an historical Tale of the Waldenses;" "The Exiled their Restorer: a Bible allegory;" and several other works of a religious character. a constributor to The Christian Treasury, The Evangelical Magasine, The Homes, and other serials.

EBENEZER.

(Contributed.)

HITHERTO upon my way
Thou hast been my guide and friend;
Watch Thou o'er me night and day,
'Till I reach my journey's end;
Let mine ears a whisper hear,
"Rise, depart!" or, "Linger here!"

I am but a helpless child,
Exiled from my Father's land:
But, amid my wanderings wild,
I have felt a Saviour's hand
Clasp'd in mine, and leading me
Lovingly, my God, to Thee.

Now I would not let Thee go
For all else that could be given;
For Thy love, with pain and woe,
Has no equal under heaven;
And it would be heaven to be
Nearer to Thy love and Thee!



33=

LYRA BRITANNICA

Here, in sukness,—for away
From my earthly home,—how dreat
Were my heart, could I not pray,
Knowing Thee intent to hear,
And all businesses to faifal.
All my need and bless me still.

This my anchor-hope in Thee!

Let it ini me not:—lest I,

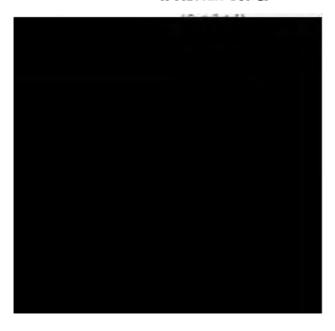
That i in life's tempestuous sea,

Whelmed in dark despuir should die:

Keep, in keep me close to Thee

In time and in enemity!

A PILGRIM SONG.



Though lonely, not alone am I,
For Thou art always near;
And nought like Thy sweet sympathy
The drooping heart can cheer;
Through tempests wild Thou guidest me,
Secure as on a waveless sea.

Still nearer, nearer unto Thee:
This my heart's fervent prayer,
E'en though its present answer be
A heavier cross to bear;
Through dangers lead, ne'er let me roam,
Till I "with Christ" am safe at home.

EVENING HYMN.

(Contributed.)

As we the busy day recall,
When shades of night around us fall,
And from the graves of memory start,
In living power to wound the heart,
Full many an unrepented sin,
Buried too long its depths within!
In galling chains we come to Thee:
O Saviour, set the captives free!

Conscience accuses; Satan tries
On sin and self to fix our eyes,
That overwhelming sorrow may
Disperse the last faint streak of day.
O Christ! who hast temptation borne,
Pain, anguish, weariness, and scorn,
Give us, with deep humility,
A calm and steadfast trust in Thee!

And should this evening prove our last, In grateful praise for mercies past, In pardon seal'd, our spirits keep: May.we, like Stephen, fall asleep!

LYRA BRITANNICAL

Our last sight here, our risen Lord; - F-1 Our first in heaven, that Friend adored, Advancing with life's radiant crown, To lead us to His regal throne. But if the cross Thou'dst have us bear Longer, ere we the crown may wear; If Thou hast in Thy vineyard still Work for Thy servants to fulfil; Or if, our patient rain to uy,
A lingering death Thou'dst have us die Or if, our patient faith to try, 'Tis our hearts' fervent prayer to be, In life, or death, conform'd to Thee We ask not or to go or stay, But be Thou with us night and day; But be Thou when time and change are And oh! when time and change May we be with Thee evermore! Thy presence is the heaven we seek, Thy love, the bliss no tongue can specify; Our brightest hope eternally Is only, Lord, to be with Thee.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE REY, JOHN KEELE was son of the Vicar of Fairford, and was borns in the THE REV. JOHN KEBLE was son of the Vicar of Fairford, and was borns in righ. Been continued in the Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in first classe succession in the Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in first classe succession in the University College in 1833. He held office as public Examples of the University Corpus Christian College in 1833. He had office as public Examples of the University Corpus Christian College in 1833. He had only the Christian College in 1834. He was combinated in the Christian College in 1834. He produced his or Christian College in 1834. He produced his or Christian College in 1834.

JOHN KEBLE.

The works of God above, below, Within us, and around,

Are pages in that book, to show How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat That crowns His holy hill; The saints, like stars around His seat, Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven;
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand, whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root; Hope, their unfading flower; Fair deeds of charity, their fruit, The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace, It steals in silence down; But where it lights, the favour'd place By richest fruits is known.

One name, above all glorious names, With its ten thousand tongues The everlasting sea proclaims, Echoing angelic songs. The raging five, the rousing wind Thy boundless power display; But in the gentler breeze we find Thy Spirit's viewless my.

Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin Ferbals us to descry The mystic heaven and earth within, Plant as the sea and sky.

Those, who hast given me eyes to see And love this sight so fair, Give me a heart to find out Thee, And read Thee everywhere.

EVENING.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is! Lastr xxiv, sq.

> T:s gone, that bright and orbid blaze, Fast fading from our wistful gaze; You mantling cloud has hid from sight. The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness



When with dear friends sweet talk I hold, And all the flowers of life unfold, Let not my heart within me burn, Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My We aried eyelids gently steep,
Be The soft dews of kindly sleep
For ever idea of kindly sleep
The soft dews of kindly

Abide with me from morn till eve,
Abide with me from morn till eve,
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For with me when night is nigh,
bout Thee I dare not die.

Steer Framer of the light and dark,
Annie Framer of the light and

The ers of this Christian land
Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
Thou their course, O Lord, aright;
do all as in Thy sight.

Thine own sad burthen, borne kly up the hill of scorn,
Thou Thy priests their daily cross
as Thine, nor count it loss!

poor wandering child of Thine,

purn'd to-day the voice Divine,

Lord, the gracious work begin;

no more lie down in sin.

by the sick; enrich the poor

Be blessings from Thy boundless store;

By mourner's sleep to-night,

Infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Came new and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take,— Till, in the occur of Thy love, We have ourselves in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY.

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Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

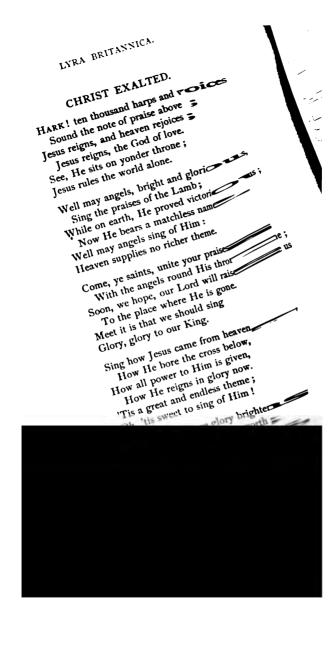
Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation;
His the name of which we boast,
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice, to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded,
Who on Him their hope have built.

THE RESURRECTION.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder, See the place where Jesus lay; He has burst His bands asunder; He has borne our sins away; Joyful tidings! Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death he overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame.
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.



Bring, oh, bring the glorious day, hen, the awful summons hearing, Heaven and earth shall pass away. en, with golden harps, we'll sing Glory, glory to our King."

THE SAVIOUR CROWNED.

Now, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sorrows" now; om the fight return'd victorious, Every knee to Him shall bow. own Him, crown Him: Crowns become the Victor's brow.

rown the Saviour, angels crown Him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings; the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings. rown Him, crown Him:

Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

nners in derision crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; aints and angels crowd around Him, Own His title, praise His name. rown Him, crown Him: Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

ark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords:
sus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
rown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THE REDEEMER GLORIFIED.

; head that once was crown'd with thorns crown'd with glory now; yal diadem adorns he mighty Victor's brow.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

The highest place that heaven affords

Is His, is His by right:

"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"

And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,

Though shame and death to Him;

His people's hope, His people's health

Their everlasting theme.

No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
An heavenly priesthood His;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

"WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY HERE."

- "WE'VE no abiding city here:"
 This may distress the worldling's mind;
 But should not cause the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- "We've no abiding city here:"
 Sad truth, were this to be our home!
 But let the thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.
- "We've no abiding city here;"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- "We've no abiding city here;"
 We seek a city out of sight,
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.
- "We've no abiding city here:"
 Methinks I hear the worldling say,
 "Your hope is vain; ye fools, forbear,
 For pleasure lies another way."

No wonder men should reason thus, And count our expectations vain; But did they know the truth, like us, They would adopt another strain.

Did they, like us, by faith discern
The glorious city of our God,
They too, like us, would quickly learns
To walk in Zion's heavenly road.

Zion! Jehovah is her strength! Secure she smiles at all her foes, And weary travellers at length Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine! The time my God appoints is best; See the ancient idols falling!
Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King, by all adored.

Then shall Israel, long dispersed,
Mourning, seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.
Then all Israel shall be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign.
Angels, in their losty statior,
Praise Thy name, Thou only wise;
O let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

THE JUBILEE OF SALVATION.

HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding
Loud proclaims the Jubilee;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners rich and free.
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

Is the name of Jesus precious?

Does His love our spirits cheer?

Does His promise still refresh us,

By abating doubt and fear?

Is He good to us, and true?

Such He'll be to others too.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Were you once, at awful distance, Wandering from the fold of God? Could no arm afford assistance, Nothing save but Jesu's blood? Think how many still are found Strangers to the joyful sound.

Brethren, join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord;
'Tis His arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word.
Father, let Thy kingdom come,
Bring Thy wandering outcasts homes

Brethren, let us freely offer:
All we have is from above;
Let us give and act and suffer—
What is this to Jesu's love?
Did He die our souls to save?
Then we're His, and all we have.



The shining letters, "God is Love:"

The bears our sins upon the tree,

He brings us mercy from above.

The cross, it takes our guilt away, It holds the fainting spirit up; t cheers with hope the gloomy day, And sweetens every bitter cup;

t makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

THE WORLD AND THE CROSS.

GROUND of my hope, the cross appears!

I see the Man of sorrows bleed;
I bid adieu to guilty fears,
And in His death my pardon read.

And couldst Thou, O my Saviour, die, To rescue me from endless woe! Enough, there's none more blest than I, Since Thou couldst love a sinner so.

I leave the world its boasted store
Of pleasures that must quickly end;
I prize its vanities no more,
Since I have found the sinner's Friend.

Care not if the world revile,
The world that hates my Master's cause;
The world, I know, would quickly smile,
Were I again what once I was.



GRACE is the sweetest sound That ever reach'd our ears; When conscience charged, and justice 'Twas grace removed our fears.

Grace is a theme indeed,
A hope-inspiring theme;
'Tis all we can desire or need,
'Tis more than fancy's dream.

'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terrors from the grave;
'Tis joy and victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is the sovereign spring of healt
'Tis life for evermore.

Of grace then let us sing, A joyful, wondrous theme; The God of grace is Israel's King,

RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

lish gentleman in the British service, who is supposed to be the Captain a's Speciator, RICHARD KEMPENFELT was born at Westminster, in a the 14th January, 1741, he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the 14th January, 1741, he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the 17th January, 1741, he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the 17th January, 1741, he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the 17th January, 1741, he obtained sprung a leak, she was ordered to Spithead slightly on her side, in order to enable the carpenters to perform their ed that dreadful catastrophe, memorable in the annals of the British Navy, usealled by a squall, overset, filled with water, and sunk. Nearly a thousand Admiral Kempenfelt perished on the occasion. This lamentable event the August, 1782. Admiral Kempenfelt was a distinguished officer, and a wer of his Saviour. He associated with Whitefield, the Wesleys, and other A tractate, entitled "Original Hymns and Poems, by Philotheorus," printed od be the composition of the admiral. Of the nine compositions which as, we have selected three. The first, entitled "The Alarm," would almost the terrible event by which the gallant author entered on his eternal recom-

THE ALARM.

HARK! 'tis the trump of God Sounds through the realms abroad, Time is no more. Horrors invest the skies; Graves burst, and myriads rise; Nature, in agonies, Yields up her store.

Changed in a moment's space,
Lo the affrighted race
Shriek and despair;
Now they attempt to flee,
Curse immortality,
And eye their misery
Dreadfully near.

Quick reels the bursting earth,
Rock'd by a storm of wrath,
Hurl'd from her sphere;
Heart-rending thunders roll,
Demons tormented howl,
Great God! support my soul,
Yielding to fear.

LIEA BETTANICA

O my Redirector, come ! and imough the terral gloom Brighten Thy way;

Eur smid our smis rise. See in again the faming skies,

Just the succession Or this great day!

See ' see ' the Incurrence God

Swittly muits abroad

Lu iu He somes He's bere

Angels mi sums appear, Fet & MY STETY BEAT,

Jesus is mine.

Tigh in 1 daming throne

Zues the Eternal Son. PARELOGIE SERVER!

Wiris from His presence by, Sarnie E His naiser;

Surs inshi Liang the sky,

THE SOUL'S LONGING.

GENTLE Spirit, wast me over
Jordan's intervening flood;
Lead me to the bleeding Lover;
Bear me to the rest of God.
Glad I eye the rich possession,
Land of peace and perfect love;
Joy, without an intermission,
Ever streaming from above.

Raise me, Lord, to solemn action,
Breathe the energetic breath;
Crown me with the true perfection,
Previous to the stroke of death.
Now commence the holy union;
Let a living seeker prove
All the riches of communion,
All the tenderness of love.

O my agonizing spirit,
Thou shalt surely enter in,
Pluck the fruit of Jesu's merit,
And expel the poison sin.
Far must all thy foes be driven,
Hell's invaders forced to flee,
While the potent arm of Heaven
Brings thee into liberty.

Yes, through Jesu's intercession
I shall reach the fruitful shore,
There receive a saint's impression,
And be happy evermore.
By the force of love attracted,
Fluttering spirit, fly away;
Jesus calls: by Him directed,
Gain the path of perfect day.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

HAIL! Thou eternal Logos, hail!
Before whose glory angels veil
Their rapture-beaming eyes;
Our grateful spirits hold Thee dear;
To Thee we breathe the ardent prayer
And hallelujahs rise.

Yes: while incessant shouts of praise Break from angelic ranks, and raise The concert of the bless'd; While all that tread the starry road Announce the dear Redeemer God, Be it on earth confess'd.

Being of beings! Lord of all!

While yonder lucid orbs that roll

Declare the great I AM,—

We recollect the holy word,

Where all the names and works of given to the Lamb.

TAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.

- EXEMPLDY was born at Summer Hill, near Birmingham, on the 6th Novemeducated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and afterwards at
Entering St. John's College, Cambridge, he obtained a succession of
Our his classical attainments, and, in 1826, was elected Fellow and Classical
Tage. In 1820, he obtained an assistant-mastership at Harrow, and, in 1826,
Namer of Shrewabury School. In 1865, he was appointed Rector of West
Dr. Kennedy has published a number of classical works for the use of
Stred "Hymnologia Christiana," a collection of hymns, and "The Paster
The Paster

ADVENT HYMN.

ZION, at thy shining gates, Lo! the King of glory waits; Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet, Strew thy palms before His feet.

Christ, for Thee their triple light Faith and Hope and Love unite; This the beacon we display, To proclaim Thine Advent day.

Come, and give us peace within; Loose us from the bands of sin; Take away the galling weight Laid on us by Satan's hate:

Give us grace Thy yoke to wear; Give us strength Thy cross to bear; Make us Thine in deed and word, Thine in heart and life, O Lord.

Kill in us the carnal root, That the Spirit may bear fruit; Plant in us Thy lowly mind; Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

So, when Thou shalt come again, Judge of angels and of men, We, with all Thy saints, shall sing Hallelujahs to our King.

CHRIST THE CRUCIFIED.

Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high reward I win? Whose the Name I glory in? Jesus Christ, the crucified.

What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

Who is He that makes me wise To discern where duty lies? Who is He that makes me true, Duty when discern'd to do? Jesus Christ, the crucified.



THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

(Contributed.)

ONWARD, holy champion!
Run the Christian race;
Leave the world behind thee,
Heavenward set thy face:
Fresh from cleansing water,
Bright with oil Divine,
Trained with wholesome nurture,
Heavenly bread and wine.

Onward, holy champion!
Throw all weight aside,
All distracting pleasure,
All encumbering pride.
Shun the subtle pitfalls
Laid by Satan's spite;
Let not smiles betray thee,
Let not frowns affright.

Onward, holy champion!
Angels, bending down,
Watch thy brave endeavour,
Guard thy future crown.
Christ, thy gracious Saviour,
Cheers thy striving soul,
And thy prize awaits thee
At the heavenly goal.

ABOUNDING IN HOPE.

(Contributed.)

IOPE, Christian soul; in every stage f this thine earthly pilgrimage et heavenly joy thy thoughts engage:

Abound in hope.

ope; though thy lot be want and woe, hough hate's rude storms against thee blow, hy Saviour's lot was such below: Abound in hope. Hope; for upon that happy shore Sorrow and sighing will be o'er, And saints shall meet to part no more Abound in hope.

Hope through the watches of the night Hope, till the morrow bring the light Hope, till thy faith be lost in sight:

Abound in hope.

BISHOP KEN.

THOMAS KEN was born at Little Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, in July Winchester and Oxford. In 1659, he became a Fellow of New College, was appointed Chaplain to the Princess of Orange, and three years are Chaplain to Charles II. In 1684, he was consecrated Bishop of Bath sent to the Tower by James II. for opposing his dispensing power. Additional conscientious scruples, to swear allegiance to Wilduring the remainder of his life, in retirement. He died at Longiant, March, 1710. The hymns of Bishop Ken have been published in four during and Evening Hymns are held in the highest estimation.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem; Each present day thy last esteem; Improve thy talent with due care; For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere, Keep conscience as the noontide clear; Think how all-seeing God thy ways And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light Divine, Let thy own light to others shine; Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part; Who all night long unwearied sing High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir; May your devotion me inspire; That I, like you, my age may spend, Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight, Have all day long my God in sight; Perform, like you, my Maker's will: Oh may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly; But God shall that defect supply, And my soul, wing'd with warm desire, Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me whilst I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless light partake.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

I would not wake nor rise again, E'en heaven itself I would disdain, Wert not Thou there to be enjoyed, And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou Oh never then from me depart: For to my soul 'tis hell to be But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew; Disperse my sins as morning dew; Guard my first springs of thought and And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day That all my powers, with all their migh All I design, or do, or say; Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host: Son, and Holy Ghost. Oh may my soul on Thee repose, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close; Sleep, that may me more vigorous make, To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply; Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep of sense, me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved,
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

Yet, though sleep o'er my frailty reigns, Let it not hold me long in chains; And now and then let loose my heart, Till it one Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds, The more unfetter'd are our minds; Oh may my soul, from matter free, Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh when shall I, in endless day, For ever chase dark sleep away; And hymns, with the supernal choir, Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh may my guardian, while I sleep, Close to my bed his vigils keep; His love angelical instil, Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse, And, thought to thought, with me converse; Or, in my stead, all the night long, Sing to my God a grateful song.

JOHN KENT.

JOHN KENT was born at Bideford, Devenshire, in December, 1766. [] father removed to Plymouth, having obtained employment as a ships with now Bevongort. In his fourteenth year, he was apprenticed to his fism. It is now Bevongort. In this fourteenth year, he was apprenticed to his fism. It is now Bevongort. The head to write secred versex. In 1809, he published compositions in a game volume, entitled "A Collection of Original Continued to reade at Plymouth, pursuing a career of unobtrusive point afficient with the loss of eyesight. His dents took place on the 18th Nonacceptod, were his last words, as he gently fell askeep. The hymns of frequently repristed. Those which follow have been transcribed free Hymns and Poems, by John Kent, with a life of the Author, by him-London, 1861, 1800.

111

THE ROCK OF AGES.

WHEN overwhelm'd with doubts and Great God, do Thou my spirit cheer; Let not mine eyes with tears be fed, But to the Rock of ages led.

When storms of sin and sorrows beat, Lead me to this Divine retreat; Thy perfect righteousness and blood, My Rock, my Fortress, and my God.

JOHN KENT.

Shelter'd by Thine omnipotence, What potent arm shall pluck me hence? On every side I'm guarded well, With love and grace immutable.

High as my sin, yea, higher too, This everlasting Rock I view; Replete with free eternal grace, Made from of old my dwelling-place.

When call'd the vale of death to tread, Then to this Rock may I be led; Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea, Since Thou hast tasted death for me.

A SINNER SAVED.

LET Zion in her songs record
The honours of her dying Lord,
Triumphant over sin;
How sweet the song there's none can say,
But he whose sins are wash'd away,
Who feels the same within.

We claim no merit of our own,
But self-condemned, before Thy throne,
Our hopes on Jesus place;
In heart, in lip, in life deprayed,
Our theme shall be "a sinner sayed,"
And praise redeeming grace.

We'll sing the same while life shall last, And when, at the archangel's blast, Our sleeping dust shall rise; Then, in a song for ever new, The glorious theme we'll still pursue Throughout the azure skies.

Prepared of old, at God's right hand, Bright, everlasting mansions stand
For all the blood-bought race;
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this—
Salvation all of grace.

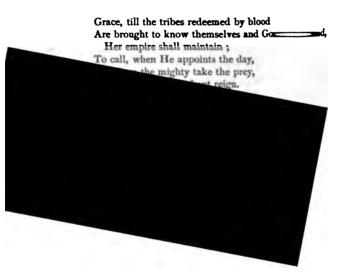
LYRA BRITANNICA.

REIGNING GRACE.

HARK! how the blood-bought host above Conspire to praise redeeming love, In sweet harmonious strains; And while they strike their golden lyres, This golden theme each bosom fires, That Grace triumphant reigns!

Join thou, my soul; for thou canst tell How Grace Divine broke up thy cell, And loosed thy native chains; And still, from that auspicious day, How oft are thou constrain'd to say, That Grace triumphant reigns!

When David fell, in days of old,
This brought the wanderer to the fold,
A prisoner in its chains;
Now free from sin, a virgin soul,
To sing, while endless ages roll,
That Grace triumphant reigns.



LORD KINLOCH.

Y, a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, under the title of Lord in Glasgow, on the 8th August, 1801. His father, who bore the same Christmerchant in that city. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, asion of the law, he passed advocate in 1824. In 1858, he was raised to the wing compositions, by Lord Kinloch, are transcribed, with permission, from he of religious poetry, entitled "Time's Treasure, or Devout Thoughts for Fers;" 1863, 8vo. Besides this work, Lord Kinloch has published "The Doctrine," 1865, 8vo. and "Studies for Sunday Evening," 1866, 8vo.

HOLY GROUND.

'Tis not the temple's shrine, Which holy makes the place: Where'er God is, is power Divine; Where'er God helps, is grace.

The bush on Horeb's peak, Burning and unconsumed, The prophet bent to reverence meek; For God the spot illumed.

The sword at night beheld
By Jordan's swelling bed,
The captain of the host compelled
To own the Lord who led.

Think of thy God as near; And, once His presence found, Be sure, whate'er around appear, Thou tread'st on holy ground.

Put off, O man, thy shoes,
With which thou earth hast trod;
Thee from earth's dust and toil unloose,
And worship pay thy God.

So shalt thou find a light,
To burn and still endure;
A Leader, of all-conquering might,
To make thy Canaan sure.

Which makes me still anew its prey; I can but to Thy cross repair,
To hear Thee speak my pardon there.

I cannot love as I desire, With bosom for Thy grace on fire; I can but view Thy love to me, And humbled feel, so loved to be.

I cannot rise, as fain I would, To perfect right, or perfect good: I can but think of Thee on high, O Saviour, and be glad to die.

In vain are all my efforts made Myself to save, or lift, or aid; The only possible for me, O Saviour, is to cling to Thee:

In time of dread, Thy hand to hold; In loss, Thy charter to unfold; On Thee to lean when prompt to fall; And, sought in Thee, in Thee have all

HEAVEN REALIZED.

FAIN would I soar above this earth, And sun my spirit in the glow

LORD KINLOCH.

But ah, so hard the thought to frame Of things nor eye nor ear explains, That straight I falter in my aim, And heavenly dream to earthly wanes.

I rise from dust on ready wing,
But mists surround me and depress;
And soon the downward fancy bring
To earth's distincter littleness.

I cannot aught devise, to catch
A feeling such as heaven inspires,
Save, Lord, to work, and wait, and watch,
As e'en in heaven Thy will requires.

To do Thy will not least awakes, In heaven itself, the heavenly glow; And he who does Thy will partakes, In measure, heaven's delight below.

Fancy may fail to paint the bliss,
Which brightens heaven's eternal day;
But working faith can scarcely miss
To feel, although unseen, the ray.

LITANY.

LORD, when earthly pleasures lure, When the bad our doubts assure, And to sin appears secure, Keep us pure.

Lord, when strife we meet and wrong, Judgments harsh, and angry throng, For that we to Christ belong, Keep us strong.

Lord, when in our stores we find Wealth amassed, like idol shrined, And the fortune threats the mind, Keep us kind.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Lord, when sickness brings its qualm, Or when sorrow finds not balm, And the prayer supplants the psalm, Keep us calm.

Lord, when human praise we seek, When we run beyond the weak, And approach the topmost peak, Keep us meek.

Lord, when rushell whelming ill, When our sins their pledge fulfil, And we see in woe Thy will, Keep us still.

Lord, when nought can more be had, To our life an hour to add, And the parting time is sad, Make us glad.

" IS IT 1:"

Wito is he that, early brought 'Neath the Saviour's phying eye, Keeps within a traitorous thought - named.

When Thou paint'st the traitor's part, Saviour, well may I reply, From the depths of stricken heart, Is it I?

Lord, preventive warning bring; Question that arrests supply; Who would do this treacherous thing? Is it I?

JOHN A. LATROBE.

EW. JOHN A. LATROBE is a native of London. His father, the Rev. Christian I. 2, was Secretary of the Moravian Church Missions. The subject of this sketch studied idented A.M. at the University of Oxford. He was ordained to the curacy of the Church, Bristol. He was afterwards appointed incumbent of St. Thomas' Church, and had conferred on him an Honorary Canonry of Carlisle Cathedral. In 1863, he from his ministerial charge. Mr. Latrobe has published "Scripture Illustrations;" Itlustic of the Church;" "The Solace of Song;" and "Sacred Lays and Lyrics." He seltiond "Palma and Hymns for Private, Social, and Public Worship."

HEAVENLY LOVE.

How strange is heavenly Love!
I never saw His face;
I never trod His courts above;
I have but known His grace.
Yet my affections cling
To His beloved side:
I feel He is my God, my King,
And I His ransom'd bride.

How strong is heavenly Love!
Stronger than aught below;
Though wide and wild my passions rove,
I will not let Him go!
What though I see Him not,
I feel the ardour burn;
He hath for me the victory wrought;
I love Him in return.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

How sweet is heavenly Love!

'Tis all in all to me;
I muse on Him in field or grove,
Or wandering by the sea;
I walk with Jesus here,
Not lonely though alone,
Till in His mansions I appear,
And know as I am known.

PEACE.

LET not your heart be faint; My peace I give to you, Such peace as reason never plann'd, As worldlings never knew,

'Tis not the noiseless calm That bodes a tempest nigh, Or lures the heedless mariner Where rocks and quicksands lie. Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few;
Though earth to its foundation shake,
My peace I leave with you.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

ment of this sketch was born at Colebrook Terrace, Islington, on the 19th August, r fasther, Mr. Thomas Thompson, latterly of Bath, was well known for his philanloo early as her thirteenth year, Islamina THOMPSON became an anonymous contri"he Jumpson Berthireenth year, Islamina THOMPSON became an anonymous contri"he Jumpson Berthireenth See Subsequently published "Missionary Stories," and has four children; she edited The Missionary Repairing from 1841 to 1845. She see that noth May, 1843, the Rev. Samuel Luke, now minister of an Independent conat Clifton, Gloucestershire. Mrs. Luke has published "The Female Jesuit," 1851;
cond Road and the Narrow Way; "A Memoir of Eliza Ann Harris, of Clifton,"
1 "Winter Work," 1864.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.*

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children, as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all that are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

ritten, in 1841, for a village school near Poundsford Park. It was composed

HENRY FRANCIS LYTEL

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE was born at Kelso, Roaburghshire, on the set Jiz at Trianty College, Dublin. About his twenty-first year, he received over curscy near the town of Wexford. He was subsequently appointed to Lower Britham, Devonshire. In 18th, he published "Tales on the Ler" 1833, "Poems, chiefly Religious." His most considerable publication, settle the Psalma," secured him a wide reputation among the lowers of secred rest of impaired health, he died at Nice, on the acth November, 1849. In 1889, with a prefactory memorit, were published by his son.

EVENTIDE.*

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens: Lord, with me ability When other helpers fail, and comforts fee: Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass aw= Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me=

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word = But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile, And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee! On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I trium ph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold there Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HYMN FOR ISRAEL.

Psalm xiv.

OH that the Lord's salvation Would out of Zion come, To heal His ancient nation, To lead His outcasts home.

How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror, Thy saving grace impart; Roll back the veil of error, Release the fetter'd heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

THE BLESSINGS OF UNITY

Psalm creciii.

'TIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree;
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above;
Acting each a Christian part,
One in lip, and one in heart.

As the precious ointment shed

Upon Aaron's hallow'd head,
Downward through his garments
Spreading odour o'er the whole
So from our High-Priest above,
To His Church flows heavenly lo

Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall.
Brightening and refreshing all,
Such is Christian union, shed

ise Him for His grace and favour
'o our fathers in distress!
ise Him, still the same as ever,
low to chide, and swift to bless!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

her-like, He tends and spares us; Vell our feeble frame He knows; His hands He gently bears us, tescues us from all our foes: Praise Him! praise Him! Widely as His mercy flows.

il as summer's flower we flourish; thows the wind, and it is gone; while mortals rise and perish, tod endures unchanging on;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the High Eternal One.

gels, help us to adore Him:
'e behold Him face to face;
and moon, bow down before Him;
wellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

HE SAINT'S ASPIRATIONS.

d I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove, on would I soar to Thy presence above! on would I flee where the weary have rest, e all my cares in Thy sheltering breast;

I struggle, I pant to get free; e a captive, while banish'd from Thee; m, a stranger, the desert I roam, k on to heaven, and long to be home.

LYRA BRITANI		=
Ah! there the wild tempest for No billow shall ruffle that has no billow shall ruffle that has no billow and trouble alik	ven of peace; se shall depart,	e beart.
Temptation and troube and all tears from the eye, and	all sin from the	nine.
All tears from the eye, and Soon, soon may this Eden Rise, bright Sun of glory, Thy light yet unrisen the years that will it be when	no more to decimendation more to decimentation more to decimentati	= =; ===s:
Oh what will it be when		
_	OF PRAYER.	

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls The Christian to the house of prayer _______; I love to stand within its walls, For Thou, O Lord, art present ther

I love to tread the hallow'd courts Where two or three for worship me For thither Christ Himself resorts, And makes the little band complete.

Tis sweet to raise the common song,

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord; Earth shall then her fruits afford; God to man His blessing give; Man to God devoted live; All below and all above, One in joy and light and love.

THE CROSS.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have call'd Thee Abba, Father,
I have stay'd my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within the
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, should'st thou

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pra_
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee the
Soon shall close Thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise-

PARAPHRASE OF THE EIGHTY-FOURTH

PLEASANT are Thy courts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are Thy courts below, In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spirit longs and faints For the converse of Thy saints, For the brightness of Thy face. ike the wandering dove that found To repose on earth around, They can to their ark repair, and enjoy it ever there.

Lappy souls! their praises flow
Liven in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise;
Manna feeds them from the skies;
In they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.

BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
did I rove, and found no certain home;
I sought them in His sheltering breast,
opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
Im I found a home, a rest Divine;
since then am His, and He is mine.

Te is mine! and nought of earthly things, all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power, one of heroes, or the pomp of kings, led tempt me to forego His love an hour.

Orthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!

I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside—
And poor without Him, though of all posses—
Changes may come—I take, or I resign—
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is A glorious sun that wanes not, nor declines; Above the clouds and storms, He walks serence.

And sweetly on His people's darkness shiness.

All may depart—I fret not, nor repine,

While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's cow
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love, But half discern Him, and but half adore; But when I meet Him in the realms above,



and with pleasure, to soothe or engage, s wild measure and John's simple page; an when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree, th Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

cars from the daughters of Sion that roll, when the waters went over His soul; ought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree th Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

free grace awoke me by light from on high, egal fears shook me, I trembled to die; ige, no safety, in self could I see;
1 Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

ors all vanished before the sweet name; ty fears banished, with boldness I came k at the fountain, life-giving and free: I Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast;
Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
I shall conquer by flood and by field,
le, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield!

eading the valley, the shadow of death, watchword" shall rally my faltering breath; ule from life's fever my God sets me free, h Tsidkenu, my death-song shall be.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

v pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave, Sea of Galilee! the glorious One, who came to save, ath often stood by thee.

are the lakes in the land I love, here pine and heather grow; thou hast loveliness far above hat nature can bestow.

LYRA BRITAN It is not that the wild gazetle Comes down to drink thy tide; But He that was pierced to save from he Oft wandered by thy side. It is not that the fig.tree grows, And palms, in thy soft sir, But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rem Once spread its fragrance there, Graceful around thee the mountains per Thou calm reposing sea; But ah, far more, the beautiful feet Sept 1 Of Jesus walk'd o'er thee, File These days are past : Hethsalda, where Des et Nine. Chorazin, where art thou? His tent the wild Arab pitches there. No X The wild reed shades thy brow. Loit. Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, ic II. to Start Sent Was the Saviour's city here? White Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell, LOWE THE Vision, With none to shed a tear? Nick til Ah! would my flock from thee might Look How days of grace will flee;

How all an offered Christ who spara,

chall mourn at last, like thee.

Look Sain

OBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

give me, Lord, by this sacred wave, reefold Thy love Divine,
I may feed, till I find my grave,
y flock—both Thine and mine.

INDEBTEDNESS TO CHRIST.

TEN this passing world is done, ten has sunk yon glaring sun, ten we stand with Christ in glory, oking o'er life's finished story, n, Lord, shall I fully know, till then,—how much I owe.

the rocks and hills to fall; en I see them start and shrink, the fiery deluge brink; en, Lord, shall I fully know, till then,—how much I owe.

en I stand before the throne, ssed in beauty not my own. en I see Thee as Thou art, re Thee with unsinning heart, m, Lord, shall I fully know,—: till then,—how much I owe.

en the praise of heaven I hear, id as thunder to the ear, id as many waters' noise, set as harp's melodious voice, m, Lord, shall I fully know,—till then,—how much I owe.

n on earth, as through a glass, kly let Thy glory pass, ce forgiveness feel so sweet, ce Thy Spirit's help so meet, n on earth, Lord, make me know nething of how much I owe.

Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud; But when fear is at the height, Jesus comes, and all is light. Blessèd Jesus! bid me show Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall—but still arise;
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign— Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain; But a night Thine anger burns— Morning comes and joy returns; God of comforts! bid me show To Thy poor how much I owe.

WILLIAM McCOMB.

WILLIAM MCCOMB was born at Coleraine, in the county of Londo many years he carried on business as a bookseller in Belfast. He has re McComb published in 1817, "The Dirge of O'Neill;" in 1822, "The Sci and in 1842, the "Voice of a Year, with other Poems." In 1864, the works were published in a handsome octavo volume.

WILLIAM MCCOMB.

th He cometh, the Lord, He is near; h it is reeling, all Nature's in fear; hquake's approaching with terrible form; Lord of Sabaoth is not in the storm.

th, He cometh, the Lord is in ire; ke is ascending, the mount is on fire; is Jehovah revealing His name? ar, but Jehovah is not in the flame.

eth, He cometh, the tempest is o'er; me, neither tempest nor storm shall be more, are reposes; earth, ocean, and sky, as the voice that descends from on high.

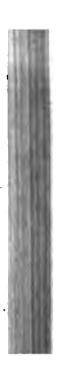
eet to the soul are the breathings of peace, se still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease; se welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear, hither, ye laden,—ye weary, draw near!"

rest for the soul that on Jesus relies; a home for the homeless prepared in the skies; a joy in believing, a hope and a stay, world cannot give nor the world take away.

the wings of a dove, I would fly, unt on the pinions of faith to the sky, he still and small breathing to earth that was given, changed to the anthem and chorus of heaven.

CHRIST IS ALL.

CHIEF of sinners though I be, Jesus shed His blood for me; Died, that I might live on high; Lived, that I might never die. As the branch is to the vine, I am His and He is mine.



Balm, to heal the smitten heart; Peace that flows from sin forgiven, Joy that lifts the soul to heaven. Faith and hope to walk with God, In the way that Enoch trod.

Chief of sinners though I be, Christ is all in all to me; All my wants to Him are known, All my sorrows are His own: Safe with Him from earthly strife, He sustains the hidden life.

O my Saviour, help afford, By Thy Spirit and Thy Word; When my wayward heart would strikeep me in the narrow way; Grace in time of need supply— While I live, and when I die.

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D

THE REV. JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D.D. was ordained minister of I 1842. He was subsequently translated to the parish of St. Madoes, and, undertake the pastoral duties in connection with the newly-erected Glasgow. Dr. Macduff is author of numerous religious works. His m tions are "The Memories of Genne-aret;" "Memories of Bethany;" lehem;" "Footsteps of St. Paul;" "The Bow in the Cloud; ""Gonger Prophet of Fire;" "Sunsets on the Hebrew Mountains;" "The Fai

HN ROSS MACDUFF, D.D.

k! they break the midnight trance h the joyous utterance lory to God, and peace to men, ist is born in Bethlehem!"

nch, ye types, your feeble ray; lows, ye may melt away; phecy, your work is done; pel ages have begun! uple, quench your altar-fires; these radiant angel-choirs uruin'd world proclaim urist is born in Bethlehem!"

w'd is His infant head a borrow'd manger-bed; around whose throne above els hymn'd their songs of love, r is wrapt by virgin hands arth's meanest swaddling bands; e adored by seraphim, r a babe of Bethlehem.

ern sages from afar, led by a mystic star, ow'd, till its lustre mild ight them to the heavenly Child. each providence to me : a guiding meteor be, ging nearer unto Him, a the Babe of Bethlehem!

OLIVET.

i the day-light hours were gone, in friends forsook, and foes beset, wiour of the world, alone, red to pray on Olivet.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

And still, by faith, I climb its steep,
A respite from earth's cares to find.

To hush distracting thoughts asleep
Amid the Sabbath of the mind.

The saint in glory owns and sees
A brother in the man of prayer;
The little infant on his knees
Is kinsman to each seraph there.

Oh, may I cherish more and more The shelter of this calm retreat, And realize the bliss in store For those who love the mercy-se

When ends at last life's little day,
Its waning sun about to set,
My soul would soar to heaven away
On wings of prayer from Olivet.

JERUSALEM.

LELL me. O thou cantive danghter.

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D.D.

Lord hake bare Thine arm to save her,
Let the rexiles cease to roam;
Promised time to favour,
the set time, let it come!
Judah
spread the joyful story,
one the Lord of glory!

prostrate sons of Salem,
Once more is on your side;
g aliens, come and hail Him
m your fathers crucified.
Wondering world the story
love the Lord of glory!

OUNTAIN OF SALVATION.

CHRISTIANS! hark what heavenly chorus
Whees the echo of the sky!
bright spirits, these before us,
rong the blissful realms on high!

they were in tribulation;
in obscured their bright array,
the Fountain of salvation
Wash'd their guilty stains away.

Still that Fountain, full as ever, All alike are free to share; Nor can guilty sinners ever Come too heavy-laden there.

Come! all ye whose souls are dreary, Toss'd with fears, with doubts distress'd; Here is shelter for the weary, To the heavy-laden rest!

Lord, we come, not one awanting;
By Thy grace our souls redeem;
Like the hart for water panting,
All would drink the sacred stream.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

We come, to hear the joyous story, And to wash our garments white, Free to all the realms of glory, Endless day which knows no night.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

HASTEN, Lord, that morn of glory When the world shall groan no more, When the Gospel's joyous story Shall be spread from shore to shore.

Speed the glorious proclamation; Let Messiah's power increase; Every tribe, and tongue, and nation, Welcome in the Prince of Peace.

Wake your echoes, rocks of Kedar! Midian! Ephah! own His grace. "Fir, and pine, and box, and cedar, Beautify His holy place I" Awelling

MRS. MACKAY.

MACKAY is daughter of Captain Robert Mackay, who, after returning from settled at Hedgefield, near Inveruess. In 1820, she was united in marriage to a Mackay, of the 68th Light Infantry, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel. Mrs. shlished "The Family at Heatherdale;" "Sabbath Musings;" "The Wyclifiof Leisure Hours;" "False Appearances;" and some fugitive pleces. Her "Asleep in Jesus," was contributed, in 1832, to The Amethyss, an annual lifinalments.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep, A calm and undisturb'd repose, Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour, That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh for me May such a blissful refuge be; Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space Debars this precious "hiding place;" On Indian plains, or Lapland snows, Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep!

By Thine holy office led, Testify of Him who bled; Testify how Jesus slain Rose, revived, and reigns again!

Turn the sinner from his sin, Teach him how the crown to win, Bring him to Immanuel's feet, Lead him to the mercy-seat.

Thou canst make the soul to feed On the ever-living bread; Thou canst calm his new-born fears, Dry his penitential tears.

Bid him hear the Shepherd's voice, Think of Jesus and rejoice; Daily, though earth's woes increase, Thou canst sweetly whisper peace.

While, in just avenging fre, God is "a consuming fire," Yet, Thou new life giving Dove, Thou canst show how God is love.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

KEUTSHED minister of the Scottish Church, NORMAN MACLEOD was born at pwm. Argyleshire, in 187a. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was f Se. Cokumba's church, Glasgow, and Dean of the Chapel Royal. He studied at the es of Glasgow and Edinburgh, also in Germany. In 1836, he was ordained minister um. Ayrahire; he was translated to Dalkeith in 1843, and to the Barony parish, in 1859. In 1858, he received the degree of D.D. His principal publications are gracest Student, "1854, 8vo; "The Home School," 1856, 8vo; "Deborah," 1857, 8vo; dl Thread, "1856, 8vo; "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," 1856, 8vo; and "Eastid, Swo. Dr. Macleod edited The Edinburgh Christian Magazine. He has commission of the Christian Magazine. He has commission of the Christian Magazine.

TRUST IN GOD.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble, Though thy path is dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble: "Trust in God, and do the right."

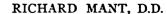
Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right,"

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, Church, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But, in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right,"

Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look above thee; "Trust in God, and do the right."



RICHARD MANT was born at Southampton, on the 12th February, Mant, was rector of All Saints' church, Southampton, and possessed c and general scholar. The subject of this sketch was placed at Win he afterwards entered Trinity College, Oxford. He graduated M., following year was ordained as curate to his father. After different site, Vicar of Coggeshall, Essex. In 1813, he was appointed domestic bishop of Canterbury. In 1816, he obtained the rectory of St. Botolph he was consecrated Bishop of Killado, Ireland. He was translated to Connor, in 1823. His last promotion took place in 1828, when he acc Dromore. He died on the 2nd November, 1828. Bishop Mant was a I His edition of the Bible, prepared in conjunction with Dr. George I esteem. He published an "English Metrical Version of the Book Hymns from the Roman Breviery, for domestic use," etc., and other hymns are spread over his different works.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

SAVIOUR, who, exalted high In Thy Father's majesty, Yet vouchsaf'st Thyself to show To Thy faithful flock below; Foretaste of that blissful sight, When, arrayed in glorious light, When, arrayed in glorious light, Beaming with paternal grace, They shall see Thee face to face. Saviour, though this earthly shr Now my mortal vision cloud, Still Thy presence let me see; Manifest Thyself to me!

Can affect to Theat ---

Offspring of the Virgin's womb;
By the light through midnight gloom,
Bursting on the shepherds' gaze;
By the angels' song of praise;
By the leading of the star,
The eastern sages' guide from far;
By their gifts, with worship meet,
Offer'd at Thy infant feet;
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me!

Man of sorrows, hear me cry!
By Thy great humility;
By Thy meekly bowèd head;
By Thy gentle Spirit, fled
To the mansions of the dead;
By the wound, whence issuing flow'd
Water, mingled with Thy blood.
By Thy breathless body, laid
In the rock's sepulchral shade,
Where man ne'er before reposed,
Straitly watch'd, securely closed;
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me!

Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
God and man, to Thee I cry:
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Grant me, what Thou bidd'st to do,
What Thou proffer'st to pursue:
So may He, the Sire above,
Guard me with a parent's love;
So may He, the Spirit blest,
Whisper comfort, hope, and rest;
So may'st Thou, my Saviour, come,
Make this froward heart Thy home,
And manifest Thyself to me
In the Triune Deity.

Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Lamb of God, to Thee we cry: By Thy bitter agony, By Thy pangs to us unknown, By Thy Spirit's parting groan, Lord, Thy presence let us see: Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Prince of life, to Thee we cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
Lord, Thy presence let us see:
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

Lord of glory, God most high, Man exalted to the sky, With Thy love our bosom fill; Help us to perform Thy will; Then shall we Thy glory see, Heaven our home, and we with 7

JOHN MARRIOTT.

JOSER MARRIOTT was born at Cottesbach, near Lutterworth, Leicesterahire, in he. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Marriott, owner and incumbent of .

He studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and took honours at the examination in at year that public honours were awarded. He was ordained in 1803, and after found currencies was appointed rector of Church Lawford, Warwickshire. His latter spent in the county of Devon. He died on the 31st March, 1805, in his 45th year, far hymne, which originally appeared in Dr. Raffles' collection, is here printed from Med by the author's son.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

Thou, whose almighty word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light."

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light."

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

Blessèd and holy
And glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Thro' the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light."

JOHN MASON.

JOHN MASON studied at Clare Hall, Cambridge. Taking orders, he became contest? Bushamptonshire. After an intermediate preferment, he was, in 1974, presented it rectury of Water-Stratford, Buckinghamshire. In 1983, he published "Sangs of Bit which includes a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, and a poem on Dives and Lassus, death took place in 1994. His "Select Remains," consisting of practical sayings and the letters, were published shortly after his decease. Mason was a person of remaining His "Songs of Fraise" have passed through many editions.

A HYMN, FOR THE EVENING.

Now, from the altar of my heart, Let incense-flames arise; Assist me, Lord, to offer up Mine evening sacrifice.

Awake, my love; awake, my joy; Awake, my heart and tongue! Sleep not: when mercies loudly call, Break forth into a song.

Man's life 's a book of history;
The leaves thereof are days;



SAMUEL MEDLEY.

MEDLEY was born at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, on the 23rd June, 2738. He was at to an oliman in London; but, not relishing this employment, he entered the navy sipmann. At this period he was a stranger to the concerns of religion. A severe lich he received in a naval engagement with the French, off Cape Lagos, in August, to his being invalided for several months. He was now brought to a sense of his mager, and led to close with the offer of salvation. Entering the ministry of the march, he accepted, in 1767, a call from a congregation at Watford, Herts. In 1772, at to Liverpool, where, in 1769, a new chapel in Byrom Street was erected for his congregation. After a period of declining health, he died on the 17th July, 1799, I was a triumphant vindication of his latter life. Mr. Medley's hymns originally and on broadsides. In 1763 appeared a second edition of his "Hymns on Select Portphere," containing thry-four hymns. Of this little work a third edition, containing twen hymns, was published in 1789, 12mo. In 1794 he printed a small collection of sang after preaching." A volume of "Hymns" from his pen, containing two hundry-way compositions, appeared in 1800. His memoirs were published by his son,

CHRIST OUR KING.

Not of terrestrial mortal themes,
Not of the world's delusive dreams
My soul attempts to sing:
But of that theme Divinely true,
Ever delightful, ever new—
My Jesus and my King.

Oh could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost Divine,

Upon the theme I'd ever dwell,
And in transporting raptures tell
What I in Jesus see;
I'd sing with more than mortal voice,
And lose my life amidst the joys
Of what He is to me.

Prostrate before His throne I'd fall,
And bless His holy name for all
The riches of His grace;
I'd sing how glorious power subdued,
I'd sing how sovereign love renew'd
The vilest of the race.



And all the forms of love He w

Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest prais
I would to everlasting days

Make all His glories known.

But ah! I'm still in clay confin'd.

And mortal passions clog my min.

And downward drag me still.

O when shall I attain the skies,

And to immortal glories rise

On Zion's heavenly hill?

Well, the delightful day will conWhen He, dear Lord! will bring
And I shall see His face:
There, with my Saviour, brothes,
A bless'd eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

CHRIST OUR LIFE.

JESUS, my Lord! my life! my all! Prostrate before Thy throne I fall; Fain would my soul look up and see

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

from creatures help I seek:

If you, the word canst speak,

my wounds, and calm my grief,
my mournful heart relief.

am vile, and poor, and weak;
I I for Thy mercy seek;
Fore cannot turn away,
I to hear what Thou wilt say.

To hear Thy pard'ning voice:
Peace, be still! look up and live;
ace, and heaven are mine to give."

In the world can help afford:

not frown my soul away:

smile my darkness into day.

fill'd with grateful, holy love, all in praise shall soar above, with delightful joy record condrous goodness of my Lord.

RESIGNATION.

me, Thou sov'reign Lord of all,
at Thy footstool humbly fall;
h, while I feel affliction's rod,
e still, and know that Thou art God."

en, or wherever Thou shalt smite, own Thee kind, I'll own Thee right, i, underneath the heaviest load, e still, and know that Thou art God."

t Thou my earthly comforts slay, I take beloved ones away? will my soul revere Thy rod, e still, and know that Thou art God."

Then be my trials great or small, There's sure a needs-be for them all: Thus then Thy dealings I'll applaud, "Be still, and know that Thou art God

Let me not murmur, nor repine Under these trying strokes of Thine, But, while I walk the mournful road, "Be still, and know that Thou art Go

Still let this truth support my mind, Thou canst not err, nor be unkind; And thus may I improve the rod, "Be still, and know that Thou art C

Thy love Thou'lt make in heav'n ar-In all I've borne, or suffer'd here; Let me, till brought to that abode, "Be still, and know that Thou art

Then, when my happy soul shall rise



Thro' mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness is so strong!

When earthly friends forsake me quite,
And I have neither skill nor might,
He's sure my helper to appear;
His loving-kindness is so near.

Often I feel my sinful heart

Prone from my Jesus to depart;

And tho' I oft have Him forgot,

His loving-kindness changes not!

So, when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mortal pow'rs shall fail, Oh may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death!

Then shall I mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day; Then shall I sing with sweet surprise His loving-kindness in the skies.

There with their golden harps I'll join, And with their anthems mingle mine, And loudly sound on ev'ry chord The loving-kindness of the Lord.

MISS MENNEL

sasthor of "Life's Morning;" "Life's Evening;" "Sunday Hours," and other loss, chiefly intended for the young. The following hymn, hitherto described the collections, was composed by Miss Mennel, and included by her, along 'hyrics from her pen, in her volume of "Life's Morning," published by the ociety. Miss Mennel formerly resided at Brighton.

GOING HOME.

no home but heaven; a pilgrim's garb we wear; is mark'd by changes, and strew'd with many a care; led with temptation, by varied ills oppress'd, 's experience warns us that this is not our rest.

LYRA BRITANNICA. We have no home but heaven; then wherefore see-Why murmur at privation? or grieve when troub As in put for a season that we as strangers roam; And strangers must not look for the comforts of a home. We have no home but heaven; we want no home beside; We have no home but neaven; we want no not beside; O God, our Friend and Father, our footsteps the her guide. Untold to us its grory; prepare us we have ence long.
Its pure and perfect friendship, its angel-like ence Unfold to us its glory; prepare us for its joy, the thought! We have no home but heaven. How cheering is and has tanget! How bright the expectations which God's own w to share; were there! With eager hearts we hasten, the promised blis We have no home but heaven—Oh, would that

JAMES MERRICK. JAMES MERRICK was born about the year 1758. In 1756, he entered the second state of the second state of the second second state of the second he became a probationer fellow, in May, 1744. He did not became a probationer reliable and contributions to the did not became a probation of probability of S MERRICK was born about the year riss. In 1755, he entered we college he became a probationer fellow, in May, 1744. It.

Thine eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
The shadowy lines Thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

Oh! may this frame, that rising grew Beneath Thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er Thy will commands.
The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God
Who stamp'd His image there.

Thou, who within this earthly shrine
Hast pour'd Thy quick'ning ray,
Oh! let Thy influence on me shine,
And purge each mist away.
With curious search let others ask
Through nature's depths to see;
Oh! teach my soul the better task,
To know itself and Thee.

Teach me to know how weak the mind
That yields to erring pride;
And make my doubting reason find
Thy word its safest guide.
Let me not, lost in learning's maze,
Religion's flame resign;
For what's the worth of human praise,
Compar'd, my God, to Thine?

Keep in my soul the strong delight,
The hopes that in me rise,
While faith presents before my sight
The bliss that never dies.
O be those hopes my only boast,
That faith my whole employ;
Till faith in knowledge shall be lost,
And hope in fullest joy.

Where'er I turn my wakeful though Unnumber'd foes I see; Guide of my youth, forsake me not But lead me safe to Thee. As on I press, distrust and doubt

Dissuasive step between;
While pleasures tempt me from w

Yet, fix'd on Thee, I lose each fe—
Each vain assault I brave;
I know Thee, Lord, not slow to Mor impotent to save.
O cast my errors from Thy sight,
And let them pass away
Unheeded as a watch by night,

So, while in secret thought arraige
O'er my past life I go,
And mark how oft I urg'd Thy ham
To strike th' avenging blow;
So oft shall my repeated lays
My thankful heart declare.

Or as a cloud by day.

HART MILMAN, D.D.

esh, with scourges torn;
crown of twisted thorn;
side so deeply pierced;
affiled, burning thirst;
crooping death-dew'd brow;
finan, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Pon th' accursed tree,

d awful, who is He?

In at noon-day pale,

procks, and rending veil;

that trembles at His doom;

resaints who burst their tomb;

promised, ere He died,

felon at His side;

our suppliant knees we bow,

God, 'tis Thou!'

upon th' accursed tree,
and dying, who is He?
he last and bitter cry;
ghost given up in agony;
the lifeless body laid
the chamber of the dead;
the mourners come to weep
here the bones of Jesus sleep;
rucified! we know Thee now:
on of man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,—
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave;
By the souls He died to save;
By the conquest He hath won;
By the saints before His throne;
By the rainbow round His brow:
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

THE LAST DAY. THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,

As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud, And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are The glory! the glory! By myriads are pour'd The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord; And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are the

The trumpet! the trumpet! The dead have Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnels

From the sea, from the land, from the south

The vast generations of man are come forth!

And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The judgment! the judgment! The throne are all set, Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are mer;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His wor

- all heard.

⊒re stiπ'd ;

Oh mercy! look down from about,
Creator! on us, Thy sad children, with love;
to their darkness the wicked a redriven,
ansion in he

Thou hast bow'd the dying head, Thou the blood of life hast shed; Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier; Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within, With the thought of all its sin; When the spirit shrinks with fear, Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known, Though the sins were not Thine own; Thou hast deign'd their load to bear: Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fears released;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode.
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon His Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to The solemn priest hath said; So we lay the turf above thee no w And we seal thy narrow bed. where the wicked cease from troub.

And the warm and the warm are the wicked cease from troub. But thy spirit, brother, soars away

And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon Whom thou hast left behind,

May we, untainted by the world,

May each, like thee, depart in peace To be a glorious guest, Where the wicked cease from troub

And the weary are at rest.

D.

Seek it not beside the throne;

Seek it not beside the throne;

List not angels' praise above,

But come and hear the heavy groan

By the Godhead heav'd for thee,

Sinner, in Gethsemane.

When His tears and bloody sweat,
When His passion and His prayer,
When His pangs on Olivet,
Wake within thee thoughts of care,—
Remember, sinner, 'twas for thee
He suffer'd in Gethsemane!

Hate the sin that cost so dear;
Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep, if thou wilt—but likewise fear
To bid that fountain freshly flow,
That gush'd so freely once for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.

REDEEMING GRACE.

In every season, every hour,
In every leaf, in every flower,
In every scene, and every sound,
Amid creation's wonders found,
My soul Thy providence discerns;
And whensoe'er I walk abroad,
To Thee involuntar'ly turns,—
To Thee, my God! to Thee, my God!

The glories of the midnight sky,
The evening insect humming by,
The mightiest and the meanest prove
Alike Thy wisdom, power, and love;
While heav'n and earth thus both combine
To raise the heart, and point the road
That leads, thro' blessings so Divine,
To Thee, my God! to Thee, my God!

But O, how much more dear to trace
The wonders of Thy world of grace!
The soul that by the cross can kneel,
And all that cross's comfort feel,
Upon the Saviour's healing wings,
Wash'd in the Saviour's precious blockedeem'd—regenerated springs,
To Thee, my God! to Thee, my Go

REST.

REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,

Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

SOON AND FOR EVER."

"Soon and for ever:" Such promise our trust, Though ashes to ashes, And dust unto dust; "Soon, and for ever," Our union shall be Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee: When the sins and the sorrows Of time shall be o'er, Its pangs and its partings Remember'd no more. Where life cannot fail, and where Death cannot sever. Christians with Christ shall be "Soon and for ever."

"Soon and for ever"
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away:
"Soon and for ever"
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin;

Where fears, and where tears,
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
"Soon and for ever."

"Soon and for ever"
The work shall be done;
The warfare accomplish'd,
The victory won;
"Soon and for ever"
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown:
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is bright'ning and near;
When (blessed reward of each
Faithful endeavour)
Christians with Christ shall be



yet He came to give

eary and the heavy laden rest,

bid the sinner live,

othe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

hat then am I, my God, Catted thus the path of peace to tread? ace, purchas'd by the blood I im who had not where to lay His head!

who once made Him grieve,
who once bid His gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand essay'd to weave
His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn!

Oh, why should I have peace?

hy?—but for that unchang'd undying love
Which would not, could not cease,

ntil it made me heir of joys above?

Yes; but for pardoning grace, feel I never should in glory see, The brightness of that face hat once was pale and agoniz'd for me.

Let the birds seek their nest, oxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed; Come, Saviour! in my breast eign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

Come, give me rest, and take he only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within A heart that for Thy sake ies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

INGRATITUDE.

Luke xvii. 17, 18.

HERE are ten at the feet of the Saviour; In wearisome sickness they pine; hey are whole, but is this their behaviour? "Ten cleansed!—but where are the nine?" They came, all one sorrow confessing;
They knelt with one prayer at His shrine;
He sent them all back with one blessing;
"Ten cleansed!—but where are the nine!"

They were one in the season of danger:
How many own mercy Divine?
Only one! and that one is a "stranger;"
"Ten cleansed!—but where are the nine?"

O Saviour! how often in sadness
Our steps to Thine altar incline;
But return not in sunshine and gladness:
"Ten cleansed!—but where are the nine!"

We shrink from the pain of displeasure, Will not study its loving design; All we want seems the leisure of pleasure: "Ten cleansed!—but where are the nine?"

The vows that in sickness and sorrow

IAMES MONTGOMERY.

PATCOMERY was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, on the 4th November, 1771. His ather, roomery, a native of Ireland, was a convert of John Cennick, and a preacher in consthe Moravians. In his sixth year, Montgomery was placed at the Moravian setticinencial, Yorkshire. After occupying a number of uncongenial situations, he became, yofirst year, assistant to a bookseller in Sheffield. He acquired the property of a maper, which he successfully conducted. Having incidentally printed a patriotic excess-hawker, he was, in 1794, subjected to three months' imprisonment in York has charge of compiring against the Government. He was subsequently confined scale for publishing an account of a riot at Sheffield. It was on this occasion that he his first volume of poems, which, in 1797, appeared under the title of "Prison ga." He died at Sheffield, in April, 1854, in his eighty-second year. For a number r. Montgomery enjoyed a civil list pension of £150. He is one of the most graceful symmo-writers.

PSALM SEVENTY-SECOND.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, revered;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like show
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flow
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him, And gold and incense bring; All nations shall adore Him, His praise all people sing; For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore,

GLORY TO GOD.

Luke ii. 13.

ONGS of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of peace was born; Songs of praise arose when He Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away; Songs of praise shall crown that day. God will make new heavens, new earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb Till that glorious kingdom come? No; the Church delights to raise Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice! Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.

GOOD TIDINGS.

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.



AMES MONTGOMERY.

is a world above, ere parting is unknown; sle eternity of love, m'd for the good alone; uith beholds the dying here ated to that happier sphere.

star by star declines, all are pass'd away; rning high and higher shines oure and perfect day: nk those stars in empty night, side themselves in heaven's own light.

'ARATION OF THE HEART.

teach us how to pray aright, h reverence and with fear: h dust and ashes in Thy sight, may, we must draw near.

rish if we cease from prayer; grant us power to pray; hen to meet Thee we prepare, I, meet us by the way.

sed with guilt, convinced of sin, reakness, want, and woe, ags without and fears within, I, whither shall we go?

all grace, we bring to Thee roken, contrite heart; hat Thine eye delights to see,—
in the inward part.

eep humility; the sense godly sorrow give; ng desiring confidence near Thy voice, and live.

And trust Thee though Thou

Give these,—and then Thy will be Thus strengthen'd with all we, through Thy Spirit and The Shall pray, and pray aright.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere des-Uttered or unexpressed; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of sp That infant lips can try; Prayer the sublimest strains that The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's vo

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one In word, and deed, and mind; While with the Father and the Son Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

PENING A PLACE FOR WORSHIP.

LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise, Here an house of prayer and praise; Thou Thy people's hearts prepare, Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed With Thy word, the heavenly bread; Here, in hope of glory blessed, May the dead be laid to rest.

Here to Thee a temple stand, While the sea shall gird the land; Here reveal Thy mercy sure, While the sun and moon endure.

Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

HENRY MOORE

20.00

IN THE PERSON who was pastor of a dissenting congregation, he received his sequently studied at the academy of Dr. Doddridge, at Northagus a congregation at Deliverton, Somersetshire, about the lated to Monthers. Habert Sales a congregation at Dulverton, Somerschire, about the year is lated to Modbury, Devonshire. In 1788, he removed to a congregation at Dulverton, Somersetshire, about the year is lated to Modbury, Devonshire. In 1768, he removed to a management of the state of the cornwall. He died at Liskeard, on the and November, the. After compositions, along with a memoir, were published by Dr. At Lyrical and Miscellaneous, by the late Rev. Henry Months.

DIVINE LOVE.

My God, Thy boundless love I prais-____! How bright on high its glories blaze How sweetly bloom below! It streams from Thine eternal throne; Thro' heaven its joys for ever run, And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that paints the purple more orn,

Then let the love that makes me blest With cheerful praise inspire my breast, And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend To Thee, my Father and my Friend, My soul's eternal good.

Dart from Thine own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
With kindred energy;
Tark Thine own image on my mind;
and teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like Thee.

ENDLESS PRAISE.

TAIL to the sovereign power that broke
The strength of sin's tyrannic yoke,
And freed our captive race,—
Did all the rage of hell confound,
And gave to death its fatal wound!
All hail, victorious grace!

Tail to the Friend of human kind,
Who His celestial throne resign'd
To succour man distrest;
Who could unnumber'd wrongs forgive;
Who groan'd the rebel to relieve,
And bled to make him blest.

To Thee our lives, our souls we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joy below,
And brighter hope above;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, our passions, and our powers,
Be sacred to Thy love.

when shall that dear day arise,
 When, in full glories, to our eyes
 Thy beauties shall appear?
 Then, with a far sublimer strain,
 We'll praise Thee on the blissful plain,
 Through heaven's eternal year.

THOMAS MOORE.

market at Trinky Call

London and with the

dente obiosi

appointed room

Co a deputy. He w and the second y, rên His w

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, on the 28th May, 1779. He & where he graduated B.A. in 1798. In the same year he proceeded to the legal profession entered himself at Middle Temple. In 184, of Bermuda; but, not relishing the situation, he committed his date. cuted henceforth a literary life. His brilliant career as a poet was his receiving a civil-list pension of £300. He died on the 25th Febr and correspondence have been published in eight octavo volumes, Earl Russell.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Exodus xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dar sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd, His people are fr Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is brok His chariots, his horsemen, all splendi and bra How vain was their boast, for the Lord 1 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's darlses sea! ree. Jehovah has triumph'd: His people are Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the ____ord! His word was our arrow. His breath waWhich, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe,

When joy no longer soothes or cheers, And even the hope that threw ▲ moment's sparkle o'er our tears, Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!

h, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of love
 ome, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright With more than rapture's ray;

As darkness shows us worlds of light

We never saw by day.

HE GLORY OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the op'ning clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven: Those hues, that make the sun's decline So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us the spring igh;

And every flower the summer wreather, athes

Is born beneath that kindling experiments are:

Where'er we turn Thy glories shi man are.

And all things fair and bright are

HANNAH MORE

HANNAH MORE was born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, in 1744 orders, conducted a foundation school in her native town. With a opened a boarding-school for young ladies, first at Stapleton, and a her seventeenth year, she composed a pastoral drama, entitled "The She sub-equently devoted her pen to the cause of religion and most abundantly popular, and realized her upwards of £90,000. A third of to charitable purposes. She died at Clifton, on the 7th September, correspondence, in four volumes, appeared in 1834.

the father, which her three sisters afterwards at 1 he Search after 1 morals. Her we of this sum the 1 cr, 1833. Her a

CHRISTMAS HYMN.



If, in pity to our blindness,
They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wondrous kindness
Had our warmest hopes exceeded.

If some prophet had been sent
With salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the blest event
Could their warmest love refuse?

But 'twas He to whom in heaven Hallelujahs never cease; He, the mighty God, was given— Given to us—a Prince of peace.

None but He who did create us Could redeem from sin and hell; None but He could reinstate us In the rank from which we fell.

Had He come, the glorious Stranger, Deck'd with all the world calls great; Had He lived in pomp and grandeur, Crown'd with more than royal state,—

Still our tongues, with praise o'erflowing, On such boundless love would dwell; Still our hearts, with rapture glowing, Feel what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise, Thus our lowest state to borrow! O the high mysterious ways, God's own Son a child of sorrow!

*Twas to bring us endless pleasure He our suffering nature bore; *Twas to give us heavenly treasure He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable Where your infant Saviour lies; From your full, o'erflowing table, Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled station
Boast not that you're highly
Jesus—hear it all ye nations!—
Had not where to lay His he

Learn of me, thus cries the Sav If my kingdom you'd inherit Sinner, quit your proud behavi Learn my meek and lowly sp

Come, ye servants, see your st: Freed from all reproach and He who purchased your salvat Bore a servant's humble nan

Come, ye poor, some comfort Faint not in the race you ru Hard the lot your gracious Fa Gave His dear, His only So

Think that if your humbler st Less of worldly good bestor You escape those strong temp! Which from wealth and gra RI ZA FANNY MORRIS.

thore thou canst not rest thou canst not rest caret from guilt and sorrow free; from guilt and some start from guilt and som The suffering, bleeding heart to me.

How often in the hour Often in the hour
Bus ess would I have succoured thee! thou didst spurn the power, thou didst spurn the power, the heart that loved so tenderly.

what on earth appears
fort thy distress and heal thy grief, And To dry thy bitter tears,

Offer thy poor sinking soul relief?

Thy life of sin has been toilsome path, without one cheering ray; Now on thy Father lean, And He will guide thee in a better way.

Come, leave the desert land And all the husks on which thy soul has fed, And trust the faithful Hand That offers thee a feast of living bread.

O sinner! 'tis the voice Of One, who long has loved and pitied thee! He would thy heart rejoice, And set thee from all sin and suffering free.

Oh, canst thou turn away? It is thy Father that invites thee near! Nay, sinner, weep and pray! And heaven shall hail the penitential tear!

REPENTANCE.

COME, let us to the Lord our God With contrite hearts return; Our God is gracious, nor will leave The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know, Shall know Him and rejoice; His coming like the morn shall be, Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

THE SAVIOUR'S ADVENT.

THE race that long in darkness pined Have seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun, The gathering nations come, Joyous as when the reapers bear The harvest-treasures home.

For Thou our burden hast removed, And quelled the oppressors' sway; Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell In Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of peace, For evermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

"Laye of the English Church;" "Altars, Hearths, and Graves;" and a contributor to Knight's (unrew) Magazine. The fell-owing have transcribed, with his permission, from a collection of "Psalms and Line for the use of his congregation.

ţ

THE CHURCH.

MEEK to suffer, strong to save From the chambers of the grave, Christ the steep ascent hath trod— Up to the right hand of God.

With all power invested, thence He His Spirit doth dispense, To His faithful people still, Quickening whomsoe'er He will

Some apostles, prophets some,
At His gracious bidding come;
Pastors, teachers still He sends
To His children and His friences

For the help of those who fain. That the Church increased man For the body's ministry:

Till, in unity and love, Faith and hope in Him above, To the measure and the span By no cunning sleight enticed From our perfect trust in Christ; Close, compact in joint and limb May we all grow up in Him.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

O LORD, a wondrous story
Our ears have heard of Thee,
How Thou didst leave Thy glory
A little child to be;
And here in lowly station
Didst suffer childhood's woes,
And feel each sharp temptation
Which e'en our childhood knows.

And, in Thy manhood's meekness,
Thy hands were spread to bless
Sweet childhood's smiling weakness
With many a mild caress.
Young babes Thou lov'st to cherish,
As on a parent's knee;
Nor would'st that one should perish,
But all be taught of Thee.

Help then our weak endeavour
To make Thy gospel known,
And seal, O Lord, for ever,
These little ones Thine own.
Thy Church's nurslings gather
Beneath Thy sheltering wing;
Be Thou their Friend and Father,
Redeemer, Guide, and King.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

OURCE of wisdom, past and present, Fount of love which ne'er shall cease, hou, whose ways are always pleasant, Thou, whose paths are perfect peace;

Though our tongues, which lisp the Thy transcendent praise bedim.

Hear us now, before Thine altar.

Chant our artless infant hymn.

Vain, without Thy aid, the teaching
E'en by Christian kindness given;
Hear us now that aid beseeching,
Help us from Thy highest heaven.
Grant us, in ungrudging measure,
Grace, whereby all good is wrough
Guide us to Thy heavenly treasure,
Bless Thy teachers and Thy taugh

So from homes of humble gladness,
So from hearths by wealth despise
Where, alike in joy and sadness,
Wisdom's word is known and prized,
From the plough, the loom, the spindle,
Hymns of praise shall still be pour'd;
Hearts with grateful love shall kindle
Toward their Saviour and their Lord.

N MASON NEALE, D.D.

e have not reach'd that land, at happy land, as yet, re holy angels round Thee stand, hose sun can never set.

rur sun is sinking now; rur day is almost o'er; Sun of righteousness, do Thou Shine on us evermore!

From men below the skies, And all the heavenly host, 'o God the Father praise arise— The Son and Holy Ghost.

CHRIST HATH RISEN.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and past the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransom'd tribes are free.
Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth!
Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison;
Seals are shatter'd,
Guards are scatter'd,
Christ hath risen.

No longer must the mourners weep, Nor call departed Christians dead; For death is hallow'd into sleep, And every grave becomes a bed.

Now, once more,

Eden's door

Open stands to mortal eyes; For Christ hath risen, and men shall ri=

Now, at last,

Old things past,

Hope and joy and peace begin; For Christ hath won, and man shall w

It is not exile, rest on high;

It is not sadness, peace from strife

To fall asleep is not to die; To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us,

We may safely go;

When our Chief precedes us, We may face the foe.

His right arm is o'er us,

He will guide us through;

Christ hath gone before us; Christians, follow you!

He shall soon deliver From every woe,

Alleluia !

If His paths ye tread, Pleasures as a river Shall round you flow;

Alleluia! - Head foes assailing, friends quailing, hearts failing, all threat in vain, be providing, presiding, and guiding Him again.

our Leader, Monarch, Pleader, Interceder, raise we, and adore; ation, veneration, gratulation
Bringing evermore!

Once despised and once rejected Was this stone, that now, elected To a corner-stone, perfected, As a glorious trophy stands erected.

Amen.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

OMN NEEDHAM was elected co-pastor of the Pithay Baptist church, Bristol, if 1749. In 1752, he proceeded to another church in that city. He published rotional and Moral, on various subjects," 8vo., in 1768. His death took place in

THE LOST SHEEP FOUND.

WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold Has lost a straying sheep, Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs the mountain's steep;

But O, the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wand'rer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulders binds.

Homeward he hastes to tell his joys, And make his bliss complete; The neighbours hear the news, and all The joyful shepherd greet.

Such and much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken hear
His sins and errors mourns.

Pleas'd with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is fill'd with joy.

Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hear:
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in His arms,
And owns him for His sheep.

Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
A wand'ring sheep 's return'd, they
And strike the sounding lyre.

JOHN NEWTON.

JOHN. NEWTON was born in London, on the 24th July, 2725. In his elevent year, is the board of was a commander in the Mediterranean trade, took him with him to sea. With commission of the commander of the pursued a course of licentionaness. In 742, he was premitted to a clave purchaser at Sherra Leone. He returned to him the most imminest peril in a storn, and he may bear of the became a slips.

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With selvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage;
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city

I, through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity:
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He Himself has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such.

None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt

Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass Answers the beholder's face, Cloth'd in majesty Divine!

ou, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."

Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

t His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
Il the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

E-Iorrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation—
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou, with Satan
And his angels have thy part."

Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,—
Plunge you in the burning lake.
Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake.

But to those who have confessed,

Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow.

You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise.
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

NONE DESIRED BESIDE JESUS How tedious and tasteless the hours. When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet fi Have lost all their sweetness with me. The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay-But when I am happy in Him. December's as pleasant as May. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice; I should, were He always so nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year. ______. Content with beholding His face, My all to His pleasure resign'd; No changes of season or place and make any change in my min cense of His love, -

JOHN NEWTON.

He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
With sweets for ev'ry sense;
And there, with his descending Lord,
He walk'd in confidence.

But oh! by sin how quickly chang'd!

His honour forfeited;

His heart from God and truth estrang'd,

His conscience fill'd with dread!

Now from his Maker's voice he flees, Which was before his joy; And thinks to hide, amidst the trees, From an all-seeing eye.

Compell'd to answer to his name, With stubbornness and pride He cast on God himself the blame, Nor once for mercy cried.

But grace, unask'd, his heart subdued, And all his guilt forgave; By faith the promis'd Seed he viewed, And felt His pow'r to save.

Thus we ourselves would justify,
Though we the law transgress;
Like him, unable to deny,
Unwilling to confess.

But when, by faith, the sinner sees
A pardon, bought with blood;
Then he forsakes his foolish pleas,
And gladly turns to God.

THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

Psalm xci.

THAT man no guard or weapons needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Through burning sands, or mountain-snows.



His love possessing, I am blest, Secure whatever change may cor Whether I go to east or west, With Him I still shall be at hon

If plac'd beneath the northern pole Though winter reigns with rigor. His gracious beams would cheer m And make a spring throughout t

Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil

My lonely dwelling e'er should pu
His presence would support my toil.

Whose smile is life, whose voice

THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus and In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit who And calms the troubled breast 'Tis manna to the hanges and By Thee my prayers acceptance gain, Although with sin defil'd; Satan accuses me in vain, And I am own'd a child.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,My Prophet, Priest, and King;My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

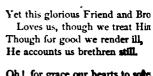
Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

END THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.*

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting leve.

Which of all our friends to save us,
'Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

Men, when rais'd to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Though they valued them before;
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom He redeem'd with groans.



Oh! for grace our hearts to some Teach us, Lord, at length to k We, alas! forget too often, What a Friend we have above But when home our souls are but We will love Thee as we ought.

THE REFUGE, RIVER, AND ROCK OF

HE, who on earth as man was I And bore our sins and pains, Now seated on th' eternal throu The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature With an unerring skill; And countless worlds, extended Obey His sourcign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound In yonder world above, His saints on earth admire His This land through which His pilgrims go Is desolate and dry; But streams of grace from Him o'erflow, Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun, Beat heavy on their head, To this almighty rock they run, And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious He, how happy they, In such a glorious Friend! Whose love secures them all the way, And crowns them at the end.

GERARD THOMAS NOEL.

on of Sir Gerard Noel, baronet, and the Baroness Barham, the Hon. and Rev OMAS NOEL was born on the and December 1782. He studied at the universities and Cambridge. Taking orders, he was ordained to the curacy of Radwell, ; he was latterly vicar of Romsey, and a canon of Winchester. In 1820 he published posthumously, with a preface by Samuel, Bishop of Oxford. London . Noel died at Romsey, on the 24th February, 1832.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie; If tender thoughts within us burn, To feel a friend is nigh:

O! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd Those pangs He would not flee; What love His latest words display'd— "Meet, and remember Me!"

And mourns the present pain, How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts aris And dread a Father's will; 'Tis not that meek submission flies, And would not suffer still;

It is that heav'n-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

It is that hope with ardour glows,

To see Him face to face,

Whose dying love no language knows

Sufficient art to trace.

It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the Hand that heal
And ends her war within,

O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night.

MARIANNE NUNN.

FIE NUMBE was born at Colchester, about the year 1779. When her brother, the Rev. m., was preparing his selection of "Paalms and Hymns," she contributed to him the commposition, with the view of adapting to the Welsh measure, Ar Nyd y nos, the Johan Newton, beginning with the same line. We have reproduced the hymn as a in the eleventh edition of Nunn's Selection; it differs considerably from the now in use. The authoress lived in retirement, and died unmarried in 1847. We have shead for these particulars to her surviving brother, the Rev. Preston Nunn, of brethom, Shropshire.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

"Behold how He loved him !"-John xi, 36,

One there is above all others:—
Oh how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
Oh how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us.
Oh how He loves!

Blessèd Jesus! would'st thou know Him? Give thine heart, thine all unto Him; Is it sin that pains and grieves thee? Unbelief and trials tease thee? Jesus can from all release thee.

Love this Friend, who longs to save thee! Dost thou love? He will not leave thee. Think no more then of to-morrow, Take His easy yoke and follow; Jesus carries all thy sorrow.

All thy sins shall be forgiven, Backward shall thy foes be driven; Best of blessings He'll provide thee, Nought but good shall e'er betide thee, Safe to glory He will guide thee. by the Wesleyan Conference. He died in March, 1799, and his remains which contained those of John Wesley, in the City Road Chifollowing hymn of Olivers has long been a favourite.

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I Am!
By earth and heaven confess'd
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the j
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise, Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide me all my happy day

THOMAS OLIVERS.

He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

PART SECOND.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

He keeps His own secure, He guards them by His side, Arrays in garments white and pure His spotless bride:

And tell the wonders He hath dom
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never em
The wondrous Name.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing.
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah—Father—great I Am!
We worship Thee."

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grac
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds
The slaughter'd Lamb,

The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high:

RAY PALMER, D.D.

EV. RAY PALMER, D.D., was born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, U. S., in the L. In 1839, he graduated at Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut. In 1835, he was graduated at Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut. In 1835, he was d, in 1839, to his present charge—the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, State of New York. Dr. Palmer published a volume of "Hymns and Sacred in 1855. The following hymn from his pen was originally printed in 1830; it was d with music by Dr. Lowell Mason in 1833.

LORD, SAVE ME!

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary: Saviour Divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; Oh let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day; Wipe sorrow's tears away; Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

MRS. EDGCUMBE PARSON

MRS. EDGCUMES PARSON is daughter of the Rev. William Roshmann, a mine Independent Church. She is a native of Tavistock, and now resides worth he had betton, Surrey. Fourteen hymns composed by Mrs. Person have the hadd in "Sunday-School Hymn Book."

SABBATH SERVICE.

JESUS, we love to meet,
On this Thy holy day.
We worship round Thy seat,
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this Thy holy day.

We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day.
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,



We read Thy power where'er we turn, Around, beneath, above, But to Thy cross we come to learn The history of Thy love.

Thou Man of sorrows, hearts like ours
Thy griefs can never know;
No human tongues, no mortal powers,
Can utter half Thy woe.
Yet 'twas for us Thy tears were shed,
For us they pierced Thy side;
To bring us help the Saviour bled,
To give us life He died.

Dear suffering Saviour, let us stay
To gaze and think of Thee,
And never coldly turn away
From sacred Calvary.
Oft may we gather round Thy feet,
To praise Thy dying love,
'Till to behold Thy face we meet
In purer scenes above.

LEXANDER S. PATTERSON, D.D.

LEXANDER SIMPSON PATTERSON, D.D., was born at Croft House, Alnwick. bart Patterson, was owner of a small estate; his mother was a daughter of the a Brown, of Haddington. His education was conducted at the High School of Edinburgh. Obtaining licence as a probationer of the Scottish Church, he dained to the ministry at Whitehaven. In 1839, he was translated to Hutche, Glasgow. He adhered to the Free Church in 1843. Dr. Patterson has pubtaries on a portion of the New Testament; also two small works, entitled "The Cross of Jesus," and "Poets and Preschers of the Nineteenth Century." He grow University. The two following lyrics have been kindly contributed by othis work.

MORNING HYMN.

(Contributed.)

MORNING breaks! the kingly sun Issueth forth, a glorious one! Fount of gladness, nature's crown, Now, at noon, or going down! First and universal light, Make my shadowy spirit bright!

LYRA BRITANNICA

Morning breathes! the sleeping flowers Wake before her gentle powers, And the dewy plants inhale Blessings from the sunny gale: Thou that breakest nature's rest, Stir and animate my breast.

Morning calls! the rustic starts
To the work of sturdy hearts;
Daily toils the fields shall tell,
Soon begun, hath ended well.
For "the work of faith," this how,
Nerve my spirit, God of power.

Morning smiles! the choral bird And the shepherd's chaunt is heard; Grazing herds, and lambs at play, Welcome in the rising day. Gladdener of the blissful throng, Bid me join the general song.

SUNSET.

is good to be here," and look forth on the flowers, he stars, and the sunset of eve; is good to be here," and from this world of ours lowing thoughts of a better receive.

is good to be here!" O then "here let us raise" emorials of the thanks to the Giver, I then, fill'd with His love, and inspired with His praise, o to bask in His brightness for ever!

SAMUEL PEARCE.

EUEL PEARCE was born at Plymouth, on the 20th July, 1766. He became a Baptist Church in November, 1786. Having attended the theological academy as invited to the ministry of the Baptist Church, Cannon Street, Birmingham, . Consequent on incessant literary and ministerial labours, he contracted an erminated in consumption. He died on the 10th October, 1799, in his 33rd so files life were published by the Rev. Andrew Fuller. The following hymn ce has hitherto appeared in the Collections in an incorrect form. The present ribed from the copy included by Mr. Fuller in the author's memoir. Another m, beginning "The fabric of nature is fair," was composed in the immediate nation.

HYMN IN A STORM.

In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given;
Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven—
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play;
'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay;

LYRA BRITANNICA

So, in darkest dispensations Doth my faithful Lord appear,

With His richest consolations,

To reanimate and cheer:

Sweet affliction! sweet affliction, Thus to bring my Saviour near!

Floods of tribulation beighten,

Those that know not Christ, ye fright

But my soul defies your pow'r: In the sacred page recorded,

Thus His word securely stands

Thus His word securely seems the from me Nought shall pluck thee from my Sweet affliction! sweet affliction

That to such sweet words lay classical

All I meet I find assists me

Where, though trials now attend In my path to heavenly joy;

Trials never more annoy:

Wearing there a weight of glory,

Still the path I'll ne'er forget; But, reflecting how it led me

To my blessed Saviour's seat,

Cry, "affliction, sweet affliction! Haste, bring more to Jesus' feet 2

EDWARD PERRONET.

'ARD PERRONET was the son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoresome time an associate of the Wesleys, he subsequently abandoned their
was employed by Lady Huntingdon, at Canterbury and Norwich. He
hadyship by his strong opposition to the Church of England, and became
senting congregation. His death took place at Canterbury, in 1792. In 1785,
small volume, entitled "Occasional Verses, Moral and Social." This work is
tree; a copy is preserved in the library of the British Museum. The following
ean has been assigned to different authors.

CHRIST THE LORD OF ALL

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

To crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before His face, who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fix'd this floating ball; Now, hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God, Who from His altar call; Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, Whom David Lord did call; The God incarnate, man Divine, And crown Him Lord of all. 460

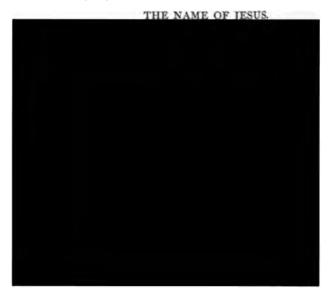
LYRA BRITANNICA.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forg
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at His fee
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

MRS. MARY PETERS.

THE subject of this notice was a native of Cirencester, and damagnesser of Esq., who long resided in that place. She married the Rev. Mc Community of Cirencester, and the Mrs. Peters composed an elegant work, in seven duodecimo voluments of History from the Creation to the accession of Queen Victoria. In 144 "Hymns intended to help the Communion of Saints." London, r Contains 95 compositions.



Thy name encircles every grace
That God as man could show;
There only can the Spirit trace
A perfect life below.

The mention of Thy name shall bow Our hearts to worship Thee; The chiefest of ten thousand, Thou, The chief of sinners, we.

ALL IS WELL.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield us;
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy still, to God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing, through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

2

ALEXANDER POPE

ALEXANDER POFE was born in London, on the 21st May, 10th Mac Calbullan Cor a fashin commitment and accommission deformand in manual ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, on the 21st May, 158. His many of the constitution, and somewhat deformed in personal personal personal personal personal personal personal residual of Homes has borned by the constitution. His numerous position is dependently. His position, and somewhat has been been of independence. It is whole we have been somewhat and the constitution of diction. As a English satirist, he stands alone, with the constitution of diction. As a English satirist, he stands writer, with the constitution of diction. felicity of diction. As an English satirist, he stands slone. With the english writer, with the english writer, and the english writer, with the english writer, and the spoke May, 1744.

Pope died at his ville, Twickenham, on the goth May, 1744. SOUL

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS VITAL spark of heavenly flame, Trembling hoping, lingering fr Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say

"Sister spirit, come away !" What is this absorbs me quite,

Steals my senses, shuts my sigh Drowns my spirits, draws my breat n me, my soul, can this be dear

licappears ,

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

PROCTER was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th October, Barkan W. Procter, Esq., is well known by his literary now de guerre of a 283, Miss Procter became a contributor to Mr. Dickens' Household Debished the first volume of her "Legends and Lyrics," which at once Eputation as a poet. A second volume was added in 1850. In 1850, she Regis, a volume of Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose, "issued in Regis, a volume of Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose," issued "A Chaplet of Verses." She died on the 2nd February, 1864, Miss "A Chaplet of Verses." She died on the 2nd February, 1864, Miss and 1860, the Romish faith. Her remains are deposited in St. Mary's Catholic Common Mary and Poetry and Poetry

EVENING HYMN.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine,—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things Divine.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Let peace, O Lord—Thy peace, O God—Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE! yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to graAnd melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain.
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait! yet I do not tell you

THANKFULNESS.

Y God, I thank Thee who hast made The earth so bright;

So full of splendour and of joy, Beauty and light:

So many glorious things are here, Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to abound;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds Circling us round,

That in the darkest spot of earth Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;

That shadows fall on brightest hours; That thorns remain;

So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon Our weak heart clings,

Hast given us joys, tender and true, Yet all with wings:

So that we see, gleaming on high, Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;

We have enough, yet not too much To long for more—

A yearning for a deeper peace, Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though amply blest,

Can never find, although they seek, A perfect rest—

Nor ever shall, until they lean On Jesus' breast.

MARY PYPER.

MARY PYPER was born at Groenock, on the 19th May, 1795. Her fathermore with print in the 4 and regiment. Prom childhood she has resided in Edinburg. The may be supported hereif as a needle-woman; she has latterly vended small was married with lies who are interested in her welfare. In 1849, she published a thin contine of sorted with the 18th Pricon. Many of these possess decided merit, and image in the small is that the author should be allowed to remain in chromostance of indig.

WHAT HAS JESUS DONE

WHEN with loads of guilt oppres

Plunged in sin and misery;

Ask thy soul, or ask thy breast,

What has Jesus done for thee

He beheld thee from above,

Not in danger, nor in scorn:
But in tenderness and love,

He thy deepest guilt has borrage



MARY PYPER.

As a soldier of the cross,

Bold and fearless lead me on;

Deeming all things here but dross,

Till the glorious crown be won.

As I near the golden prize,
Brighter, brighter let it shine:
Let no mists obscure mine eyes;
Make and keep me ever Thine.

CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF DEATH.

BT me go! The day is breaking; Morning bursts upon mine eye; eath this mortal frame is shaking, But the soul can never die!

et me go! The day-star beaming Gilds the radiant realms above; s full glory, on me streaming, Lights me to that land of love.

et me go! No more a stranger Pilgrim would I wander here; ow exposed to sin and danger, Now a prey to doubt and fear.

et me go! May Heaven's best favour Rest, my dearest friends, with you! h, I haste me to the Saviour: Fair but fleeting world, adieu!

et me go! My warfare's ended; Night's dark shades have pass'd away; ll in view is glory splendid, Boundless and eternal day!

et me go! My Master's chariot Waits in state to bear me home urchase of His grace and merit! Hallelujah! Lord, I come! Now I'm Thine, and Thine for ever, While eternal ages roll; Sense and sin no more can sever Thy blest presence from my soul!

Now, amid the sacred splendour
Of the glorious hosts above,
Everlasting praise I'll render
To that God whose name is Love

THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.

THE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D. and LL.D., was born in London, on the 17th May, in He studied at Homerton College, and, in 1800, was ordained to the passorite of a Congrue toonal church at Hammerminth. In 1812, he removed to Liverpool, having accepts an from the congregation of Great George Street Chapel. The duties of this charge is fall with remarkable acceptance for the long period of forty-sine years. He died at Livenot, on the 18th August, 1805, in his seventy-sixth year. Among other works, Dr. Rafe publish "Letters during a Tour on the Continent;" two volumes of sermons; a volume of pumps.

rom strife of tongues, and bitter words, My spirit flies to Thee;

J oy to my heart the thought affords— My Saviour died for me!

Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain:
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay;
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away:
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint, and tremblingly,
Oh give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me!"

THE POWER OF GOD.

SHALL mortal man, a child of earth,
Who yesterday received his birth
From God's all-bounteous hand,—
Shall he, while sojourning below,
Presume the Almighty's plans to know,
His ways to understand?

He rides upon the stormy deep;
His watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Wide o'er creation roll,
And from His high, empyreal throne
View with one glance the torrid zone
And ice-surrounded pole.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

:::=

Earth, as He passes, shakes with fear;
The infernal spirits, when they hear.
To deeper caverns fly;
Flerce, blazing lightnings mark H.
Behind Him pealing thunders play.
Their dread artillery!

His wisdom, infinite and vast,
Shall through eternal ages last,
Unchangeably the same;
While in the dreary shades of hell
His justice, so inflexible,
Proclaims His awful name.

Before the earth or worlds were multis vast, eternal plans were laid

THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.

Suilt of pure and massy gold, Strong and durable are they; Deck'd with gems, of worth untold, Subjected to no decay.

ilad, within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love.
Once indeed like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears;
Corturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

These alas! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way;
Oft on them the tempest blew,
Through the long, the cheerless day!
Oft their vileness they deplored,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue;
Grieved they could not love the Lord,
Love Him as they wish'd to do!

Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak;
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Pass'd this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

. • :

All is tranquil, and serene,

Calm and undisturb'd repose;

There no cloud can intervene,

There no angry tempest blows:

Every tear is wiped away;

Sighs no more shall heave the breat

Night is lost in endless day,

Sorrow in eternal rest.

TRUST IN GOD.

My Father, the guide of my youth,
To Thee for direction I fly;
O grant me Thy light and Thy truth,
Nor ever Thy presence deny.
My pillar of cloud and of fire,
While destined to journey below—
What more can a pilgrim desire,
Or Thou in Thy goodness bestow?

My pillar of cloud through the day,
I'll follow where'er Thou shalt lead

My heart shall not yield to dismay,
Though rugged the path that I tree

And what though the night fall in glo

I'll not be afraid;

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

NNE in Christ His people are,
All indissolubly one;
lach in his right hand a star
Bright with glories not his own;
lach, withdrawn from nature's mine,
An inestimable gem,
lestined evermore to shine
In Emmanuel's diadem.

dingled hues one bow compose,
God's own sign to mortals given;
Ine vast ocean ebbs and flows,
Though in countless billows driven;
o one Church the ransom'd prove,
Though from varied realms they come,
Ine community of love,
Bound for one eternal home.

Then, while pilgrims here below,
Why should they divided be?
Vhy should sharp contentions grow
To disturb their unity?
Why apart should they remain,
Each within his sect confined?
Vor their Master's law maintain,
Nor display His heavenly mind?

Vas not this His fervent prayer,—
"Father, let my people be
ne in us, as one we are,
Thou in me, and I in Thee;
hen shall all the world believe
My commission is Divine;
all my Gospel shall receive,
All within my fold recline!"

Iappy period! joyful day!
When shall thy bright morning rise?
o, before thy kindling ray,
Every fiend of discord flies:

Rise, Thou Sun of righteousness t
Wide Thy healing wings outspress
With Thy light the nations bless,
O'er Thy Church Thine influences

Hallow'd influence from above!

Source of concord and of peace.

In Thy bond of perfect love

Let our sad divisions cease:

Heart to heart, and hand to hand.

Each shall then his brother own.

An indissoluble band,

Christians be for ever one!

MARRIAGE.

Saviour, let Thy sanction rest On the union witness'd now; Be it with Thy presence blest, Ratify the nuptial vow; Hallow'd let this union be With each other and with Thee. Happy they who reach that place,—
In those regions find their home;
Tears are wiped from every face;
Toil and danger never come.
They no pain nor sorrow know,
Ransom'd from this world of woe.

To that festival on high,
To that banquet of the skies,
To that glorious company
May we all at length arise;
Mingle with the joyful throng;
Join the everlasting song.

ANDREW REED, D.D.

Epist, and distinguished minister of the Independent body, ANDREW The 27th November, 1787. He was intended for commercial pursuits, but Buself to the ministry. Educated at Hackney College, he was ordained on agr: he discharged the duties of the pastorate, first at New Road Meet-Re East, and subsequently at Wycliffe Chaptel, Commercial Road, London. For of the London Orphan Asylum, at Lower Clapton; the Infant Orphan the Asylum for Fatherless Children, near Croydon; the Asylum for I, near Reigate; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Eastern Idiots, at Colchester. He published several theological works. "No epular publication, has passed through eighteen editions, and been transmental languages. In 1841 he published a Collection of Hymns, which as compositions written by himself. He died on the 25th February, 1862.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY Ghost, with light Divine Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night away, Turn the darkness into day. Let me see my Saviour's face, Let me all His beauties trace: Show those glorious truths to me, Which are only known by Thee.

Holy Ghost, with power Divine Cleanse this guilty heart of mine = Long has sin without control Held dominion o'er my soul. Oft I of its power complain, Yet I live beneath its reign: In Thy mercy pity me, From this bondage set me free.

Holy Ghost, with joy Divine
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mira
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding hea
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Bid it grow and still increase;
Till each anxious thought expires
Till my joy to heaven aspires.

Holy Spirit, all Divine, Dwell within this heart of mine; Cast down every idol throne, Reign supreme, and reign alone. Ah! Jesus, let me feel Thy grace; Now hear my earnest cry: If Thou art absent, oh! behold I droop, I faint, I die!

"I come, I come!" the Saviour cries,
"To give you full repose;
My presence shall revive your joys,
My frown confound your foes."

I hear His voice! I see His face!
I feel His present grace!
Tis life, 'tis heaven, 'tis transport, thus
To rest in His embrace.

- THE OPENING OF A CHURCH.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers:
O come, Great Spirit, come!

Come, as the *light*; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come, as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come, as the dew, and sweetly bless This consecrated hour; May barrenness rejoice to own Thy fertilizing power.

Come, as the dove, and spread Thy wings, The wings of peaceful love; And let Thy Church on earth become Blest as the Church above.

Come, as the wind, with rushing sound And pentecostal grace, That all of woman born may see The glory of Thy face.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers:
O come, Great Spirit, come!

MRS. ELIZABETH REED.

MRS. REED, the relict of the preceding author, is elder daughter of the late Jape The Holmes, Esq., of Castle Hill, Reading. She was united in marriage to Dr. Read h is 1816. Several hymna, of her composition, are inserted in Dr. Read's hymn-book, publish 1841. Mrs. Read has kindly contributed the following verses to the present wark.

HYMN FOR ISRAEL

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"-Lam. i. 12.



Is it nothing to you that the Gentile and Jew, For ages divided, no more should be two, But one in the Saviour, their Shepherd and King, Together for ever His praises to sing?

Is it nothing to you that the Lord has decreed Rich blessings to those who for Israel plead; That they who the way of His coming prepare, Shall say of the city, "Jehovah is there?"

Oh, pray that the days of their mourning may cease, That God may return to His chosen in peace, That glory at length may revisit their shore, And all be united, to wander no more!

ROBERT ROBINSON.

T ROBINSON was born at Swaffham, Norfolk, on the 8th October, 1735. In 1749, he neticed to a hairdresser, in Crutched Friars, London. Hearing a discourse preached tesield, on "The Wrath to Come," in May, 1752, he became deeply impressed. He d in a state of disquietude for nearly three years, when at length he experienced, he "fall and free forgiveness, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ." He began and ministered for some time in connection with the Calvinistic Methodists. He mathy joined the independents, but after a short period preferred the Baptist con-In 1761, he became pastor of a Baptist congregation at Cambridge. He supplehis income by translating for the booksellers and publishing some original works. listory of Baptism," 4to, appeared in 1790. Robinson published "A Plea for the of our Lord Jesus Christ," which passed through several editions. But his theological were not more settled than his ecclesiastical opinions. About the year 1780, he incline towards Unitarianism, though he did not obtrude his sentiments in his pulpit At length his people deemed it essential to procure his resignation. While ments for this purpose were in progress, he died, suddenly, at Birningham. That is place on the 8th June, 1790. In his pastoral charge he was succeeded by the celetobert Hall, who composed an elegant epitaph for him, as a tribute to his eloquence ming. The two following hymns were written by Robinson. An attempt has lately de to assign the former to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. We refer to a note on ect at the close of the volume.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune mine heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount; I'm fix'd upon it! Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither, by Thine help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed with precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love; For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a scraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.
Hallelujah, etc.

For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, etc.

But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah, etc.

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, etc.

Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah, etc.

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah, etc.

Go, return, immortal Saviour!

Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thy own.

Hallelujah, etc.

;

(Contributal.)

OH be with us, gracious Father, Whilst before Thy feet we bow; Let the angel of Thy presence Hover o'er Thy temple now.

Here are hearts that Thou canst so Earthly dross to purge away; Darken'd minds, on which Thy spi Yet may pour celestial day.

From the world's entrancing vision
From the spirit's sullen night;
From the tempter's dark dominion,
Free us, by Thy saving might.

Let Thy Spirit's glad communion
Waken thoughts of peace and lo
And prepare us for Thy presence,
In the nobler courts above.

There to join in perfect worship,
There to swell the angels' song
And in higher, sweeter measure,
Earth's imperfect praise prolons

CLOSE OF SARRATH EVENING OF

ALFRED ROOKER.

So shall this love our spirits raise,
While at the cross we kneel in prayer;
Dear Saviour, Thine be all the praise
If we have left our burdens there.

Spirit of holiness and power!

Spirit of truth and love Divine!

Thy presence cheers this closing hour;

Still dwell with us, for we are Thine.

For the pure manna of Thy word, And streams of life so richly given; As pilgrims here, we bless Thee Lord, But wait the perfect rest of heaven.

Sweet hope 1 a few more changing days And weary cares our faith shall try; Then for the songs of nobler praise, The ceaseless Sabbath of the sky.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

(Contributed.)

Isaiah lx. 20.

WHEN the sky is overcast, And the cold rain driveth fast; When the soul is bow'd with fear, Jesus, full of mercy, hear!

Dreary clouds are hurrying by, Moon nor star is in the sky; Saviour, in the gloom of night, Give Thy waiting children light.

See the cross, for light is there; Kneel, for Jesus answers prayer; Is the spirit sunk with grief? Saviour, Thou canst bring relief.

Christian, bravely hope and pray; Wait the dawning of the day; Clouds are drifting from the sky; Christ, thy hope and help, is nigh.

See, in yonder mountain height, Breaks a flood of glorious light; Rise, and with a song confess, 'Tis the Sun of righteousness.

Brighter still its beams shall shine In the land of love Divine; Where no clouds of sorrow come, In the saint's eternal home.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROW

Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain;
And from your hollow, winding caves,
Return it oft again.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
My lofty theme convey.

Take the glad burden of His name, Ye clouds, as you arise; Whether to deck the golden morn, Or shade the ev'ning skies.

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To ev'ry flying strain.

Long let it warble round the spheres, And echo through the sky; Till angels, with immortal skill, Improve the harmony.

While I, with sacred rapture fir'd The blest Creator sing, And warble consecrated lays To heaven's almighty King.

OU DIDST, O MIGHTY GOD, EXIST.

Thou didst, O mighty God, exist Ere time begun its race; Before the ample elements Fill'd up the voids of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe In fluid air was stay'd; Before the ocean's mighty springs Their liquid stores display'd.

Ere through the gloom of ancient night The streaks of light appeard; Before the high celestial arch On starry Poles was rear'd.

Before the loud, melodious spheres Their tuneful round begun; Before the shining roads of heav'n Were measur'd by the sun.

Ere through the empyrean courts Or to their harps the sons of light One hallelujah rung;

Ecstatic anthems sung. Ere men ador'd, or angels knew, Or prais'd Thy wondrous name; Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life!

And glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world With sudden ruin break, And all this vast and goodly frame,

Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the moon shell The astonish'd sun roll back; And all the trembling starry lamps

Their ancient course forsake;

= ;

Start

In vain the gaudy rising sun,
The wide horizon gilds,—
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields,

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
The morning breezes play;
In vain the birds with cheerful songs
Salute the new-born day.

In vain, unless my Saviour's face These gloomy clouds control, And dissipate the sullen shades That press my drooping soul.

Oh visit then Thy servant, Lord, With favour from on high; Arise, my bright immortal Sun, And all these shades will die.

When, when, shall I behold Thy face All radiant and serene, Without these envious, dusky clouds That make a veil between?

When shall that long-expected day
Of sacred vision be,
When my impatient soul shall make
A near approach to Thee?

HEAVEN.

HAIL, sacred Salem, plac'd on high,
Seat of th' almighty King!
What thought can grasp the boundless bliss?
What tongue Thy glories sing?

Thy crystal towers and palaces
Magnificently rise,
And dart their beauteous lustre round
All the empyrean skies.

The voice of triumph in thy streets, And acclamations sound; Gay banquets in thy splendid courts, And nuptial joys abound.

Bright smiles on ev'ry face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry eye;
From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
And charming harmony.

Illustrious day for ever there,
Streams from the face Divine:
No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers for for Nor stars, nor sun decline.

No scorching heats, no piercing color lds.

The changing seasons bring;

But o'er the fields mild breezes the Breathe an eternal spring.

The flow'rs with lasting beauty shi

And deck the smiling ground;

While flowing streams of pleasure

The happy plains surround.



JOHN RYLAND, D.D.

His decree that form'd the earth, Fix'd my first and second birth; Parents, native place, and time,—All appointed were by Him.

He that form'd me in the womb, He shall guide me to the tomb; All my times shall ever be Ordered by His wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health, Times of penury and wealth; Times of trial and of grief; Times of triumph and relief.

Times the tempter's power to prove; Times to taste a Saviour's love; All must come, and last, and end, As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly; Till He bids, I cannot die; Not a single shaft can hit, Till the God of love sees fit.

O Thou gracious, wise, and just, In Thy hands my life I trust; Have I somewhat dearer still? I resign it to Thy will.

May I always own Thy hand— Still to the surrender stand; Know that Thou art God alone; I and mine are all Thy own.

Thee at all times, will I bless; Having Thee I all possess: How can I bereaved be, Since I cannot part with Thee.

LORD, I WOULD DELIGHT IN THEE.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee, And on Thy care depend; To Thee, in every trouble flee,— My best, my only Friend!

When all created streams are dried, Thy fulness is the same; May I with this be satisfied, And glory in Thy name!

Why should the soul a drop bemoan, Who has a fountain near,— A fountain which will ever run With waters sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in Thee; I must have all things, and abound, While God is God to me.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, M.A.

IAVE was born at Twyford, Leicestershire, on the 2nd November, 1693, the Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1718. In 1739, he seems to have unday Evening Lecturer at Lorimer's Hall, London. He afterwards preached, in connection with the Calvinistic Methodists. The date of his death is we composed several treatises on doctrinal subjects, and on the duties of the la 1874s, he published "Hymns for Christian Worship;" London, 8vo. This a number of original hymns, others being selected. Fifty hymns, from his to this life and writings, were published by Mr. Sedgwick in 1860.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,

Nor stay in all their course;

Fire ascending seeks the sun:

Both speed them to their source.

So my soul, derived from God,

Pants to view His glorious face;

Forward tends to His abode,

To rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, Press onward to the prize; Soon our Saviour will feturn Triumphant in the skies. Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

AARON CROSSLEY HOBART SEYMOUR

THIS gentleman is descended from the great house of Seymour, so memorable is the entitimes of Heary VIII. and Edward VI., for the rapidity of its rise, the visites of it is and the depth of its fall. He is lineally descended from Sir Heary Seymour, what of first Duke of Somernet, and Jame Seymour, the Queen of Heary VIII. He is the dist in the County of Limerick, on the 19th December, 19th, His mother was producing William Hobart, Esq., of Highmount, county of Waterford. In 18th, his first with contained several hymns and early pootical effusions. In 18th, he made his first upon in The Evanguinal Magnatine in a poem on Christmas Day, and continued for an interface of the County of the County of the County of the Problem of the County of the 19th County of the Co

The Manieron Method of Manieron Chr. Verbit Manieron and older stronger

Eternal God, their hearts inspire;
Let each Thy sacred presence prove;
Bid them go forth with holy zeal,
And loud proclaim Thy dying love.

Mountains of unbelief and sin
Shall fall before Thy sacred word;
And millions, saved from death and hell,
Shall own the Saviour as their Lord.

MN FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.*

JESUS, immortal King, arise!
Assume, assert Thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride!
Till all Thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.

Send forth Thy word, and let it fly This spacious earth around, Till every soul beneath the sun Shall hear the "joyful sound."

Oh may the dear Redeemer's name Through every clime be known, And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall, And Jesus reign alone.

Oh hasten, Lord, that happy time, That long expected day; When every kingdom, tribe, and tongue Shall own Thy gentle sway.

When all th' untutor'd heathen tribes Shall the Redeemer own, And crowds of willing converts come To worship at Thy throne.

ew Congregational Hymn-book this hymn is ascribed to "Burder."

From sen to sea, from shore to shore, And earth, with all her millions, short May Jesus be adored; Hosannas to the Lord.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

(Contributed.)

GREAT Captain of salvation, rise In Thy resistless, saving might; Send Thine anointed servants forth, To spread abroad Thy glorious light

Heralds of God! proclaim the cross, Display the glorious banner high; Go, spread the joyful news abroad, And bid a guilty world draw nigh.

On Afric's shores, to India's sons Your sacred embassy declare; And may untutor'd heathen tribes, And earth, the mighty blessings she

"Zion's King shall reign victorious," In heaven and earth the Lord of all Nations shall bow before His throne, And low "before His footstool full

wheels of time,

MRS. ANNE SHEPHERD.

'CH was born at Cowes, Isle of Wight. Her father, the Rev. Edward Houlany years, the living of Speen, Berkshire. By marriage she became Mrs. ied at Blackheath, Kent, in 183y. Mrs. Shepherd was possessed of a vigorous do been much improved by culture. Two religious novels, from her pen, ieymour" and "Reality," attracted considerable attention. But her reputation on her hymn-book, entitled "Hymns adapted to the Comprehension of bese compositions, sixty-four in number, are admirably adapted for interestures in the precious truths of salvation.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white, See every one array'd: Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade, Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as now they do
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed His blood To wash away their sin, Bathed in that precious purple flood, Behold them white and clean, Singing glory, glory, glory.

- TAYRA BRITANNICA.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name; So now they see His blessèd face, And stand before the Lamb, Singing glory, glory, glory.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

HERE's a message of love Come down from above To invite little children to heaven; In God's blessed book Poor sinners may look, And see how all sin is forgiven.

For there they may read
How Jesus did bleed,
And die for His dear little ones;
How clean He first makes them
And afterwards takes them
To be His own daughters and son



MRS. ANNE SHEPHERD.

This may, perhaps, sound strange to you; But yet the Bible says 'tis true: God's children in His holy word Are called the garden of the Lord.

By nature, rude and wild they're born, Just like the brier or the thorn; But when they're in this garden put, They turn to trees producing fruit.

Jesus upon His garden shines, And props, and rears His tender vines; His grace like gentle rain is shed On every little drooping head.

Do any children long to be Planted and water'd, Lord, by Thee? O let them hear Thy loving calls, And come within Thy garden walls.

Such children are the tender plants Of whom the Lord supplies the wants; The little, thirsty, drooping flowers, On whom He pours His choicest showers.

THE FAMILY OF GOD.

God has a family on earth
Of daughters and of sons;
His Holy Spirit gave them birth,
They are His little ones.

He watches over them for good,
And hears their smallest cries;
He gives them house, and clothes, and food,
And all their wants supplies.

He knows their weak and tender frame, Pities their griess and sears; And calls them every one by name, And wipes away their tears.



To set H.s children free.

To what the Lamb of God has done
They all their blessings owe;
'Tis for the sake of His dear Son,
The Father loves them so.

Let children, then, redeem'd and bo With Jesus' precious blood, Sing the sweet praise of Him who b Such little ones to God.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

THE HON, AND REV. WALTER SHIRLEY was born in 1705. H Hon. Laurence Shirley, who was fourth son of Robert, first Earl I brothers were successively fourth, fifth, and sixth Earls. Having to the living of Loughrea, co. Galway, Ireland. He was much interested of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon, who was the second dang father's elder brother, Washington, second Earl Ferrers. He pe courses, and two poems, entitled, "Liberty: an Ode," and "The tingdon's hymn-book, published in 1764, was revised by him. It appeared his hymn, beginning, "Sweet the moments, rich in bi rendering of a similar hymn, previously published by the Rev. Ji some account of which are presented in a note appended to the period of feeble health, Mr. Shirley died in 1786, in his sixty-first mission hymn, beginning, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," w to the Rev. George Burder and other writers, may, we think, fairly t His son, the late Rev. Walter Shirley, asserted that his father was t is universal among his descendants. So far as can be ascertained appeared in "A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship," edited of Hull, York, 1774, and next in Dr. Conyers' Collection, publish Here I'll sit, for ever viewing Mercy's streams in streams of blood: Precious drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know!

DISMISSION.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh refresh us,
Trav'lling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

K K 2

. 500

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wing to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

MISSIONARY HYMN.*

Jesus, thy Guardian, walks the briny wave,
Or on the whirlwind rides and rules the storm;
His eye regards thee, vigilant to save,
Though danger varies its terrific form.

Black gathering tempests, awed by His command, Their hideous roar in lowly murmurs cease;



Ieams the glad morn! arise, O King of kings!
Assume, exert Thine universal sway;
Fill earth, subdued, its willing tribute brings,
And distant regions cheerfully obey.

Then, big with conquest, bring Thy glories down;
Let those that love Thy name Thy person view;
riends of Thy cross, they soon shall share Thy crown
In peaceful rest, with bliss for ever new.

EASTER HYMN.*

FROM heaven the loud, th' angelic song began, it shook the skies, and reached astonished man; By man re-echoed, it shall mount again, While fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.

Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway, In heaven or earth the Lord of all; Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey, And low before His footstool fall.

The deed was done; the Lamb was slain;
The groaning earth, the burden bore:
He rose, He lives, He lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake His endless power.

Riches, and all that deck the great,
From worlds unnumbered hither bring;
The tribute pour before His seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.

Wisdom and strength are His alone;
He raised the top-stone, shouting Grace;
Honour has built His lofty throne,
And glory shines upon His face.

From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim!
Blessings that earth to glory raise;
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.

* The music of this piece is by Millgrove.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, S

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE was born at Sandwich, on the 7th April, apprenticed to a shipwright at Sheerness. About his twestich yes, spiritual change. He began to Join a few persens for Scripture readi sequently engaged in theological studies. After a period of sub-Sheerness dockyard, he was appointed master-mastmaker in 1775, that office till his death. In 1766, he undertook the ministry of as Sheerness. His pastoral services were much valued. He died on this sixty-eighth year. In 1776, Mr. Shrubsole published "Christian M present state of Religion in England." A third edition of that well accompanied with a memoir of the author, by his son. The following h first appeared in 1786.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

ARM of the Lord! awake! awake! Put on Thy strength, the nations sha And let the world, adoring, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee

Say to the heathen from Thy throne, "I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt, Vain sacrifice for human guilt; Let Zion's time of favour come: Oh bring the tribes of Israel home: And let our wondering eyes behold Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim In every clime of every name; Let adverse powers before Thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, Jun.

RUBSOLE, jun., son of the preceding, was born at Sheerness, on the 21st 39. He was originally employed as a shipwright. In 1785, he proceeded to became a clerk in the accountants' division of the Bank of England. In the tion gradually improved; he latterly held the responsible post of secretary of the treasury. He connected himself with the principal religious and charitable the metropolis, and occasionally contributed, both in prose and verse, to the f the Religious Tract Society. His death took place on the 23rd August, 1899, compositions of Mr. Shrubsole have been kindly supplied by a member of the collections, the two latter are attributed to others.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

In all the paths my feet pursue
While travelling to my heavenly rest,
My wearied powers their strength renew,
My spirit feels Divinely blest,
When, Saviour, to Thy cross I flee,
And my whole soul commit to Thee.

When with a weight of care I bend,
Oppress'd beneath the heavy load,
And troubles every step attend,
In life's perplex'd and rugged road,
Then, O my Saviour, be Thou near,
My cares to take, my heart to cheer.

When numerous snares beset my feet,
Spread by the world, by sense and sin;
When bold temptation's front I meet,
Or feel a treacherous heart within,
Jesus, my guide and helper be,
And let me stay my soul on Thee.

When duties on my languid mind
Wage but a weak and feeble claim,
And in devotion's hours I find
No kindling of a heavenly flame,
Saviour, the will and power impart;
Direct my mind and warm my heart.

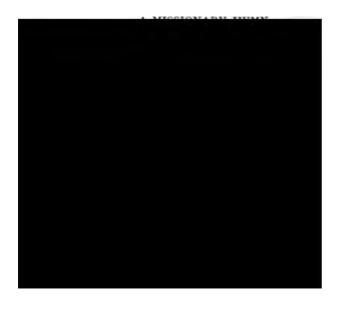
Should my breast heave with labouring Oppress'd with pain, o'ercharged Should joy be hidden from my eyes, And hope delay her sweet relief: Then, gracious Saviour, by me stay, And wipe the gushing tear away.

Soon what will all the world avail,

Its hopes and fears, its joys and soon even flesh and heart must fail,

And leave me on the verge of life;

Then, Saviour, then my portion be,
In death and in eternity.



Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet In pure devotion at Thy feet; And earth shall yield Thee, as Thy due, Her fulness and her glory too.

Oh that from Britain now might shine This heavenly light and truth Divine, Till the whole universe abroad Flame with the glory of our God.

DAILY DUTIES.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes my eyes, O Sun of righteousness Divine, On me with beams of mercy shine; Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness into day.

When to heaven's great and glorious King My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend;
Teach me Thy precepts, all Divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

When pain transfixes every part, And languor settles at the heart; When on my bed, diseased, opprest, I turn, and sigh, and long for rest, O Great Physician, see my grief, And grant Thy servant sweet relief!

Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low,
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For Thou on earth wast poor indeed.

Should Providence profusely pour Its various blessings on my store, Oh, keep me from the ills that wait. On such a seeming prosperous state—From hurtful passions set me free, And humbly may I walk with The—

When each day's scenes and labou close.

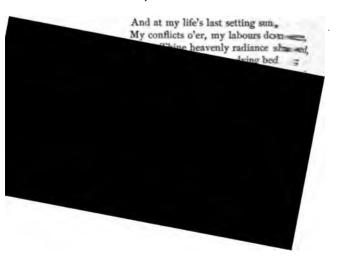
And wearied nature seeks repose,

With pardoning mercy richly bles

Guard me, my Saviour, while I

And as each morning sun shall ras

Oh, lead me onward to the skies



MRS. SIMPSON.

JANE CROSS BELL, is the daughter of James Bell, Esq., advocate, and . At an early period she contributed verse to *The Edinburgh Literary* her brother, Henry Glassford Bell, Esq. She assumed the literary now ;; and, under this designation, she reproduced her poetical contributions small ramo, which appeared in 1838. She had previously published, in if tales and sketches, entitled "The Piety of Daily Life." In 1848, she "History." Her latest work, "Linda; or, Beauty and Genius;" appeared in hymn as been ascribed to different authors. The first, second, and hymn appeared in "April Hours," in 1838. The entire composition is copy kindly supplied by the accomplished authoress. "Gertrude" has imarried to her cousin, Mr. J. B. Simpson, of Glasgow.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link, with each petition,
The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love!

O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

THE LESSON.

(Contributed.)

I HAD a lesson to teach them,
The children that God had given,
From a Book most high and holy,
Whose theme is the love of Heaven.

But some of these baby-blossoms
Were laid by the reaper low,
Ere yet they could spell the letters
I wish'd them so much to know.

And the lesson so pure and tender, We study with silent prayer, Sinks down to our inmost spirits, With these angels hovering there!

And we long to fold our pinions, By sin and by sorrow press'd, 'Neath the tree by the crystal river, The city of endless rest!

Till then, with a zeal untiring,
We'll con the lesson of love;
The children on earth yet dwelling,
And the children moored above.

JAMES G. SMALL.

ES G. SMALL is a native of Edinburgh. Having attended the university of there attained distinction as a successful competitor for various prize poems. shed a volume of poems, entitled "The Highlands, etc." This work has several editions. Two small poetical works from his pen have likewise been 12kg, Mr. Small was ordained pastor of the Free Church, Bervie, Kincardine-

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

T strains of compassion are heard from above, ng sinners to flee to the bosom of Love! he voice of the Saviour who speaks from on high—rn, turn, ye poor wanderers, O why will ye die?, turn, ere ye perish; for judgment is nigh."

t a sweet invitation is heard from above!

ng children to fly to the bosom of Love!

he voice of the Shepherd! how kind is its tone—

me, ye young ones, to me, ere life's spring-time be flown;

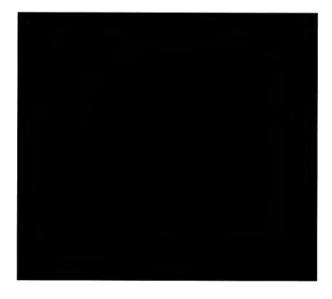
l take you, and bless you, and make you mine own."

What accents of comfort are heard from above, Calling mourners to rest on the bosom of Love!
"Tis the voice of our tender and faithful High Priest—"Come to me, ye who labour, with sorrows oppress"
Come, and, learning of me, your tired soul shall fined

What songs of rejoicing are rising above
From the blest who repose on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the ransom'd; how joyful the strai_"
"Glory, blessing, and power to the Lamb that was=
For He suffered for us, and with Him we shall reis="

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

CHILD of God and heir of glory,
Wherefore should thy heart despond?
Set the joys of heaven before thee;
Pierce the veil, and look beyond.



CHARITIE LEES SMITH.

S SMITH is the daughter of the Rev. Sidney Smith, D.D., rector of Agha-'creanagh, Ireland; she was born at Bloomfield, Merrion, in the county of mith has composed a number of sacred lyrics; she has contributed to several Hier hymn entitled "Heavenly Anticipations" is a favourite in Sunday-

HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

Oh for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh for the no more weeping Within the land of love, The endless joy of keeping The bridal feast above!

Oh for the bliss of dying, My risen Lord to meet! Oh for the rest of lying For ever at His feet!

Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

Jesus, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

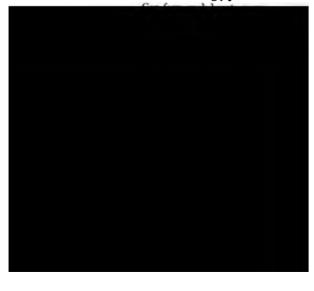
Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter, E'en now, before Thy throne, That all my love may centre On Thee, and Thee alone.

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

(Contributed.)

THE King of glory standeth
Beside that heart of sin,
His mighty voice commandeth
The raging waves within;
The floods of deepest anguish
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, "Peace, be sti

At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done!
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won:
While we with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true,
That e'en our kingly Jesus



MRS. CAROLINE SOUTHEY,

Or, in the gathering darkness,
With wounded feet and sore,
The suppliant Saviour standeth
And knocketh at the door:
The bleak winds howl around Him,
The unbelief and sin;
Yet Jesus waits, entreating
That He may enter in.

He whispers through the portal;
He woos them with His love;
He calls them to the kingdom
That waits for them above:
He speaks of all the gladness
His yearning heart would give,
Tells of the cleansing fountain,
And bids them "wash, and live."

Oh Christ, His love is mighty!
Long-suffering is His grace!
And glorious is the splendour
That beameth from His face!
Our hearts up-leap in gladness,
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above!

IRS. CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

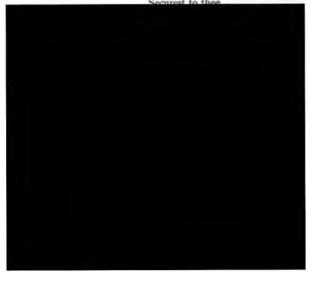
BOWLES was daughter of Charles Bowles, Esq., of Buckland, North is born in 1786. In 1820, she first appeared as an author, by the publicathur, a Metrical Tale." She subsequently published: "Chapters on Churchwith Mamma;" "Robin Hood;" and "The Birthday; a Poem." She second wife of the poet Southey. Her death took place in 1854.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner; Christian, God speed thee; Let loose the rudder-bands, Good angels lead thee. Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily:
Christian, steer home.

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there,—
Hold the helm fast;
So—let the vessel wear;
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman? What of the night?"
"Cloudy, all quiet, No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth



JOSEPH STAMMERS.

as born at Bury St. Edmunds, in 1801. Educated for the legal prosome years as a solicitor in the city of London. In 1833, he was called e Northern Circuit. Mr. Stammers continues to practice as a barrister, ymms have been kindly contributed to this work by Mr. Stammers. tian," was written by him many years ago for a small serial edited by h, late vicar of Dewsbury. From this source it had got into the hymnpaed to at least five different writers. We rejoice to establish the true

AST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night 's longest;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

THE RIVER IS FREE!

Isaiah lv. 1.

(Contributed.)

HARK! the cry sounds from
Eternity's brink:
Ho! he that thirsteth,
Come now and drink!
Freeman, or bond-slave,
Whoever you be,
Drink of salvation,
The river is free!

Ho! to the wanderer,
Weary and worn!
Ho! to the objects
Of pity and scorn!
Homeless and desolate,
Land-born, or sea,
Come to the waters,

ave they travelled in darkness and sorrow, sted and weary, afflicted, forlorn; ng for joy on each coming to-morrow, sing as those that long watch for the dawn.

shall they drink, at the source of Thy fountains, stream of those pleasures that flow from above? ad of the morning, make haste o'er the mountains, d feed them with freshness, and fill them with love!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(Contributed.)

O HEAD, so full of bruises!
Brow, that its life-blood loses!
Oh! great humility!
Across His face are flying
The shadows of the dying:
"Twas suffer'd all for me!

O Back, by scourges ploughèd!
O Soul, by sorrow bowèd
Upon the accursèd tree!
He hears the bitter scorning;
'Tis night, without a dawning:
'Twas suffer'd all for me!

Eye, that in darkness sinketh!
Lip, that the red cup drinketh!
Hands, bound to misery!
See, from His feet forth streameth
The fountain that redeemeth!
'Twas suffer'd all for me!

And now He speaks, oh hearken, While clouds all nature darken! "Lama sabachthani?" His head is bent, and droopeth! To such a death He stoopeth! 'Twas suffer'd all for me!

"SURSUM CORDA!"

(Contributed.)

"SURSUM corda!" let your hearts
Mount to heaven, as sleep departs;
Early waking from repose,
Sweet and fragrant as the rose,
Let the incense prayer arise
To the Maker of the skies,
Who dyes the East with purple dyes
And loves the morning sacrifice.
"Sursum corda!"

"Sursum corda!" let your hearts
Mount to heaven, as day departs;
Lift the voice, with all your power,
At the lingering sunset hour,
While the light its glory flings
On hallow'd men and angels' wings,
And gilds the earth's remotest things;

ANNE STEELE.

to born at Broughton, Hampshire, in 1717. Her father, William Steele, a stated for skrty years as the unsalaried pastor of the Baptist congregation has was delicate from childhood, and of retiring habits. Under the name of Bahed, in 1760, two volumes of "Poems and Hymna." A third volume of her pen, was published after her decease. She died at Broughton, in the age of sixty-one. Her life was spent in works of benevolence. For exact from severe bodily pain, which she bore with exemplary patience.

EXCELLENCY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word What endless glory shines! For ever be Thy name ador'd For these celestial lines.

Here mines of heavenly wealth disclose Their bright unbounded store; The glittering gem no longer glows, And India boasts no more.

Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find; Riches above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free repast; Sublimer sweets than nature knows Invite the longing taste.

Here may the blind and hungry come, And light and food receive; Here shall the meanest guest have room, And taste and see and live.

Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
When dark and sad we stray,
Here beams of heaven relieve our woe,
And guide to endless day.

Here springs of consolation rise, To cheer the fainting mind; And thirsty souls receive supplies, And sweet refreshment find.

When guilt and terror, pain and gunited, rend the heart,
Here sinners meet Divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.

But when His painful sufferings rise.

Delightful, dreadful scene!

Angels may read with wondering ey

That Jesus died for men.

Oh, may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight;



Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,—
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis He!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

Jesus, who died that we might live,— Died in the wretched traitor's place; Oh, what returns can mortals give For such immeasurable grace!

Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store,—
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor.

Yet, though for bounty so Divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be Thine,
And all our tongues proclaim Thy praise.

MORNING.

LORD of my life, O may Thy praise Employ my noblest powers; Whose goodness lengthens out my days, And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd by Thy almighty arm, I pass'd the shades of night, Serene and safe from every harm, And see returning light.

While many spent the night in sighs, And restless pains and woes, In gentle sleep I closed my eyes, And undisturb'd repose.

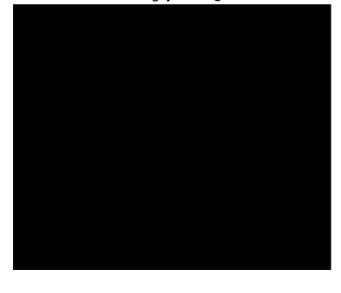
When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread, And I unconscious lay, Thy watchful care was round my bed, To guard my feeble clay. Oh, let the same almighty care My waking hours attend; From every danger, every snare, My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll, And guide my future days; And let Thy goodness fill my soul With gratitude and praise.

THE VOICE OF THE CREATUR __ES.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skin
See, from the clouds His glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning ris

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.



The flowery tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad And trace creation's wonders o'er, Confess the footsteps of the God, And bow before Him, and adore.

WEARY SOULS INVITED TO REST.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd, The Saviour offers heavenly rest; The kind, the gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load, Oh come and spread your woes abroad; Divine compassion, mighty love, Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, The hope Thy gracious words impart; We come with trembling, yet rejoice And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour, let Thy powerful love Confirm our faith, our fears remove, And sweetly influence every breast, And guide us to eternal rest.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh, Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye! See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn!
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face
Hast Thou not said, Return?

And shall my guilty fears prevail, To drive me from Thy feet? Oh let not this dear refuge fail, This only safe retreat.

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Lig Without one cheering ray, Through dangers, fears, and gloomy n How desolate my way!

O shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine; And let Thy healing voice impart A taste of joys Divine.

Thy presence only can bestow Delights which never cloy; From discord free, and war's alarms, And want, and pining care, Plenty and peace unite their charms, And smile unchanging there.

There rich varieties of joy
Continual feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd.

No factious strife, no envy there The sons of peace molest; But harmony and love sincere Fill every happy breast.

No cloud those blissful regions know, For ever bright and fair; For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known, Nor sun's faint, sickly ray; But glory from the sacred throne Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace:
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

O may the heavenly prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love, Till wings of faith and strong desire Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace Divine, For Thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spirits rise and join The chorus of the sky.

SAMUEL STENNETT, D.D.

SAMUEL STENDETT was born at Exeter, in 1727. His father, Dr. Josephapastor of the Baptist congregation in that city; he subsequently became Baptist chapel, Little Wild Street, London. In this pastorate, Samel soc: in 1758. He was privileged with the friendship of George III., who employelliberary concerns. He died on the 24th August, 1795, in his sixty-eighth y—Steamest is author of several doctrinal works. These were republished with Thirty-four hymns of his composition are appended. Dr. Steamett contribution.

EXCELLENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES

LET avarice from shore to shore Her fav'rite god pursue; Thy word, O Lord, we value more Than India or Peru.

Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open'd to our view;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems of brightest hue.



THE PROMISED LAND.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields, array'd in living green, And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God the Son for ever reigns, And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?

Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul Can here no longer stay; Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

JOHN STOCKER.

THE personal history of this hymn-writer is unknown. He lived at Hosland contributed several hymns to *The Gosphi Magustine* in 1776 and 1777, hymn is much extremed.

THE DIVINE MERCY.*

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tonguae; Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last, Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without Thy sweet mercy I could not live here, Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair; But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive, And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I mistake, Thy kind mercy begins To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins; And, led by Thy Spirit to Jesus's blood, My sorrows are dried and my strength is renew'd.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart, Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart; Dissolv'd by Thy sunshine, I fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

Thy mercy is endless, most tender and free; No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me;

HUGH STOWELL.

Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell;
Of Thy mercy I'll sing, of Thy mercy I'll tell;
Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies, Thy goodness I own, And the covenant-love of Thy crucified Son; All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper Divine Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness MINE.

HUGH STOWELL.

HUCR STOWELL was born on 3rd of December, 1799, at Douglas, Isle of Man.

We Rector of Ballaugh, near Ramsey. In 1818, he entered St. Edmund's Hall,
we be graduated in 1822. In 1823, he took orders. After labouring as curate of
the Gaucestershire, and of Trinity Church, Huddersfield, for two years, he accepted
of St. Stephen's Church, Salford. The large and elegant structure of Christchurch,
as subsequently reared by subscription for his constantly increasing congregation.

Was nominated to an honorary canonry of Chester; subsequently he was appointed
of Salford.

well published "Tractarianism Tested," s vols., 8vo; "A Model for Men of Busio; and "Pleasures of Religion, and other Poems." In 1831 he issued "A Collection and Hymns suited to the services of the Church of England." He contributed to spices serials. His pulpit prelections were of a high order. He died at Salford, on tober, 1855. The Bible Society's Jubilee Hymn was contributed by the reverend learning in this work some time before his death.

THE DAY OF REST.

Hail! hallow'd day of heavenly rest, To man in Eden given; The day which the Creator bless'd, A type and pledge of heaven.

When fallen man, forlorn and reft, Was wrapp'd in sorrow's shroud, This sign of mercy still was left,— A rainbow in the cloud.

Memorial of blessings fled,

It bade the banish'd mourn;

Prophet of good, it likewise said,

Ye banish'd ones, return.

And now a richer light is shed On thee, sweet day of grace; Creation hides her lowly head, Before redemption's face.

We little children hail the day
Which breathes of peace and love,
Which bids our toils and cares away,
And tells of rest above.

We love the soothing Sabbath bell; We love the house of prayer; Sweet thoughts and hopes within us swell, Whilst we are gathered there.

Lord, for Thy day we bless Thy name; Thy law has made it sure; It stands from age to age the same, The birthright of the poor.

Oh, may these first-fruits of our time, These Sabbath seasons, be Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;
None but He shall guide us,
We are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
"They that have my Spirit,
"These," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil—
Victors o'er the tomb.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds "The oil of gladness" on our heads, A place than all beside more sweet; It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Though sundered far; by faith they meet Around the common mercy-seat.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismay'd— Or how the hosts of hell defeat— Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more
And heaven comes down, our souls to
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O may my hand forget her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still, This bounding heart forget to beat, If I forget the mercy-seat!

BIBLE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE HY

(Contributed.)

LORD of all power and might,
Father of Love and Light,
Speed on Thy Word!
O Let the Gospel sound
Ad around,

HUGH STOWELL.

Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His Word ere long shall run,
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His Word.

RESIGNATION.

MREK Lamb of God, on Thee In sorrow I repose; But for Thy tenderness and grace, How hopeless were our woes!

Though bitter is my cup,
Yet how can I repine?
It stills my every restless thought
To think that cup was Thine.

Since Thou hast hallow'd woe,
I would not shun the rod,
But bless the chastening hand that seeks
To bring me to my God.

Distress and pain I hail,
If these conform to Thee;
Be but Thy peace, Thy patience mine,
And 'tis enough for me.

CHARLES SWAIN.

CHARLES SWAIN was born at Manchester, in 1803. In 1817, appeared his "Metrici Empt."
a volume of poems, which attracted considerable attention. MrgSwain has since publish
"The Mind, and other Poems," 1831; "Dryburgh Abbey," 1832; "Drymatic Chapter." #6;
"English Melodies," 1849; "The Letters of Laura d'Auverne, and other Poems," #3; ill
"Art and Fashion," 1863. Several of his compositions have been translated into Frack all
German. Mr. Swain resides in his native city, and prosecutes the business of at expert.

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

THERE is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend;
Of all we ever had the chief!
A friend who, watching from above,
Whene'er in error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is GoD!



THERE IS A WREATH.

(Contributed.)

THERE is a wreath for him whose hand
The crimson tide of battle leads;
The triumph of the victor's brand,
Death with its slaughter'd thousands feeds:
Is there no wreath for Christian worth,
For him that fights for Truth on earth?

The monarch dons his robe of state,
The jewell'd symbol of his power:
Is there no robe for those that wait
Christ's coming at the promised hour;
No robe of state that shall endure;
No garb of light to clothe the poor?

Is time the treasury of life,
And nothing to be won beyond?

Is earth alone with riches rife,
And heavenly wealth a broken bond?

No: hearts that have with Jesus trod

Shall find robe, crown, and wealth with God!

JOSEPH SWAIN.

rAIN was born at Birmingham, in 1761. Deprived of his parents early in life, he iced to an engraver. He proceeded to London, and there united himself with gay its became soudenly awakened to a sense of his spiritual danger, procured a Bible, he influences of Divine grace, found peace. He studied for the ministry, and, in : pastor of the Baptist congregation in East Street, Walworth. In the same year, I his "Walworth Hymns," 32mo. His other publications are "Redemption," a t books; and "Experimental Essays on Divine Subjects." He died on the 14th

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfil His word!

LYRA BRITANNICA.

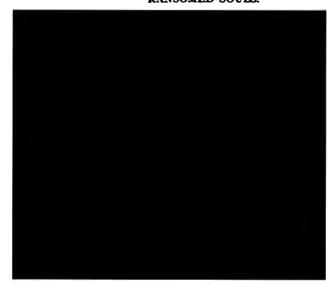
When each can feel his brother sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.

When love, in one delightful stream, Thro' every bosom flows: When union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

RANSOMED SOULS.



JOSEPH SWAIN.

While the great and wise reject Him,
Fond of outward pomp and show;
Oh, let none of us neglect Him
In His members mean and low,
But as princes
Treat the poorest saints we know.

Think (at the last trumpet's sounding,
When the creatures all appear,
Christ on His white throne surrounding),
What delight 'twill be to hear
Him confessing
Us as those that served Him here!

"Come, ye bless'd, whom tribulation, Sin, and Satan could not move From embracing my salvation; Come, enjoy my perfect love: Live for ever With me on my throne above."

This to hear, before the Father
And the bright, angelic train,
When all worlds are met together,
Is the glory we would gain:
This is honour;
Crowns, compared with this, are vain.

CHRIST'S UNPARALLELED LOVE.*

A FRIEND there is—your voices join, Ye saints, to praise His name,— Whose truth and kindness are Divine, Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need His helping hand, This friend is always near; With heav'n and earth at His command, He waits to answer prayer.

itten on the occasion of the death of the author's only son.

His love no end nor measure knows;
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil His face, And clouds surround His throne, He hides the purpose of His grace To make it better known.

And if our dearest comforts fall, Before His sov'reign will, He never takes away our all; Himself He gives us still!

Our sorrows in the scale He weighs, And measures out our pains; The wildest storm His word obeys, His word its rage restrains.



MERCY IN JESUS.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus,
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy yoke, and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransom'd captives meet.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

Blessed are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

But to sing the rest of glory
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it;
But it soars beyond them all:
aith believes it—Hope expects it—Love desires it;
But it overwhelms them all.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE sister of Mrs. Gilbert, previously noticed, JANE TAYLOR was bon at lder London, on the syrd September, 1783. By her father she was initiated in the st of symbol state, as a handoned engraving for a literary career. She published onjointly will sister Ann afterwards Mrs. Gilbert, a series of volumes of sacred lyrics for published She died in April, 1893. Her "Postical Remains" were published in 1895 by he hel Lanc Taylor, in two volumes, 8vo.

THE HEAVENLY PATH

THERE is a path that leads to God; All others go astray: Narrow, but pleasant, is the road, And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin, And dangers must be pass'd; But those who boldly walk therein Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare This dangerous path to tread? For on the way is many a snare,



Where Thy refreshing pastures grow,
Where all Thy chosen flock is fed,
Where living waters gently flow,
There may our wandering feet be led:
Direct us towards the heavenly hill,
And bear us in Thy bosom still.

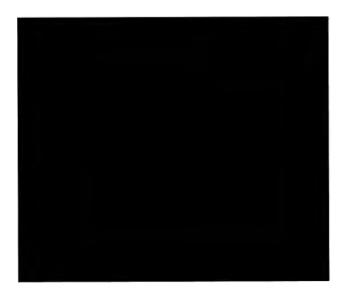
Much do we need Thy watchful care,
Through every day and every hour;
For life is set with many a snare,
And Satan wanders to devour:
But we are safe from all alarms,
Within our heavenly Shepherd's arms.

Here in the gospel we are told
What great compassion was in Thee,
When mothers brought their babes of old—
Poor helpless children, such as we—
E'en to Thy tender bosom brought,
And Thou didst say "Forbid them not."

And thus, encouraged by Thy grace,
To those still open arms we fly;
And, though we cannot see Thy face,
Yet Thou canst bless us from on high;
For still Thy gracious word, we see,
Says, "Suffer them to come to me."

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

THE early years of THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, eldest son of the Rev. Thom of Bradford, Yorkshire, may be chronicled in his own words, "I was born at 0 Wakefield [9th May, 1807], and am still called by a host of linty clothiers their a When I was about a year old, my father removed to Bradford, where I subsequent the brother of three brothers and three sisters, most of whom remain till this pres have fallen asleep in Jesus. I was educated, as it is called, at Leaf Square, near Mi where I abode three years. At the age of fifteen, I entered a merchant's counting clerk, and a year after I became an apprentice to Mr. Duna, of Nottinghan. M there was, on many accounts, the most important period of my life." This Notings resembled, in plety and domestic virtues, that of his father, and hence the religious t tendencies acquired at home were here still more strengthened. Three years after the cheerful consent of all parties, he gave up his secular occupation, that of printing ministry, and entered as a student of Airedale College. Here he remained till 1990, occasionally in many villages of the neighbourhood, and giving evidence of rare to still rarer gifts of the Spirit. But his days were numbered. He had been alw moned to join those of his family who had gone before him. In July, 1850, he be the carnest and repeated request of the congregation of Haward Street Chapel, Shoke minister, but in January of the following year was compelled by his falling health his duties amongst them. From this time his health gradually sunk, with occasions p temporary recovery, till on March 7th, 1835, he too fell asleep. A volume of his "Re with a memoir, has been published, London, 1816, 8vo.



There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest—
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

FOR A SABBATH-SCHOOL.

YES! it is good to worship Thee,
To tread Thy courts, O Lord!
To raise the voice, to bend the knee,
To hear Thy holy word;
We praise Thee that another year
Has brought this blest assembly here.

'Tis sweet, O God, to sing Thy praise, Till all our spirits glow, And we could almost seem to raise The notes of heaven below; Hearts all on fire, and feelings strong, And our souls melting in our song.

'Tis sweet when every voice is heard,
The aged and the young;
Sweeter when every soul is stirred
To feel what we have sung,
And thoughts of heaven the hearts engage
Of smiling youth and hoary age.

But oh! if songs like ours be sweet,
How sweet that song must be,
Where all the ransom'd ones shall meet,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where nought of sorrow can intrude
To mar that mighty multitude.

How vast that heavenly temple is,
How ravishing the song!
Oh how unspeakable the bliss
Of that exulting throng,
Waking for evermore the strain
Of praise to Him who once was slain!

Ours, Saviour, may these raptures be, When other joys are past; And, having lived on earth to Thee, May we exchange at last This house, these hours, of praise and prayer For holier, happier worship there.

GODFREY THRING.

Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace, In undivided empire reign, And thronging angels never cease Their deathless strain,—

Where saints are clothed in spotless white, And evening shadows never fall, Where Thou, eternal Light of light, Art Lord of all.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call;
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light, and love, and life are Thine, Great Creator of all good; Fill our souls with light Divine; Give us, with our daily food, Blessings from Thy heavenly store, Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame.
Young and old together bless;
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

PATRICK HUNTER THOMS.

PATRICK HUNTER THOMS is a native of Dundee. He is editor of Professy Most Sum Letters to Dr. Channing on the Divinity of Christ, to which he has prefind a involcti casey. Several fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse, have proceeded from in pt.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

(Contributed.)

WHEN Adam dwelt in Eden's bowers, And view'd creation young and fair, His footsteps press'd the stainless flowers, As still he sought the house of prayer.

When Abel drew the firstling's blood, And drained it on the altar bare, The spot which drank the crimson flood Was owned of God a house of prayer.



When contrite souls to God draw nigh, And at His feet disburden care, Or tell their grief in bursting sigh, Their refuge is the house of prayer.

In lonely cot or silent glen,
The spirit of devotion there,
Unknown, unseen by eye of men,
God dwells within that house of prayer.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

Richard Toplady, a major in the army, who died at the siege of Carthagena, the is sketch was born at Farnham, Surrey, on the 4th November, 1740. He was Yestminster school. After a further period of desultory study, he took orders in Soon after he was instituted in the living of Blagdon, Somersetshire. In 1768, he of Broadhembury, Devonshire, an office which he retained till his death. He of Broadhembury, Devonshire, an office which he retained till his death. He mth August, 1778, in his 98th year. His writings, which are chiefly theological, Blocted and published in six volumes 8vo. His "Poems on Sacred Subjects," ed anonymously at Dublin in 1759. The whole of his hymns and poems, 133 in reprinted by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, in 1860.

A PRAYER, LIVING AND DYING.*

ROCK of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's demands: Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone,— Thou must save, and Thou alone.

mn has been erroneously assigned to Charles Wesley. It originally The Gospel Magazine, signed "A. T.," in March, 1776, when Toplady

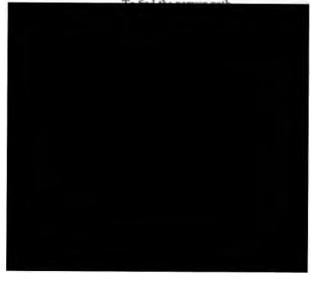
LYRA BRITANNICA.

Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the Fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath; When my eye-strings break in death; When I soar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,— Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

FOR THE DIVINE GUIDANCE

O THAT my ways were made so strait, And that the lamp of faith Would, as a star, direct my feet



Still keep me in the heavenly path;
Bestow the inward light;
And lead me by the hand till faith
Is ripened into sight.

TO THE SOUL.*

DEATHLESS principle, arise! Soar, thou native of the skies! Pearl of price, by Jesus bought, To His glorious likeness wrought, Go, to shine before His throne, Deck His mediatorial crown; Go, His triumphs to adorn; Made for God, to God return.

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless, to His presence fly;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest, Willing to retain her guest? Tis not thou, but she must die—Fly, celestial tenant, fly! Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay; Sweetly breathe thyself away. Singing, to thy crown remove, Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream; Venture all thy care on Him,— Him, whose dying love and power Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar;

was written by the author when he was under affliction; it was Lady Huntingdon.

Safe is the expanded wave, Gentle as a summer's eve; Not one object of His care Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view,
Love Divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade!
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve; Join the longing choir above; Swiftly to their wish be given, Kindle higher joy in heaven! Such the prospects that arise To the dying Christian's eyes! Such the glorious vista faith Opens through the shades of death! My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given:
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

PRAISE FOR CONVERSION.*

Not to myself I owe,
That I, O Lord, am Thine;
Free grace hath all the shades broke through,
And caused the light to shine.
Me Thou hast willing made
Thy offers to receive;
Called by the voice that wakes the dead,
I come to Thee and live.

Why am I made to see,
Who am by nature blind?
Why am I taken home to Thee,
And others left behind?
Because Thy sov'reign love
Was bent the worst to save;
Jesus, who reigns enthroned above,
The free salvation gave.

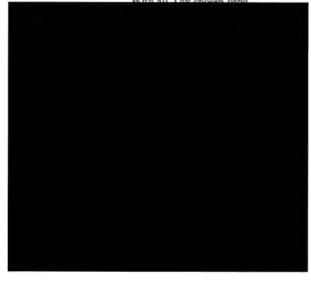
Though once far off I stood,
Nor knew myself Thy foe,
Brought nigh by the Redeemer's blood,
Myself and Thee I know:
No more a child of wrath,
Thy graciousness I see:
And praise Thee for the work of faith
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

^{*} From "Poems on Sacred Subjects," 1759.

In sins and trespasses,
When more than dead I lay,
Drew near my tomb the Prince of peace,
And rolled the stone away.
With me His Spirit strove,
Almighty to retrieve;
He saw me in a time of love,
And said unto me—Live.

By Him made free indeed,
I felt His gracious words;
His mantle over me was spread,
And I became the Lord's.
Jesus, Thy son, by grace
I to the end shall be;
Made perfect through Thy comelines
Which I received from Thee.

I drink the living stream,
To all believers given,
A fellow-citizen with them
Who dwell in yonder heaven.
With all Thy chosen band



But, oh! how full of truth and grace
Through all Thou dost appear;
And thus with wonder we retrace
Thy path of sorrow here.

Thou on the cross didst suffer too More than man's eye could see; For then the wrath that was our due Was poured, O Lord, on Thee.

But Thou art risen; and now we know That Thou, in heaven above, For all God's children here below Dost feel a brother's love.

Oh may we ever look to Thee,
For needed grace and strength,
Till we Thy face in glory see,
And reign with Thee at length.

Till then may we, who bear Thy name, Thy blest example take, And count the world's reproach and shame As glory, for Thy sake.

Since Thou the cup of wrath didst drain, None now for us is there; The drops of sorrow that remain, Shall we refuse to share?

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

HOLY Saviour, we adore Thee!
Seated on the throne of God;
All heaven's host bow down before Thee,
And we sing Thy praise aloud.
Thou art worthy!
We were ransomed by Thy blood.

Saviour, though the world despised Thee,
Though Thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,
Lord of all creation wide;
Thou art worthy!
We shall live, for Thou hast died.

And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with Thee;
What besides could be expected,
Than like Thee, our Lord, to be?
Thou art worthy!
Thou from earth hast set us free.

Haste the day of Thy returning,
With Thy ransomed Church to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning;
We shall sing with rapture then,
"Thou art worthy!"
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.



We know that nought can sever
Our souls, O Lord, from Thee;
And thus united ever
To all Thy saints are we.
We know Thy word declaring
The Father's wondrous love,
In which we all are sharing
With Thee our Head above.

May we this love be showing
To all Thy members here,
For Thy sake freely flowing,
Until Thou shalt appear;
Till all the Church, in union
Around the Father's throne,
Shall stand in blest communion,
For ever joined in one.

HARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

IVEREND RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, Archbishop of Dublin, is second ichard Trench, Esq., brother of the first Lord Ashtown. He was born the 807. After studying at Harrow, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, ed in 1809. In 1832, he took orders. Having held for some years the incumge Chapel, Hants, he was, in 1845, presented to the rectory of Itchin Stoke. de examining chaplain to the present Bishop of Oxford, and in 1845 and 1846 turer at Cambridge. In 1856, he was preferred to the deanery of Westis consecrated Archbishop of Dublin on the 1st January, 1864. Archbishop ished numerous works, both in prose and verse. His more esteemed prose so the Parables; "Notes on the Miracles;" and "The Study of Words." is bear these titles, "Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems;" "The Martyr;" "Genoveva;" "Elegiac Poems;" and "Poems from Eastern

THE DAY OF DEATH.

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
"Thou must rise and come away;

"All thine other journeys past, Gird thee, and make ready fast For thy longest and thy last." Day, deep-hidden from our sight In impenetrable night, Who may guess of thee aright?

Art thou distant, art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, not seen before Thou art standing at the door, Saying light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace As shall leave me largest space To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head On some loved lap? round my bed Prayer be made, and tears be shed?

Or, at distance from mine own, Name and kin alike unknown, Make my solitary moan?

.ICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

Come thou must, and we must die: Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by, When that last sleep seals our eye.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

OH that day, that day of ire, Told of prophet, when in fire Shall a world dissolved expire!

Oh what terror shall be then, When the Judge shall come again, Strictly searching deeds of men!

When a trump, of awful tone, Through the cave sepulchral blown, Summons all before the throne.

What amazement shall o'ertake Nature, when the dead shall wake, Answer to the Judge to make!

Open then the book shall lie, All o'erwrit for every eye With a world's iniquity.

When the Judge His place has ta'en, All things hid shall be made plain, Nothing unavenged remain.

What then, wretched! shall I speak? Or what intercessor seek, When the just man's cause is weak?

Jesus, Lord, remember pray, I the cause was of Thy way: Do not lose me on that day.

King of awful majesty, Who the saved dost freely free, Fount of mercy, pity me.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Tired Thou satest, seeking me— Crucified to set me free: Let such pain not fruitless be.

Terrible Avenger, make Of Thy mercy me partake, Ere that day of vengeance wake.

As a criminal I groan; Blushing deep, my fault I own; Grace be to a suppliant shown.

Thou who Mary didst forgive, And who bad'st the robber live, Hope to me dost also give.

Though my prayer unworthy be, Yet oh set me, graciously, From the fire eternal free.

'Mid Thy sheep my place command ;

FAROUHAR TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S.

TUPPER was born in London, in 1810. He was educated at the Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. and D.C.L. He Imm, and was called to the bar, but never practised. Mr. Tupper is author and verse. His "Proverbial Philosophy" has passed through upwards

A HYMN FOR ALL NATIONS.*

GLORIOUS God! on Thee we call. Father, Friend, and Judge of all; Holy Saviour, heavenly King, Homage to Thy throne we bring.

In the wonders all around, Ever is Thy Spirit found; And of each good thing we see, All the good is born of Thee.

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks Everywhere in nature's works; Thine is art, with all its worth, Thine each master-piece on earth.

Yea, and foremost in the van Springs from Thee the mind of man; On its light, for this is Thine, Shed abroad the love Divine!

Lo, our God! Thy children here From all realms are gather'd near; Wisely gather'd-gathering still-For peace on earth, towards men good-will.

May we, with fraternal mind, Bless our brothers of mankind; May we, through redeeming love, Be the blest of God above.

the Great Exhibition, 1851, and translated into thirty languages.

TRUST IN GOD.

Psalm xx.

God, in time of trouble, hear thee, And the name of Jacob's Lord, From His sanctuary near thee, Out of Zion help afford! Crown thy sacrifice with fire, All thy gifts remember still, Grant thee all thy heart's desire, And thy choicest wish fulfil!

We will joy in Thy salvation,
And will set our banners high,
In our God!—thy supplication
Be accomplished at thy cry.
Now I know the Lord of heaven
Saveth still His Christ from harm;
Now to Him will strength be given,
By the might of His right arm.



Thou hast heard us, and answer'd the prayer made in the season of death and despair;

Over judgment and terror and pain,

Overy hath triumph'd and saved us again.

Il we remember how dark and how dread tilence brooded o'er living and dead! In we forget with what mercy and might yer which Thou blessest hath scatter'd the blight?

re! for the fulness of plenty and peace
nade us in wealth as in health to increase;
would we thank Thee, because Thou hast given
tness of earth and the favour of heaven.

Father of mercies, accept what we bring cense of praise to the Saviour and King! In a! to Thee let us gratefully live! Unjah! O Lord, when Thou hearest, forgive!

I ISABELLE, MARY FRANCES, AND LARGARET ELENORE TUPPER.

hangthers of Martin F. Tupper, Esq., the preceding writer, have published a ball posms with some translations from the Swedish, entitled "Poems by Three 18, 1864. They have each kindly contributed to the present work.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

THANKFULNESS.

z Thessalonians v. 1.

(Contributed.)

FOR all that God in mercy sends,
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word or deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,—
In everything give thanks!

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LYRA BRITANNICA.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breese,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood_
For the great ocean's mighty flood,—
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee,—
In everything give thanks!

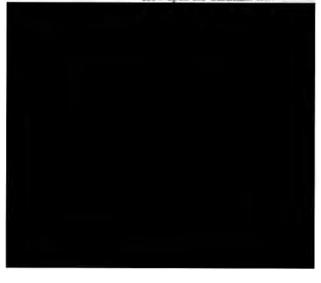
SALVATION.

John III. 16.

(Contributed.)

LISTEN to the wondrous story,

How upon the Christmas mom.



MARY FRANCES TUPPER.

Spent He for His murderers, praying To His Father to forgive; To-the thief repentant saying "Thou in Paradise shalt live!"

Oh! what love in God the Father
To bestow His only Son;
Oh! what love in Christ, who rather
Than the world should be undone,
Came Himself to seek and save us,
Came to claim us for His own;
Freely all our sins forgave us,
Raised us to His glorious throne!

MARY FRANCES TUPPER.

CHARITY.

(Contributed.)

never faileth! O thought beyond compare, whose very name is Love, is with us everywhere; agh the troubled waves of life around us toss and foam, s in the vessel, we are safely steering home.

veet well, refreshing earth, flows ever from on high; test worldly gifts may cease, the fairest flower decay, which springs from love can never pass away.

wer faileth! yea, and they shall be blest, smayed by frowns or sneers, for heaven essay their best; king in their daily rounds, scorn every thought of ill, ing sunshine in their hearts, reflect its gladness still.

ver faileth! ah, life were little worth,
y strifes and jealousies which vex our lovely earth
heir gracious antidote sent down from God above
te hidden poisons in a stream of "perfect love."

MARGARET ELENORE TUPP 3

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

(Contributed.)

Sox of God! all-glorious Saviour, Coming to us from above! What were we to find such favour! What were we to gain such love!

We had sinned,—Thy laws forsaken, All Thy just commands withstood: Evil for our choice had taken When Thou freely gavest good.

In our darkness we were lying
From Thy glorious presence harled. ;
Alien from Thy light, a dying,
Guilty, cursed, and ruined world!



ARET ELENORE TUPPER.

What we, that Thou shouldst love us With such wondrous love as this? by all Thy heavens above us, Orlds of purity and bliss!

For this blot upon creation, Por this wandering sinful one, Recly giving us salvation For the evil we had done!

Shield us, Lord! as Thou hast pardoned, Help us through this daily strife, Reep us from the world unhardened, Living Thy true life in life.

Till from earth in light and glory, Dangers, death, and shadows past, Purified we stand before Thee, Unto Thee made like at last.

STARS.

(Contributed.)

O LORD! we look upon Thy night, And watch Thy wondrous worlds arise, To roll in glory through the skies, And shine in soft, mysterious light.

Then back upon ourselves we turn, How sinful, poor, and weak we seem. How far from Thee our fairest dream, How small the wisdom we can learn.

We strive to gain those worlds afar, Yet all the knowledge man can teach Climbs not a mountain's height to reach The silence of the nearest star.

We class them by hard words, and claim To count them,—yet we fail before Thee, who canst tell their numbers o'er, And call'st each one by its own name!

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Creator of the boundless space!
Creator of each grain of dust!
We cannot know, we only trust.
Until we see Thee face to face.

We cannot comprehend the love

That guides each wandering thought of

That guards the sparrows and the flower.

As surely as vast worlds above.

Lord! by Thy grace so freely given,
Lord! Thou hast shown that in Thy plant
More precious is one soul of man
Than all these mighty orbs of heaven.

O help our frail and darkened sight, Let Thy day-star of love Divine Along our earthly pathway shine, And guide us to Thy perfect light! grant us light, that we may learn How dead is life, from Thee apart; low sure is joy for all who turn To Thee an undivided heart.

O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burden'd hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

O grant us light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

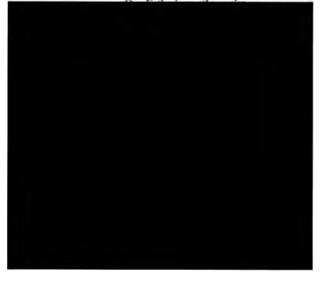
LYRA BRITANNICA.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possest;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light:
When morn his face revealeth,
'Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

FAMILY MORNING HYMN.

COME, let us sing together



One hope in Him we cherish,
One aim in Him pursue,
Each mind to plan the wisest,
Each hand the best to do.

Come, let us learn together
The foes we all must meet,—
The fall for souls presuming,
The snare for careless feet.
Oh weak is mortal virtue!
Oh mad is mortal pride!
The Lord is our salvation,
The Lord shall be our guide.

Come, let us know together
What trials soon may come,
What shadows ere the noon-day
May fall on heart and home.
But best the lot, though bitter,
A Father's love provides;
And best the way, though darksome,
Wherein a Saviour guides.

MRS. WALKER.

DECK is daughter of the late John Deck, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, and sister rge Deck, whose name occurs in an earlier portion of this work. In 1848, she ev. Edward Walker, rector of Cheltenham. To an interesting collection of tymns for Public and Social Worship," edited by her husband, Mrs. Walker has reral compositions. The following hymn, from her pen, is especially esteemed.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

THE wanderer no more will roam, The lost one to the fold hath come, The prodigal is welcom'd home, O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Though cloth'd with shame, by sin defil'd,
The Father hath embrac'd His child,
And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

It is the Father's joy to bless; His love provides for me a dress, A robe of spotless righteousness, O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Now shall my famish'd soul be fed; A feast of love for me is spread; I feed upon the "children's bread," O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace, He puts me in the children's place, Where I may gaze upon His face, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

I cannot half His love express; Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess This blessed portion I possess, O Lamb of God, in Thee.

It is Thy precious name I bear,



BENJAMIN WALLIN.

List was born at London, in 1711. His father was Edward Wallin, pastor of Spation at Maze Pond, London. He was educated under the superintendence and Dr. Stennett. In October, 1741, he became pastor of the Baptist Church, he continued to minister in the same place till his death, which took place Sty, 1782. In 1759, he published an 8vo volume of "Evangelical Hymns and it the following hymn has been transcribed. Mr. Wallin is the author of Spaticial religion.

JESUS A CONQUEROR.

HAIL, mighty Jesus, how Divine Is Thy victorious sword! The stoutest rebel must resign At Thy commanding word.

The strongest holds of Satan yield
To Thine all-conquering hand;
When once Thy glorious arm's reveal'd,
No creature can withstand.

Deep are the wounds Thine arrows give,

They pierce, they kill the heart;
Thy living words Thy slain revive,
And love unknown impart.

Gird now Thy sword upon Thy thigh, Most mighty Prince of peace; Ride forth in full prosperity, Nor let Thy conquests cease.



Giangow. In 1811, he was appointed Professor of Divini Academy of the Congregationalist Church. He died at Giang Dr. Wardlaw edited a collection of hymns for the use of I Memoirs of his life and writings have been published by the Edinburgh, 1856. From this work the following hymns, comp transcribed.

PRAISE FOR DIVINE GO

LIFT up to God the voice of Whose breath our souls in Loud and more loud the ant With grateful ardour fired

Lift up to God the voice of p Whose tender care sustain Our feeble frame, encompass With death's unnumber'd

List up to God the voice of a Whose goodness, passing Loads every minute as it slie With benefits unsought.

Lift up to God the voice of p From whom salvation flow

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD."

CONTEMPLATE, saints, the Source Divine
Whence all your joys have flow'd:
With wond'ring minds, and praising hearts,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Redeem'd from wrath, and from the stroke Of Heaven's avenging rod, Pouring His precious blood for you, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Freed from the pangs of conscious guilt, And sin's afflicting load, To Jesus' blood you owe your peace: "Behold the Lamb of God!"

With holy mind, and heart renew'd, Run ye the narrow road? His sprinkled blood has cleansed your souls, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Each heavenly blessing ye receive Through Jesus is bestow'd; In every good your souls possess "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Hope ye in heaven with God at last
To find your bless'd abode?
Still, as the ground of all your hopes,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

REMEMBER Thee! remember Christ!
While memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of life,
Who saves us by His grace?



A Saviour and a Prince!

His glory now no tongue of n Or seraph bright can tell; Yet still the chief of all His jo That souls are saved from 1

For this He came and dwelt For this His life was given For this He fought and vanqu For this He pleads in heav

Join, all ye saints beneath the Your grateful praise to give Sing loud hosannas to the Lo Who died that you might l

ANNA LETITIA WAR

ARMA LETITIA WARING was born at Neath, Classorguachive, Her father, Ellish Waring, was brother of Samuel Miller We sheeth. Miss Waring is author of a volume entitled "Hyunns a London, 1953, 2800. The following hymn has been copied from permission.

SUPPLICATION.

"Me times are in The hand "-Pr

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the glad with joyful smiles, And wipe the weeping eyes; And a heart at leisure from itself, To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.



SAMUEL MILLER W.

SAMUEL MILLER WARING was son of Jeremiah Waring, was born in 1790. In 1806, he published a duodecimo volume that volume the following hymn has been transcribed. M tember size, in his thirty-sith year.

PLEAD THOU MY CA

PLEAD Thou, O plead my of Each self-excusing plea.

My trembling soul withdraw And flies to Thee.

When justice rears her through Ah, who, save Thee alone, May stand, O spotless One!

Plead Thou my cause.

Ah, plead not aught of mine
Before Thine altar throws
Fragments, when all is This
All, all Thy own!
Thou seest what stains they
Oh, since each tear, each pr
Hath need of pardon there,
Plead Thou my cause.

With lips that dying breathe

Plead, when the tempter's art
To each fond hope of mine
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be Thine.
If slander whisper, too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou who wouldst urge the true,
Plead Thou my cause.

Oh plead my cause above;
Plead Thine within my breast,
Till there Thy peaceful Dove
Shall build her nest.
Thou know'st this will—how frail;
Thou know'st, though language fail,
My soul's mysterious tale:
Plead Thou my cause.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

t justly celebrated of British hymn-writers, ISAAC WATTS, was born at the 17th July, 1674. In childhood he evinced a remarkable precocity: he tin his fourth year, and at the age of seven produced respectable verses, ministry in the Isdependent Church, he was placed by his father at a theo-connection with that body. In 1698, he became assistant in the Independent ex, London, and at the expiry of four years was, on a vacancy, appointed a 1712, being seized with a fever which much enfeebled his constitution, by a course of ministerial exertion, he accepted an invitation from Sir n alderman of the city, to visit him at his residence of Abney Park. The visit a residence of thirty years. He died on the 25th November, 1748, in his Of Dr. Watt's prose works, his Logic and Improvement of the Mind retain His pealms and hymns have been largely included in nearly every hymnongergational or social use. His hymns for children have attained universal nummental statue of Dr. Watts has been reared at Southampton.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky, And air and earth and seas, Conspire to lift Thy glories high, And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

FOR SABBATH EVENING.



THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea; And linger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

OUR SAVIOUR'S RESURRECTION.

BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode!

In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Hell and the grave unite their force To hold our God, in vain; The sleeping Conqueror arose, And burst their feeble chain.

To Thy great name, almighty Lord, These sacred hours we pay, And loud hosannas shall proclaim The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and
With glad hosannas ring.

THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb Amidst His Father's throne; Prepare new honours for His name, And songs before unknown.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

Now to the Lamb, that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy remain For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

THE PROTECTION OF THE CHURCH.

How honourable is the place Where we adoring stand,— Zion, the glory of the earth, And beauty of the land!

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend The city where we dwell; The walls, of strong salvation made, Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys, And live in perfect peace; You that have known Jehovah's name, And ventur'd on His grace.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.



The ruins of her walls shall s
A pavement for the poor.

THE KINGDOM OF CH

Lo, what a glorious sight app To our believing eyes! The earth and sea are pass'd And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where That holy happy place, The New Jerusalem comes de Adorn'd with shining grace

Attending angels shout for joy And the bright armies sing, "Mortals, behold the sacred: Of your descending King.

The God of glory down to m Removes His blest abode; Men the dear objects of His g And He the loving God.

His own soft hand shall wipe

ADOPTION.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace The Father hath bestow'd On sinners of a mortal race, To call them sons of God!

'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear How great we must be made; But when we see our Saviour here, We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath Thy throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

LIFE, THE DAY OF GRACE.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven,—
The day of grace,—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

The living know that they must die, But all the dead forgotten lie; Their memory and their sense is gone, Alike unknowing and unknown.

Their hatred and their love is lost, Their envy buried in the dust; They have no share in all that's done Beneath the circuit of the sun.

Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pursue; Since no device nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd In the cold grave to which we haste; But darkness, death, and long despair Reign in eternal silence there.



SALVATION BY GRACE.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults, How great our guilt has been! Foolish and vain were all our thoughts, And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done,
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.

'Tis from the mercy of our God That all our hopes begin; 'Tis by the water and the blood Our souls are wash'd from sin.

'Tis thro' the purchase of His death, Who hung upon the tree, The Spirit is sent down to breathe On such dry bones as we.

Raised from the dead, we live anew; And, justified by grace, We shall appear in glory too, And see our Father's face.

THE REPENTING PRODIGAL.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine Had wasted his estate; He begs a share amongst the swine, To taste the husks they eat!

"I die with hunger here," he cries;
"I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.



The father saw the rebel com-And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his nec Embrac'd, and kiss'd his s The rebel's heart with sorrow For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shar The father gives command "Dress him in garments whi With rings adorn his hand.

A day of feasting I ordain, Let mirth and joy abound My son was dead, and lives a Was lost, and now is foun

CHRIST'S COMPASSION

WITH joy we meditate the gr Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of tenderne His bowels melt with love

Touch'd with a sympathy wit

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

He, in the days of feeble flesh, Pour'd out His cries and tears, And in His measure feels afresh What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax, But raise it to a flame; The bruised reed He never breaks, Nor scorns the meanest name,

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord, I read my duty in Thy word; But in Thy life the law appears Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so Divine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer; The desert Thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be Thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious image here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

FAITH IN CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.



While like a penitent 1 stan And there confess my sin

My soul looks back to se The burdens Thou didst! When hanging on the curse And hopes her guilt was

Believing, we rejoice To see the curse remove; We bless the Lamb with ch And sing His bleeding lo

GLORYING IN THE (

WHEN I survey the wondrous On which the Prince of glos My richest gain I count but lo And pour contempt on all I

Forbid it, Lord, that I should Save in the death of Christ All the vain things that charm I sacrifice them to His bloo

See from His head, His hands

Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so Divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

SOD, WITH WONDER AND WITH PRAISE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise, On all Thy works I look; But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace Shine brighter in Thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid; Here my best comfort lies; Here my desires are satisfied, And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand Thy law, Show what my faults have been, And from Thy gospel let me draw Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died To save my soul from hell; Not all the books on earth beside Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more, And take a fresh delight, By day to read these wonders o'er, And meditate by night.



Behold the islands with their I And Europe her best tribute b From north to south the princ To pay their homage at His fe

There Persia, glorious to beho There India shines in eastern a And barb'rous nations at His v Submit, and bow, and own the

For Him shall endless prayer! And praises throng to crown I His name like sweet perfume: With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every ton Dwell on His love with sweete And infant voices shall proclai Their early blessings on His na

Blessings abound where'er He The prisoner leaps to lose his c The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are bl

Where He displays His healing

THE SPIRIT IMPLORED.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate!
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

LET every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.



Like floods of milk and w

To perishing and naked poo Who work with mighty p To weave a garment of your That will not hide your sin

Come naked, and adorn you In robes prepared by God Wrought by the labours of I And dyed in His own blo

Dear God! the treasures of Are everlasting mines, Deep as our helpless miserie And boundless as our sins

The happy gates of gospel g Stand open night and day Lord, we are come to seek s And drive our wants away

CHRISTIAN ASSURA

2 Timothy i. 12.

I'm not asham'd to own my
Or to defend His cause;

Firm as His throne His promise stands; And He can well secure What I've committed to His hands, Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name Before His Father's face, And in the New Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

1 Peter i. 3-5.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord!
Be His abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd!

When from the dead He rais'd His Son, And call'd Him to the sky, He gave our souls a lively hope That they should never die,

What though our inbred sins require Our flesh to see the dust, Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose, So all His followers must.

There's an inheritance Divine, Reserved against that day, 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd, And cannot waste away.

Saints, by the power of God, are kept Till the salvation come; We walk by faith, as strangers here, Till Christ shall call us home. acceptant to maximi; who harmes feet East of Harmagnan, a a Wadhagnan. Dantes Weater procredited to Georgia his me to brother bein new west in measuremy. Estimating to Expression at Harachesth, East, and otherwises timerated Harvag matrices in its forgodiest search to beneather the a dee on the unit blench, and, Chorles Wester has been dear on the unit blench, and, and self-spreamly of most other dearman, time been market from magnes, estimates if his possible.

MORNING HTMN

Sax the day-spring from all Usher 2 by the morning san Hinne to Him who sends th Hallow the remains of night

Scale, put at your glations Wating mr: righteensues; Carthel with Christ, aspire Kadamer He of light Disim

Ferm of the course! Room, He in God, and God in His States we Him in its to see, Transcript of the Point.

Burst we then the heads of Lauret by His an-quickenin Ling we to be knowed from

CHARLES WESLEY.

Though the outward man decay, Form'd within us day by day Still the inner man we view, Christ creating all things new.

Turn, O turn us, Lord, again, Raiser Thou of fallen man; Sin destroy, and nature's boast, Saviour Thou of spirits lost.

Thy great will in us be done, Crucified and dead our own; Ours no longer let us be, Hide us from ourselves in Thee.

Thou the life, the truth, the way, Suffer us no more to stray: Give us, Lord, and ever give, Thee to know, in Thee to live.

EVENING HYMN.*

OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours,
All mine enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

Frail, alas! my nature is,

Ever sinking into sin;
I cannot from sinning cease,
All unholy, all unclean;
Yet to Thee for help I seek,
Perfect, Lord, Thy strength in me;
I am strong, when I am weak—
Weak myself, but strong in Thee.

^{*} From "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1749.

O Thou jealous God, come God of spotless purity; Claim, and seize me for Th Consecrate my heart to T Under Thy protection take, Songs in the night-season Let me sleep to Thee, and Let me die to Thee, and

Only tell me I am Thine,
And Thou wilt not quit
Answer me in dreams Divi
Dreams and visions of th
Bid my soul in sleep go on
Restlessly its God desire
Mourn for God in every gr
God in every thought rec

Loose me from the chains
Set me from my body fn
Draw with stronger influen
My unfetter'd soul to Th
In me, Lord, Thyself reve
Fill me with a sweet sur

Oh that I might know Thee mine!
Oh that I might Thee receive!
Only live the life Divine,
Only to Thy glory live!

Or, if Thou my soul require
E'er I see the morning light,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
Perfect me in love to-night;
Finish Thy great work of love,
Cut it short in righteousness;
Fit me for the realms above,
Change, and bid me die in peace.

IN FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.*

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to Thy creature return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.

When Thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged Thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

O wouldst Thou again be made known,
Again in Thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of Thine own
A kingdom that never shall end.
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway.

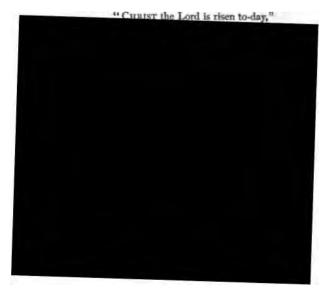
^{*} From "Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord." 1744.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Come then to Thy servants again,
Who long Thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before Thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeased by the charms of Thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like Thine.

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.



Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our exalted Head: Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

What though once we perish'd all, Partners in our parents' fall? Second life we all receive, In our heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move; Still we seek the things above; Still pursue and kiss the Son, Seated on His Father's throne;

Scarce on earth a thought bestow, Dead to all we leave below; Heaven our aim and loved abode, Hid our life with Christ in God!

Hid, till Christ our life appear, Glorious in His members here; Join'd to Him, we then shall shine, All immortal, all Divine!

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to Thee by both be given; Thee we greet triumphant now! Hail, the resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss! Everlasting life is this, Thee to know, Thy power to prove, Thus to sing, and thus to love!

FOR ASCENSION DAY.*

HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes! Christ, awhile to mortals given, Re-ascends His native heaven.

^{*} From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739.

LYRA BRITANNICA

There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!"

Circled round with angel powers, Their triumphant Lord and ours, Conqueror over death and sin; Take the King of glory in!

Him though highest heaven receives, Still He loves the earth He leaves; Though returning to His throne, Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above! See, He shows the prints of love! Hark, His gracious lips bestow Blessings on His Church below!

Still for us His death He pleads;



CHARLES WESLEY.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.*

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year, etc.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year, etc.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year, etc.

Ye who have sold for nought Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesu's love:

The year, etc.

^{*} From "Hymns for New Year's Day." 1750.

FUNERAL HYMN

COME, let us join our friend That have obtain'd the pi And on the eagle-wings of l To joys celestial rise: Let all the saints terrestrial With those to glory gone For all the servants of our l In earth and heaven, are

One family we dwell in His
One Church above, bene
Though now divided by the
The narrow stream, of de
One army of the living Gox
To His command we bor
Part of His host hath cross
And part is crossing now

Ten thousand to their endle
This solemn moment fly,
And we are to the margin c
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host
With wishful looks we st
And long to see that happy

CHARLES WESLEY.

E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

DIVINE LOVE.*

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver!

Let us all Thy life receive;

Suddenly return, and never,

Never more Thy temples leave.

Tymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the us Christ." 1746.



Changed from glory into glor Till in heaven we take our Till we cast our crowns befor Lost in wonder, love, and

FOR THE TIME OF TR

YE servants of God, your Mast And publish abroad His wonde The name all-victorious of Jesu His kingdom is glorious, and r

The waves of the sea have lift t Sore troubled that we in Jesus The floods they are roaring, bu While we are adoring, He alwa

Men, devils engage; the billow And horribly rage, and threate Their fury shall never our stead The weakest believer is built o

God ruleth on high, almighty t And still He is nigh, His press The great congregation His tri Ascribing salvation to Jesus ou

CHARLES WESLEY.

HYMN ON CONVERSION.*

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing My dear Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace!

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,—
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice, The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb, Your loosen'd tongues employ! Ye blind, behold your Saviour come, And leap, ye lame, for joy!

ymn, as published by Charles Wesley in his "Hymns and Sacred 40, extends to eighteen verses. The first six and last four verses are reproduced, and are here omitted.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be saved, through faith alone
Be justified by grace!

See all your sins on Jesus laid!
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

WRESTLING JACOB.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery, or sin declare:
My misery, or sin declare:

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long!

I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies, I sink beneath Thy weighty hand, Faint to revive, and fall to rise; I fall, and yet by faith I stand. I stand, and will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me; I hear Thy whisper in my heart; The morning breaks, the shadows flee; Pure, universal Love Thou art. To me, to all Thy bowels move, Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive.
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live.
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Hath rose with healing in Hi Wither'd my nature's strength; My soul its life and succour b My help is all laid up above,

Thy nature and Thy name is L

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Contented now, upon my thigh I halt, till life's short journey All helplessness, all weakness I On Thee alone for strength de Nor have I power, from Thee, t

Thy nature and Thy name is Lo Lame as I am, I take the prey, Hell, earth, and sin, with eas I leap for joy, pursue my way,

And as a bounding hart fly he Through all eternity to prove Thy nature and Thy name is Lo

AFTER A RELAPSE INTO

DEPTH of mercy, can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbea Me, the chief of sinners, spare!

I have long withstood His grac

CHARLES WESLEY.

I my Master have denied, I afresh have crucified, Oft profaned His hallow'd name, Put Him to an open shame.

I have spilt His precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,
I—and yet am not in hell.

Lo, I cumber still the ground!
Lo, an Advocate is found,—
"Hasten not to cut him down,
Let this barren soul alone."

Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood, He disarms the wrath of God; Now my Father's bowels move, Justice lingers into love.

Kindled His relentings are; Me He now delights to spare; Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lifted thunder drop.

Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my Advocate above; See the cause in Jesu's face, Now before the throne of grace.

There for me the Saviour stands; Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Jesus, answer from above,—
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

LYRA BRITANNICA.

If I rightly read Thy heart, If Thou all compassion art, Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow, Pardon and accept me now.

Pity from Thine eye let fall; By a look my soul recall; Now the stone to flesh convert; Cast a look, and break my heart.

Now incline me to repent; Let me now my fall lament; Now my foul revolt deplore; Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HYMN FOR THE WATCH-NIGHT.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cantion'd souls prepare

CHARLES WESLEY.

The solemn midnight cry—
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom."

Oh may we thus be found,
Obedient to His word!
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
Oh may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest!
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest.

IN TEMPTATION.*

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall:
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand;
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

[•] From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1740.

Plenteous grace with Thee is f Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams aboun Make and keep me pure wi Thou of life the fountain art; Freely let me take of Thee: Spring Thou up within my he Rise to all eternity.

DESIRING TO LOVE

O LOVE Divine, how sweet The When shall I find my willing he All taken up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to pr The greatness of redeeming love The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or Its riches are unsearchable: The firstborn sons of light Desire in vain its depth to see; They cannot reach the mystery, The length, and breadth, and

God only knows the love of God O that it now were shed abroad In this poor stony heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine: O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove;
Thou know'st (for all to Thee is known),
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

O that I could, with favour'd John, Recline my weary head upon The dear Redeemer's breast; From care, and sin, and sorrow free, Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee My everlasting rest.

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

IN A STORM.*

GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word Bids the tempestuous wind arise: Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies.

Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas Thy awful will perform:
From them we learn to own Thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

^{*} From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1740.

Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds
And all the watery world upturn

Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

Rage, while our faith the Saviour t Thou sea, the servant of His wil Rise, while our God permits thee, But fall when He shall say, "Be

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS

HARK, how all the welkin ring "Glory to the King of kings; Peace on earth, and mercy mil God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; Universal nature, say, "Christ, the Lord, is born to-

Christ, by highest heaven ador Christ, the everlasting Lord! Late, in time, behold Him cor Offspring of a virgin's womb.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Hail, the heavenly Prince of peace! Hail, the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by; Born, that man no more may die; Born, to raise the sons of earth; Born, to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home; Rise, the woman's conquering Seed, Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display Thy saving power, Ruin'd nature now restore; Now in mystic union join, Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface, Stamp Thy image in its place; Second Adam from above, Reinstate us in Thy love.

Let us Thee, though lost, regain, Thee, the life, the heavenly man; Oh to all Thyself impart, Form'd in each believing heart!

GLORY TO GOD.*

GLORY be to God on high, God whose glory fills the sky; Peace on earth to man forgiven, Man the well-beloved of Heaven.

Sovereign Father, heavenly King, Thee we now presume to sing; Glad Thine attributes confess, Glorious all and numberless.

[•] From "Hymns and Sacred Poems." 1739-

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Hail! by all Thy works adored; Hail! the everlasting Lord; Thee with thankful hearts we prove Lord of power and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own— Christ, the Father's only Son, Lamb of God for sinners slain, Saviour of offending man.

Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow, Hear, the world's Atonement Thou; Jesu, in Thy name we pray, Take, oh, take our sins away!

Powerful Advocate with God, Justify us by Thy blood; Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow, Hear, the world's Atonement Thou!

Hear; for Thou, O Christ, alone, Art with Thy great Father one;

Hold me fast in Thy embrace, Let me see Thy smiling face; Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give, Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life, Free from sin's uneasy strife, Sweetly ignorant of ill, Innocent, and happy still.

Oh that I may never know What the wicked people do; Sin is contrary to Thee, Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offence, Guard my helpless innocence; Hide me from all evil, hide Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my example be; Thou art gentle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art; Give me Thy obedient heart; Thou art pitiful and kind, Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be, Thou art all humility; Let me to my betters bow, Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil God my heavenly Father's will, Never His good Spirit grieve, Only to His glory live.

Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy pra Serve Thee all my happy days; Then the world shall always se Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

THE JUDGMENT HYMN

Lo! He comes with clouds desce Once for favour'd sinners slain Thousand, thousand saints attend Swell the triumph of His train Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;

Those who set at nought and sold
Pierced, and nailed Him to the
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars

Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and closs

JOHN WESLEY.

Y, second son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and brother of the preceding writer, pworth, on the 17th June, 1703. When a child, he narrowly escaped being th, when his father's rectory was set on fire by some hostile parishioners. He at the Charterhouse, and in his seventeenth year became a student of Christ d. When at the university, he joined some other earnest young men in forming iety. The members met for social prayer, visited the poor, relieved the desti-I twice a week. He declined being nominated as assistant and successor to his repted an invitation to proceed to the new colony of Georgia as a missionary. panied by his brother Charles and others of his Oxford associates. He settled out the strictness of his discipline led to a popular outburst and to his return to his way to Georgia he had met with several pious Moravians, and on his return ame acquainted with Peter Boehler, the Moravian, whose converse led to an in his religious views. Wesley attached himself to Mr. Whitefield; but their on was speedily broken up by the adherence of the former to Arminian tenets, g espousal of Calvinistic doctrines by the latter. By a course of indefatigable h the aid of lay preaching, he effected a remarkable revival of evangelical reinded the religious community which bears his name. He died on the 2nd t his eighty-ninth year.

John Wesley," says one of his biographers, "had a pure taste for poetry, and many of our hymns, but he told me that he and his brother agreed not to dishymns from each others." On this account it is impossible to determine what ritten by him. Tradition assigns to him six or seven original hymns, and it is translated twenty-nine hymns from the German, two from the French, and one sh.

THE BELIEVER'S SUPPORT.*

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee; Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross, Nail my affections to the cross; Hallow each thought, let all within Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray, Be Thou my light, be Thou my way; No foes, no violence I fear, No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, Jesus, Thy timely aid impart, And raise my head and cheer my heart.

[•] Translated from the German of Gerhard Tersteegen.

My strength proportion to my c Till toil and grief and pain shal Where all is calm and joy and]

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'.

FATHER of all, whose powerful v
Call'd forth this universal frame
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the s
Thou, by thy word, upholdest all
Thy bounteous love to all is sh
Thou hear'st Thy every creature':
And fillest every mouth with g

In heaven Thou reign'st, enthron Nature's expanse beneath Thee Earth, air, and sea before Thy sig And hell's deep gloom, are ope Wisdom, and might, and love are Prostrate before Thy face we fa Confess Thy attributes Divine, And hall Thee sovereign Lord

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Thee, sovereign Lord, let all conf

Son of Thy Sire's eternal love,

Take to Thyself Thy mighty power;

Let all earth's sons Thy mercy prove,

Let all Thy bleeding grace adore;

The triumphs of Thy loddisplay,

In every heart reign Thou alone,

Till all Thy foes confess Thy sway,

And glory ends what grace begun.

Spirit of grace and health and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad Thine healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
On Thee we cast our care; we live
Through Thee, who know'st our every need;
Oh, feed us with Thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Sprinkle us ever with Thy blood;
Oh, cleanse and keep us ever clean.
To every soul (all praise to Thee),
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us, for God is love.

Giver and Lord of life, whose power And guardian care for all are free, To Thee, in fierce temptation's hour, From sin and Satan let us flee.

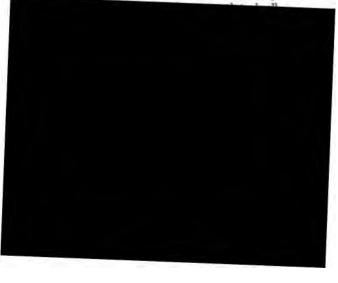
LYRA BRITANNICA.

Thine, Lord, we are, and ours Thou art;
In us be all Thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

Blessing and honour, praise and love, Co-equal, co-eternal Three, In earth below and heaven above, By all Thy works, be paid to Thee. Thrice Holy, Thine the kingdom is, The power omnipotent is Thine; And when created nature dies, Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

THE PILGRIM.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot! How free from every anxious thought, From worldly hope and fear! Confined to neither court nor cell.



I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part
And desecrate the whole:
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

I have no babes to hold me here, But children more securely dear For mine I humbly claim: Better than daughters or than sons, Temples Divine of living stones Inscribed with Jesu's name.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast.

Before the' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil thei
Yet, free as air Thy bounty stream
On all Thy works; Thy mercy's b

Diffusive as Thy sun's, arise.

Astonish'd at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pi

Terrible majesty is Thine!
Who then can that vast love expres
Which bows Thee down to me, wh

Than nothing am, till Thou art : High throned on heaven's eternal h

In number, weight, and measure st Thou sweetly orderest all that is And yet Thou deign'st to come to: And guide my steps, that I, with I Enthroned, may reign in endless

Fountain of good, all blessing flow From Thee; no want Thy fulness! What but Thyself canst Thou de Yes: self-sufficient as Thou art, Thou dost desire my worthless hea This, only this, dost Thou require

Primeval Beauty! in Thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light

Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod, And, trembling, own the' almighty God, Sovereign of earth, air, hell, and sky: But who is this that comes from far, Whose garments roll'd in blood appear? 'Tis God made man, for man to die.

O God, of good the' unfathom'd Sea! Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might, O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength, to Thee unite?

SAMUEL WESLEY.

E eldest brother of the two preceding writers, SAMUEL WESLEY was born in London, the 10th February, 1650. He studied at Westminster School, and, in 1711, was elected to ist Church, Oxford. Having graduated A.M., he became usher in Westminster School, took orders. In 1732, he was appointed Head Master of Blundell's School, Tiverton, conshire. His death took place on the 6th November, 1739. The following hymns are tranbed from a quarto volume, bearing title "Poems on Several Occasions, by Samuel Wesley, 4..." London, 1736.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold; As careless of the noon-day heats, And fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast, Parch'd by the sun's directer ray, The momentary glories waste, The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face Divine, When youth its pride of beauty shows; Fairer than spring the colours shine, And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Let sickness blast, and death de
If heaven must recompense σ
Perish the grass, and fade the fli
If firm the word of God rem:

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPI

HAIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, th In order of the Three; Sprung from the Father and the From all eternity!

Thy Godhead brooding o'er the Of formless waters lay,
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.

In lowest hell, or heaven's heigh Thy presence who can fly? Known is the Father to Thy sig The depths of Deity.

Thy power through Jesu's life d
Quite from the virgin's womb
Dying, His soul an offering man

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third In order of the Three; Throned with the Father and the Word Through all eternity!

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest; Who, joyful in harmonious lays, Employ an endless rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee, We blest and pious grow; By hymns of praise we learn to be Triumphant here below.

On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made:

He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pains extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

INRY KIRKE WHITE was born at Nottingham, on the 21st March, 1785. His father was sutcher. For a period apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, he subsequently obtained less some employment in an attorney's office. In his eighteenth year, he published a volume of 21sts, which attracted attention and commanded the admiration of the poet Southey. His was were now directed towards the Church, and Mr. Simeon, to whom his talents became 21st, became of 21st, and 2

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

The ocean yawn'd, and rudely ble The wind that toss'd my founde

Deep horror then my vitals froze
Death-struck, I ceased the tide
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all
It bade my dark forebodings ce
And, through the storm and dang
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'e I'll sing, first in night's diadem, For ever, and for evermore, The star, the star of Bethlehem

THE HIDING-PLACE.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, we Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake We sing the Saviour of our race, The Lamb, our shield and hiding

When God's right arm is bared fo

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene, The Lamb is our unfailing screen; To Him, though guilty, still we run, And God still spares us for His Son.

While yet we sojourn here below, Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow; Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race, We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage; days and years will glide, And we shall lay these clods aside; Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood, And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed, We, through the Lamb, shall be decreed; Shall meet the Father face to face, And need no more a hiding-place.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O LORD, another day is flown, And we, a lonely band, Are met once more before Thy throne, To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smile wilt deign, As we before Thee pray; For Thou didst bless the infant train, And we are less than they.

Oh let Thy grace perform its part, And let contention cease; And shed abroad in every heart Thine everlasting peace!

WILLIAM WILLIAM:

THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS was born in 1717, at Cofn-ymarthenshire. He originally studied medicine, but abundoned it 8 his connection with the Church of England, in which he had pr attached himself to the Calvinistic Methodists. For half a cent preaching the gospel. His ministrations were universally accept on the 11th January, 1701. Williams composed his hymas chiefly is are still much used by all denominations in the principality. His collected and published by Mr. Sedgwick, along with a sketch Morgan.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S 1

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehov Pilgrim thro' this barren land I am weak, but Thou art mighty Hold me with Thy powerful I Bread of heaven! bread Feed me now and everme

Open now the crystal fountain Whence the healing streams d Let the fiery cloudy pillar When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing;
Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul; be still, and gaze; All the promises do travel On a glorious day of grace; Blessed Jubilee, Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Word resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

May the glorious days approaching
From eternal darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name.
Thousand years,
Soon appear; make no delay.

May Thy eternal wide dominion Multiply, and still increase; May thy sceptre Sway th' enlighten'd world as

Oh, let Moab yield and tremble Let Philistia never boast, And let India proud be scattere With their 'numerable host; And the glory, Jesus, only be to Thee.

THE PROMISED REST

JESUS, lead us with Thy power Safe into the promis'd rest; Hide our souls within Thy bosc Let us slumber on Thy breas: Feed us with the heav'nly mann Bread that angels eat above; Let us drink from the holy foun Draughts of everlasting love.

Throughout the desert wild con-With a glorious pillar bright: In Thy presence we are happy;
In Thy presence we're secure;
In Thy presence all affictions
We will easily endure;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from Thee, we faint and languish;
Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

MRS. WILSON.

ave placed the following hymn under the name of MRS. WILSON, on account of our g it so associated in the Collections. We have failed to verify the authorship. In one tion the date of 1837 is assigned to the composition. We have printed from one of the copies.

HEAVEN.

WE speak of the realms of the bless'd, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories confess'd; But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and treasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure and woe, Still for heaven my spirit prepare; And shortly I also shall know, And feel what it is to be there. was published in 1848. Mrs. Wilson was a person of deep religious e

BLESSINGS IN AFFLICTIO

OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe So sweet a message bear; Dark though they seem, 'twere ha A frown of anger there.

Yes! often has adversity
A richer boon bestowed,
Has oft bequeath'd a purer joy,
Than all that men call good.

Our spirits are too closely bound To earth's delusive toys; Poor baubles we are loath to leav For everlasting joys.

It needs our hearts be weaned from
It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heaven.

And what is sorrow, what is pain,
To that eternal care

He was a Man of sorrows! He, Who loved and saved us thus; And shall the world that frown'd on Him Wear only smiles for us?

No! we must follow in the path Our Lord and Saviour run; We must not find a resting place, Where He we love had none.

PRAISE IN AFFLICTION.*

For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King? For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring? Shall I praise Thee for plenty, for health, and for ease, For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloom'd on my breast, For joys in perspective, or pleasures possess'd? For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight, And the slumber that sat on my pillow at night.

For all this should I praise Thee, and only for this, I should leave half unsung Thy donation of bliss: I praise Thee for sorrow, for sickness, for care, For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

For my nights of anxiety, watching, and tears, A present of pain, a perspective of fears; I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my God, For the good and the evil Thy hand has bestow'd.

The flowers were sweet; but their fragrance is flown, They left me no fruit, they are wither'd and gone; The thorn it is poignant, but precious to me, As the message of mercy that led me to Thee.

* This hymn has been frequently assigned to Mrs. Elizabeth Frv.

INVITATION TO PRAISE.

COME, O come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart and voice and instrument.
Music add of every kind,
Sound the trump, the cornet wind
Strike the viol, touch the lute;
Let no tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live. In still music praises give; Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep, On the earth, or in the deep; Loud aloft your voices strain, Beasts and monsters of the main; Birds, your warbling treble sing; Clouds, your peals of thunders rin Sun and moon, exalted higher, And bright stars, augment the che

Come, ye sons of human race, In this chorus take your place; And, amid the mortal throng, Be you masters of the song. Angels and supernal powers, Be the noblest tenor yours: From earth's vast and hollow womb, Music's deepest bass may come; Seas and floods, from shore to shore, Shall their counter-tenors roar. To this concert, when we sing, Whistling winds, your descants bring; That our song may over-climb All the bounds of place and time, And ascend, from sphere to sphere, To the great Almighty's ear.

So, from heaven, on earth He shall Let His gracious blessings fall; And this huge wide orb we see Shall one choir, one temple be; Where, in such a praiseful tone We will sing what He hath done, That the cursed fiends below Shall thereat impatient grow. Then, O come, in pious lays, Sound we God Almighty's praise!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.

VEN. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., was born in 1807, and was educated at sester, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected a Fellow of his College, and : Orator of the University. In 1836, he became Head Master of Harrow. In 1844, he was ted to a canonry in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Wordsworth has published an edition Greek Testament, and portions of the Old Testament, with notes, and many theological everal historical works and volumes of travels in Greece, Italy, and France. The followymas, from his pen, are transcribed from his Collection entitled "The Holy Year," or mas for Sundays and Holydays."

SUNDAY.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

From storms that round us ri A garden, intersected With streams of Paradise; Thou art a cooling fountain In life's dry, dreary sand; From thee, like Pisgah's mount We view our promised land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home.
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.
To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,

To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining From this our day of rest,

INTERCESSION FOR CHILDREN.

HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gather'd here;
May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure,
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness;
Bless, and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast:
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.
Temples of the Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

A HARVEST HYMN.

OUR hearts and voices let us raise In songs of thankfulness and praise, Our heavenly Father's love to bless, Which crowns the year with fruitfulness.

Cheered by Thy sun and fostering rain, The valleys wave with golden grain; The corn-fields teem with ripen'd shocks, The stalls with herds, the folds with flocks.

May distant climes Thy word receive, Land after land, till all believe And bear the fruit that never dies, Till earth shall bloom like paradise.

!

Shine on us with Thy glorious face, Refresh us with Thy gifts of grace; The gifts which by the Holy Ghost Were shed from heaven at Pentecost.

O may we, like a fruitful field, To Thee a rich abundance yield; And, as the fields with harvest wave, Rise from the furrows of the grave.

So when the angel-reapers come, And Thou shalt keep Thy harvest how We in Thy barn may garner'd be, Thy heavenly barn, eternally.

Praise to our God and Father give, The Source of love in whom we live, Praise to the Son and Spirit be, One only God, and Persons three.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.

When Thou madest heaven and earth, Angels shouted at their birth; Morning stars in chorus sang, When the world from darkness sprang.

When in sin and death we lay, Thou didst wake us into day; Thou, in human nature born, Wast to us a glorious morn.

When Thou didst arise from death, We were quicken'd by Thy breath; We arose with Thee our Head, First-begotten from the dead.

Look on all with pitying eye Who in heathen darkness lie; Scatter, Lord, their shades of night, Dawn upon them with Thy light.

Send to us the Holy Ghost, Give the light of Pentecost; That we may for ever bless Thee, the Sun of Righteousness.

Keep us safe from harm and sin, Foes around us and within; May we know Thee ever nigh, Ever walk as in Thine eye.

Lead us onward, Lord, we pray, To the pure and perfect day, Where we may the glory see Of the blessed Trinity.

Glory to the Father be, Glory, Light of Light, to Thee; With the Father and the Son Praise the Spirit, Three in One. 1842, he received a civil list pension of £300, and in the year foll Laureate. He died at his residence of Rydal Mount, near Grass

HYMN FOR NOONDAY

UP to the throne of God is born. The voice of praise at early mo. And He accepts the punctual h. Sung as the light of day grows.

Nor will He turn His ear aside, From holy offerings at noontide Then, here reposing, let us raise A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be no We must not toil from morn to The respite of the midday hour Is in the thankful creature's po

Blest are the moments, doubly That, drawn from this one hour Are with a ready hand bestowe Upon the service of our God. Look up to heaven! the industrious sun Already half his race hath run; He cannot halt nor go astray, But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east, If we have faltered or transgressed, Guide, from Thy love's abundant source, What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day, Our upward and our downward way; And glorify for us the west, When we shall sink to final rest.

ANDREW YOUNG.

NREW YOUNG is a native of Edinburgh. His father, David Young, was upwards of years one of the most successful teachers in that city. The subject of this notice passed ugh a literary and theological course of study at the University of Edinburgh. In 1890, as elected by the Edinburgh Town-Council to the Head-Mastership of the Niddry Street sol. In this situation he remained eleven years. In 1890, he was preferred to the English tership in Madras College, St. Andrews, an appointment which he held for thirteen years. e his retirement from public duty, Mr. Young has resided in Edinburgh. The following fay-school hymn, which he composed many years ago, appears anonymously in the ections. A correct copy has been kindly supplied to us by the author.

THE HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand— Why still delay?

Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom wol
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

APPENDIX.

WILLIAM BALL.

LLIAM BALL was originally engaged in legal pursuits. In 1835, he purchased the beautiful ste of Glen Rothay, near Rydal, Westmoreland. He has employed a portion of his time in stical composition. Among a number of volumes which he has printed, intended chiefly private circulation, are "Hymns or Lyrics," 1864, 12mo; "Notices of Kindred and Friends parted," 1865; and "The Story of James Beattie, the Aberdeenshire Schoolmaster, versi," 1866. Mr. Ball is a member of the Society of Friends. The two following lyrics, from pen, have been inserted with his permission.

"THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH."

PRAISE to Jesus! Praise to God For the love He sheds abroad, Lightening o'er a world of sin— Glowing in the heart within.

For the pristine promise made E'en in Eden's darken'd shade, For the light of sacrifice, Till the Morning Star should rise.

For the harp of prophecy, Singing of redemption nigh; For the Branch of Jesse's stem; For the birth at Bethlehem.

For the sacred standard spread; For the life our Pattern led; For His precept pure and true; For His doctrine, like the dew.

For His love's inviting call, All embracing, seeking all; For the grace and truth He brought, For the ransom He hath wrought.

O er me grave, and over nen.

For His glorious reign on high, When He rose from Bethany; For the heavenly peace He leav For the Comforter He gives.

For His parting promise dear Of His presence, alway near; For the blest assurance made Of His intercessory aid.

For the pledge that we shall ris In His likeness, to the skies; For the merciful decree That our Friend our Judge shal

All redeeming bounty gives:
All that humble faith receives:
All that rising doubt restrains:
All that drooping hope sustains

Saviour! these to Thee we owe From Thy dying love they flow And we praise, for grace so free Thee, Jehovah-Jesus, Thee.

CTDEAMS IN THE DESEL

APPENDIX.

While streams, which on that tide depend, Steal from the heavenly shores away, And on this desert world descend, O'er weary lands to stray.

They cheer the pilgrim, nigh to sink,
Who, bending 'neath his load of woe,
Delays beside the verdant brink
Where these still waters flow.

There, fainting soul! do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

There droop thy wing, when far it flies
From earth's vain toil and ceaseless strife,
And feed by these still streams, that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life.

It may be that the breath of love

Some leaves on their pure tide hath driven,
Which, floated from the shores above,

Are sent to thee from heaven.

So shall thy pains and griefs be heal'd, By the blest virtue that they bring; So thy parch'd lips shall be unsealed, Thy Saviour's praise to sing. marks, "These poems are the genuine fruits of retirement, and w series of adverse events as led the author to a peculiar habit of coan all-wile, overruling Providence, and to the experience of that solid life which often begins where worldly prosperity ends." The work i

DIVINE COMPANIONSHIF

WHETHER in solitude I stray,
Or walk the city's busy way,
O Thou, my heavenly Guide,
With unremitting care attend;
My God, my everlasting Friend,
O'er all my steps preside.

Though various dangers wait arou And enemies my peace confound, Thou art my refuge still; Though oft my weak and slacken Prevents me in the heavenly race, I wait Thy sovereign will.

From Pisgah's top, with earnest and The sweet inheritance I spy,
Bequeath'd me from above;
The promise sounds, my Saviour'
Makes all my inward soul rejoice,
And fills me with His love.

When, through the force of my disease, I cannot think on Thee,
O Saviour, still my faith renew;
For Thou hast died for me.

Justly I feel Thy chastening rod,
And bow my conscious head:
Whilst Thou with sweet compassion, Lord,
Dost smooth my mournful bed.

At every quick returning pain,
Thou giv'st the balm that heals;
What pangs soe'er the body pierce,
All that the spirit feels.

O Father! to Thy sovereign grace I every comfort owe: One glimpse of Thy paternal face Disperses all my woe.

MRS. CREWDSON.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON, mer JANE FOX, was second daughter of George Fox, Esq., of Perraw, Cornwall. She was born in October, 1809. Of remarkably studious habits, she became early conversant with classical learning, and familiar with the modern languages. In 1896, she married Thomas D. Crewdson, Esq., of Manchester. Delicate from childhood, Mrs. Crewdson became at length a confirmed invalid. For many years she was confined to her bed-chamber. She bore her affliction with Christian patience. "Now as a constant sufferer," communicates Mr. Crewdson, "the spiritual life deepening, and the intellectual life retaining all its power, she became well prepared to testify as to the all-sufficiency of her Saviour's love. Many felt that her sick room was the highest place to which they could resort for refreshment of spirit, and even for mental recreation. From that apartment came many a letter of earnest sympathy, or of charming playfulness." During her period of illness, she produced four volumes of genuine poetry—"The Singer of Eisenach." "Aunt Jane's Verses for Children," "Lays of the Reformation," and "A Little While, and other Poems." She died at Summerlands, near Manchester, on the 14th September, 1803, in her fifty-fourth year.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

"What is this that He saith, A little while?"-John xvi. 18.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,

Making life's desert places bloom and smile!

Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"

Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

LYRA BRITANNICA.

650

- "A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
- "A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.
- "A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness, To pace with weary step through miry ways; Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness, And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.
- "A little while," 'midst shadow and illusion,
 To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
 Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
 Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."
- "A little while," the earthen pitcher taking To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed; Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- "A little while," to keep the oil from failing,
 "A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;

APPENDIX.

That thou hast lost thy skill,
And hast forgot the tuneful melody?—
Thy hand hangs feeble, and thy heart is chill,
And thou hast lost the key?

Exile, take down the lyre! Shake off the dust from every tuneless string! Pass thy hand softly o'er each fragile wire, Look Zionward—and sing!

Heavenward—till, one by one,
The notes of joy thy silent shell o'erflow;
The song they sing before the Saviour's throne,
Must first be learned below.

Thou canst not join their throng,
Till thou hast caught the key-note of their strain;
The foreign land must echo the home-song,
"Worthy the Lamb'once slain."

The music of one Name
O'erflows the courts of heaven with melody;
And pilgrim-lips reply,—"Worthy the Lamb,
For He was slain for me!"

PILGRIM DISCOVERIES.

I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing,
Near every bitter spring;
A whisper'd promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
I've found a Rock of ages,
When desert wells were dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

My Saviour! Thee possessing,
We have the joy, the balm,
The healing, and the blessing—
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.

"BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TI

O THOU whose bounty fills my cup With every blessing meet, I give Thee thanks for every drop, The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road, And for the river-side; For all Thy goodness hath bestow'd, And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee both for smile and frow And for the gain and loss; I bless Thee for the glad increase, And for the waning joy; And for this strange, this settled peace, Which nothing can destroy.

JONATHAN EVANS.

THE REV. JONATHAN EVANS was born at Coventry, about the year 1749. He was originally employed in a ribbon manufactory. Receiving serious impressions, he became a member of the Rev. George Burder's Church, at Coventry. His thoughts having been directed towards the ministry, he purchased a building at Foleshill, in 1784, and there commenced preaching. A congregation was formed, and in April, 1799, he was ordained to their pastoral superintendence. His death took place on the 31st August, 1809. Mr. Evans composed several hymns. The following, which first appeared in Dr. Rippon's Selection, 1787, is there headed F—. A preponderance of evidence seems in favour of Mr. Evans' claims to the authorship. See Note.

FINISHED REDEMPTION.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary; See! it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; "It is finished!" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTI

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, the most extraordinary we second of the three damphters and co-beiresses of Washington, secon born on the agh August, 1797. Early impressed with a sease of I deeply interested in the labours of Whitefield and the Wesleys. Alo Earl, she attended the ministrations of Mr. Whitefield; she afterwe chaphain. Subsequent to the death of Lord Huntingdon, which took; established her residence in London, and began to devote her entit of the Gospel. At first, she invited her friends to listen to the preach in her own house; she subsequently negotiated the erection of chape The College at Trevecca for preparing an agency for her evangelia August, 176d. In 1772, the sent seven missionaries to America, on a and Rev. Walter Shirley composed the hymn inserted under his name "Go, destined vessel," etc. Lady Huntingdon's efforts were strongly clergy, which led to her retirement from the Church of England. He use of the congregations in her Connection, was first published it under her direction, by Mr. Shirley. Her ladyship composed ser future editions, but the list has been lost. Mr. A. C. Holburt S biographer, is of opinion that the two following compositions shoul ladyship's name. Mr. Robinson's hymn, commencing, "Come. Thou has been erroneously attributed to her ladyship. See Note to "Rob

SALVATION SOUGHT.

I love to meet among them now,
Before Jehovah's feet to bow,
Though viler than them all;
But who can bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When He for them shall call?

Dear Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;
Oh, let me see Thy smiling face,
In this my gracious day.
Thy pardoning voice oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall away.

Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face.
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
Till heaven's resounding mansions ring
The riches of Thy grace.

COMFORT OF GOD'S LOVE. •

The world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consum'd Whilst God remained there; The three, when Jesus made the fourth, Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand; But Zion's God sits by, As the refiner views his gold With an observant eye.

This cento was composed by Lady Huntingdon from Nos. 23 and 28 of John ason's Songs of Praise, 1683.

LYRA BRITANNICA.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise;
His wounds a cure intend;
And though He doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,

Though clouds come oft between;

And could my faith but pierce these clouds,

It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And Thou for ever shine;
I have Thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, Thou art ever mine.

MARTIN MADAN.

THE REV. MARTIN MADAN was born in 1726. He was the eldest son of Celonel Martin Madan, of the Guards, by his wife Judith, daughter of the Hon. Spencer Cowper, and the subject of our next notice. He was intended for the bar, but subsequently adopted the circular profession. From a youth of licentiousness, he was converted on hearing a sermon by John Wesley, from the text "Prepare to meet thy God." He had gone to hear Wesley in order in

APPENDIX.

Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword:
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,

On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

REDEEMING LOVE.

Now begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud in Jesu's name; Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove, Triumph in redeeming love.

Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have bee Willing slaves of death and si Now from bliss no longer rov Stop, and taste redeeming lov

Welcome, all by sin opprest, Welcome to His sacred rest; Nothing brought Him from a Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdued th' infernal power His tremendous foes and our: From their cursed empire drum Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring Strike aloud each joyful string Mortals, join the hosts above, Join to praise redeeming love

MRS. MADAN.

MRS. MADAN, Ner JUDITH COWPER, was only daughter of the Hon. Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and niece of Lord Chancellor Cowper. She became the wife of Colonel Martin Madan, of the Guards, and was mother of the Rev. Martin Madan, the subject of the preceding notice, and of Dr. Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough. Her daughter, Mrs. Cowper, composed verses; she is likewise introduced in this work. Mrs. Madan was considerably gifted as a poetess. Several sacred lyrics proceeded from her pen. The following hymn, composed by her, was published in the appendix to the second edition of the Collection used in the chapel of the Lock Hospital (1763).

A FUNERAL HYMN.

In this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see:
Oh assist each faint endeavour,
Raise our earth-born souls to Thee.

Place that awful scene before us
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life Thou shalt restore us;
Lingering ages, haste away!
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let Thy gracious will be done.

come je serore rriin, ami rejo

Know that the Lord is God indee Without our aid He did us ma We are His flock, He doth us fee And for His sheep He doth us

Oh, enter then His gates with pro Approach with joy His courts Praise, laud, and bless His name For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is §
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age end

PRECIOUS PROMISES.+

How firm a foundation, ye saints of t Is laid for your faith in His excellent What more can He say than to you I You, who unto Jesus for refuge have

In every condition,—in sickness, in h In poverty's vale, or abounding in we At home and abroad, on the land, on When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply; The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

REJOICING IN HOPE.*

REJOICE, though storms assail thee; Rejoice, when skies are bright; Rejoice, though round thy pathway Is spread the gloom of night; If the good hope be in thee That all at last is well, Then let thy happy spirit With joyful feelings swell!

Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice!
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seem'd!
Who pour'd those rays of gladness,
Which on thy prospect beam'd?

[·] See Note.

Yes, midst the notes of sorrow
A still small peaceful voice
Mingled its heavenly accents,
And bade thy soul "Rejoice
Raise then thy downcast vision
To you far sacred tree,
Where One, thine "Elder Brot
Wept, bled, and died for the

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be go
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forware
Nearer that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is
"Rejoice for evermore."

NOTES.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, pp. 1-3.

The personal history of Mrs. Adams has hitherto been unknown to hymnologists. Collectors of hymns, on both sides of the Atlantic, have described her as a namican. In a sketch of her life, an American hymnist has claimed her as a native of New York state, and has entered into some particulars as to the children of her district having, on her decease, chanted some of her hymns over her bier. Dr. Belcher, the respectable author of "Historical Sketches of Hymns," (1850, 8vo) has ascribed to her the authorship of "Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief," a work composed by her sister. Mrs. Adams is enrolled among the American poets in "Lyra Americana," a collection of transatlantic hymns, published by the Religious Tract Society (Lond., 1865, 12mo). In that work, and in other collections, her hymn commencing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has been altered in the first line of the second stanza—the indefinite article, "a," being substituted for the definite, "the." Thus, while the poetess is referring to the journey of the patriarch Jacob, when he rested on his stone pillow at Bettel, and dreamed of the ladder of God, she is made to refer to an imaginary dream by a homeless mendicant. The force and beauty of the simile are lost.

JOSEPH ADDISON, pp. 3-7.

Addison published his hymns as sequels to his essays in the Speciator. The hymn beginning "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," is appended to No. 441. The hymn which we have entitled "The Firmament" was attached to No. 463. "How are Thy servants blest," appeared at the conclusion of No. 489. The composition commencing "When all Thy mercies," accompanied No. 453.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, pp. 9-11.

Mrs. Alexander's hymn, commencing "When, wounded sore, the stricken soul," appeared in "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional, for the use of Schools" (1858), and in the "Legend of the Golden Prayer" (1859). The "Hymn for Advent" was originally published in "Verses for Holy Seasons" (1846). A version of the hymn entitled "Faith and Heaven" appeared in "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional," as an "Evening Hymn." The first stanza proceeds—

"The crimson of the sunset sky,
The last gold lines of day;
Along the mountain's rosy verge
How fast they fade away:
Oh for the pearly gates," etc.

In its present form the hymn was published in the "Legend of the Golden Prayer."

HENRY ALFORD, D.D., pp. 15-19.

In the last edition of "Harvest Home" (Poetical Works, 1865), Dean Alford has substituted, in the third stanza, the third and fourth lines contained in the text, for the following, which appear in all former editions—

"From His field shall purge away All that doth offend that day."

JAMES ALLEN, pp. 20, 21.

The hymn "Worthy the Lamb" is contained in the appendix to "A Collection of Hymns for the use of those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Christ" Second edition, Kendal, 1761. The compilers were James Allen, and William and Christopher Batty. Mr. Allen's private copy of the work is in the possession of Mr. C. D. Hardcastle, and this hymn is denoted as is composition by his initials, "J. A.," in his own handwriting. Collectors have generally ascribed the hymn to Christopher Batty. The following composition by Mr. Allen, was the prototype of Mr. Shirley's hymn commencing "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," inserted at pp. 498, 499. It is numbered Hymn in the Kendal Collection. The authorship is denoted by Mr. Allen's initials—

WHILE my Jesus I'm possessing, Great's the happiness I know; While His corpue I am caressing, Sweetest odours round me flow. Happy I'm in His embraces, Proving all His kines sweet; Singing never-censing praises, Mary-like, before His feet.

Oh, how happy are the moments
Which I here in transport spend!
Life deriving from His torments
Who remains the sinner's Friend.
Here II si, for ever viewing
How the blood flows from each vein;
Every stream, my soul bedewing,
Mortifies the carnal flame.

Really blessed is the portion
Ibestined me by sovereign grace:
Still to view Drine compassion
In the Saviour's bruissed face.
'Tis my faced resolution
Jesus Christ, my Lord, to lore;
At His feet to far my station,
Nor from thence a hair's-breadth move.

Here it is I fand my heaven,
While upon my Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
Fill'd with simner-lake contrition,
With my tears His feet I I bathe;
Happy a the sweet fruition
Of my Saviour s painful death.

From His pierced and wounded hody Issued streams of sacred gore; From His hands and feet, so bloody, Flow d a medicine for each sore; From His side, that fountim precious, Pardons with the blood did flow; This to taste is most delicious, Cansing all within to glow.

May I still enjoy this feeling.
In all heed to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing.
And from hence salvation draw!
May I have the Spirit's unction.
Filling me with holy shame;
Still retain a close connection
With the person of the Lamb.

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does not seem to have composed any original hymns. Two other paraphrases, which have been attributed to him, have also been adapted from older ver-

sions. Respecting the authorship of the Scottish paraphrases, modern hymnists have entered into some unprofitable discussions. In Notes and Oueries, May 21, Respecting the authorship of the Scottish paraphrases, modern hymnists have entered into some unprofitable discussions. In Notes and Queries, May 21, 1859, appeared a list of authors of the paraphrases, communicated by a correspondent—"T. C. S.," and dated "Edinburgh." In this paper the fourth paraphrases assigned to "Robert Blair, author of 'The Grave." The authorship of three other paraphrases is denoted by the name "Blair" being placed in juxtaposition with their respective numbers in the series. A London hymnologist, struck with the official aspect of the list, and probably unaware of Dr. Hugh Blair's connection with the paraphrases, hastened to make known the supposed discovery that Robert Blair, author of "The Grave," was also entitled to reputation as a hymn writer. The information was accepted, and the hymnist was congratulated, in a memoir of Robert Blair, on the importance of his discovery, There was error throughout. Robert Blair was mentioned in Notes and Queries as author of the fourth paraphrase only. The other "Blair" of the "list" was Dr. Hugh Blair, of Edinburgh. But error did not stop here. One of the paraphrases, the 44th, ascribed to "Blair," has proved to be a cento from the 43rd of Dr. Joseph Stennett's "Lord's Supper Hymns," and from Hymn 6ta in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, one of Charles Wesley's compositions. The fourth paraphrase assigned in the list to Robert Blair consists of five verses, while in the original version of "Scriptural Translations," issued by the General Assembly in 1745, only three verses are given, and those much inferior to the present version, and totally unworthy of the ingenious author of "The Grave," Robert Blair died in 1746. We have now before us a letter from Robert Blair, Esq., of Avontown, grandson of the author of "The Grave," stating that his ancestor was not known to his descendants as having composed a single hymn!

With respect to the list of paraphrase writers, we have received a communicated it to Notes and Oweries.

With respect to the list of paraphrase writers, we have received a communication from T. G. S., who communicated it to *Notes and Queries*. He states that his information was not derived from original sources, but was chiefly drawn from an edition of the paraphrases, published at Edinburgh in 1836, with notes

by Dr. Stebbing.

JAMES BODEN, pp. 67-69.

A doubt has been expressed as to whether Mr. Boden was the writer of the hymn commencing "Ye dying sons of men," owing to its insertion in the first edition of his collection (1801) apart from his acknowledged originals, but with the signature "B—." As the hymn was composed by him so early as his twentieth year, he may, at a maturer period, have hesitated to acknowledge it. That he was author of the hymn we are entirely satisfied. It appears in two different numbers of The Gospel Magazine in 1777; viz. at pp. 96 and 386. At both entries it is subscribed "J—s B—n," and dated "Chester," where Mr. Boden was then resident. That the skeleton signature did not represent the name of another would appear from the fact that his acknowledged composition—"Bright Source of everlasting love," is inserted in The Evangelical Magazine, in August, 1798, with the open signature "B—n," as on the former occasion.

MICHAEL BRUCE, pp. 97-106.

The hymn, entitled "The Millennium," which we have, on the authority of the latest editor of Bruce's poems, placed among his compositions, has been erroneously assigned to him. The hymn, with some slight variations, was included in the "Scriptural Translations and Paraphrases," issued by authority of the General Assembly, in 1745—the year before Bruce was born. The alterations on the original version, there is every reason to believe, were made by Logan.

GEORGE BURDER, p. 107.

The Dismission Hymn has been so commonly assigned to Mr. Burder by collectors, that it seems necessary we should justify our assertion that he was not the writer. The hymn first appeared in the collections, in 1774. Mr. Burder rublished a collection in 1764, in which he has inserted three hymns of his own companion, but he lays no casin to the authorship of the Dismission Hymn. By has sen, the Rev John Burder, of Clifton, we have been informed that he is oran his facher was not the author. The late Rev. Dr. Herry Forster Burder, another of Mr. Burder's sens, and author of his "Memoirs," has borne similar assumment. The Dismission Hymn has been assigned in the text to the Hon, and Rev. Waher Shirley, on evidence which seems irresistible.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, pp. 123, 124. "When Jordan hash'd his waters stall."

This becam is not contained in Mr. Campbell's poetical works. It was conposed by him in early life, and he could not be persuaded to include it is his colocated poems. We have presented the composition on the authority of our extrement found. Iv. William Beastie, the poet's biographer. A correspondent mirrors as that is one of the collections it is ascribed to "Duncan Campbell, rock."

JOHN CHOOCK, pp. 132-136.

Only an out of twelve verses of Cennick's hymn commencing "Children of the heavenly King" have been inserted in the text. The entire composition is subpassed.

CHILDREN of the horsely King, to be number, promite use; Sing over former's words prime, Common in His works and ways;

We are traveling home to Gol, It the way the fathers tool; Ther are happy near and we took their happeness shall see. For are, brethen; joyil and the horders of over unit fews Christ, over Father (Sa., Bully pur understaying grown

Lord: thediently we go, Gladic leaving all below: Only Thru our Leader be. And we still will follow Thee!

For There of things we torsake, We in better would particle: own periodical; and, having thus attracted the attention of hymn-collectors, part of the composition has appeared in hymn-books both in Europe and America. Certainly neither its writer nor first editor imagined the honour to which it was destined. We are sorry to say that in early life our talented friend was suddenly called from his labours to his eternal rest, not, however, without several years' successful labour in the ministry of Divine truth."

WILLIAM COWPER, pp. 157—166. "God moves in a mysterious way."

This hymn was composed by Cowper, during a solitary walk, at a period when, according to Montgomery, he was "in the twilight of departing reason." Another account of the origin of the hymn is given by Dr. Belcher. He states that the mentally-afficted poet had conceived it was the will of the Supreme that he should perish by his own act in the river Ouse. He ordered a postchaise, and instructed the driver to convey him to a particular spot by the river's bank. The driver having failed, after a long search, to discover the place, Cowper, who believed that at that spot only was he permitted to deprive himself of life, ordered the driver to proceed homeward. On reaching his house, he sat down and composed the hymn. This, we agree with the editor of Notes and Omeries (No. 243) is an evident perversion of the story related by the poet himself, as to his ordering a man to drive him to the Tower Wharf, intending to throw himself into the Thames, and abandoning the intention on finding the wharf pre-occupied.

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee:"

This hymn was composed by Cowper in his retirement at Huntingdon, in 1765, on his recovery from his first and severest mental attack.

JAMES GEORGE DECK, pp. 179-182.

The Rev. Josiah Miller, in his recent work on the "New Congregational Hymn-book," supplies some particulars respecting the personal history of this esteemed hymn writer. Mr. Deck served as an officer in the Indian army. He returned from India to Britain in 1835. In 1843 he began to minister to a congregation of Plymouth Brethren, at Wellington, Somerset. He subsequently resided at Weymouth, and in 1852 emigrated to New Zealand. His work, "Joy in Departing," is a memoir of the conversion and last days of the son of a brother officer, whose dying testimony, in his fourteenth year, evinced the experience of the advanced believer. Mr. Deck has issued several works in connection denomination. In the "Wellington Hymn-book," 1857, there are twenty-seven hymns from his pen, and seventeen others in a volume entitled "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," edited by John U. Scobell.

DAVID DICKSON, pp. 187-189. "O mother dear, Jerusalem."

A Latin hymn of the eighth century, commencing "Urbs beata, Hierusalem," has, like Dies Irve, proved the foundation of several interesting modern compositions. A manuscript quarto volume in the British Museum, No. 15,235, contains (p. 72) a hymn of twenty-six stanzas, entitled "A Song mad by F. B. P. to the tune of Diana." Fourteen verses of this composition have been published by Sir Roundell Palmer, in his "Book of Praise." There is no date attached to it, but there is evidence to show that it was not written prior to 1676. Dickson's hymn is so far a variation on the Museum version, but extends to thirty-six additional stanzas. From the expression, "Our Ladie," which occurs in the latter, it would appear to have been composed by a Roman Catholic. Dickson had probably seen the Museum copy in the form of a tract, and, admiring its strain, had adopted it as the foundation of a hymn for Protestants. His version was printed in a broadsheet. In a valuable paper in Excelsior, a religious serial, the ingenious writer traces the original conception of the hymn to St. Augustine. See Excelsior, Lond., 1854, vol. 1, pp. 267—276.

The Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar has edited Dickson's hymn, accompanied with a valuable introduction. Dickson published, among other works, "A Brief Explication of the Psalms," in three separate parts. Lond., 1655—5; 8v: a "Truth's Victory over Error; "Glasgow, 12mo; and "True Christian Love a Poem." In the last, an address to the reader is contained in these quaint lines— "Since Christ's fair truth needs no more art, Take this rude song in better part."

Take this risde song in better part."

A volume of his "Select Practical Writings" was issued by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, in 1845. A memoir of the author is prefixed. A sketch of his life and writings, by the Rev. Robert Wodrow, accompanies an edition of "Truth's Victory," published in 1764.

The second version of the Jerusalem hymn, presented in the text, is transcribed from Williams and Boden's collection 1801. It is there described as having been copied from the Eckington Collection. As stated in the text, the first rendering of the hymn in its modern form is contained in Burkitt's "Help and Guide to Christian Families." We append Mr. Burkitt's version.

JERUSALEM! my happy home, When shall I come to thee? When shall my labours have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy gates are richly set with pearls, Most glorious to behold; Thy walls are all of precious stone, Thy streets are paved with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant fruits Continually are green; So sweet a sight by human eye Has never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord, Why must I keep from thence? What folly is't that makes me loth To die, and go from hence?

Stretch forth, reach down Thise arm of And cause me to ascend, [grace, Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end.

When wilt Thou come to me, 0 Lord!
O come, my Lord most dear;
Come, nearer, nearer still,
I'm well when Thou art near.

My dear Redeemer is above: Him will I go to see; And all my friends in Christ below Shall soon come after me.

Jerusalem, my happy home, O how I long for thee! Then shall my labours have an end, When once thy joys I see.

JOHN DRYDEN, pp. 209, 219.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, pp. 246-251.

The hymns of Sir Robert Grant have been frequently attributed to his brother, the late Lord Glenelg. Dr. Belcher has described the brothers as one and the same individual. Lord Glenelg communicated to us, some time before his death, his anxious wish that full justice might be done to the memory of his gifted brother, as the author of these hymns. His lordship died in February, 1866.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D., pp. 291-296. "From Greenland's icy mountains."

The following letter, addressed by the Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, to Dr. Lowell Mason, the celebrated American composer, supplies some interesting particulars respecting the origin of Heber's "Missionary Hymn." The manu-

Dr. Lowell Mason, the celebrateu animalization of Holder's "Missionary Hymn." The manuscript of the hymn is in the possession of Dr. Raffles family.

"Heber," writes Dr. Raffles, "then rector of Hodnet, married the daughter of Dean Shipley, rector or vicar of Wrexham, in North Wales. On a certain Saturday, he came to the house of his father-in-law, who resided at the rectory or vicarage, to remain over Sunday, and preach, in the morning, the first sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the dean said to Heber, 'Now, as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning.' Immediately he took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote that hymn, which, had he written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the dean, and said, 'Will that do?' 'Aye,' he replied: 'and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon. 'But,' said Heber, in the people may sing it after the sermon. 'But,' said Heber, he seams the sermon.' But,' said Heber, 'Now, as you have a supposed to 'Twas when the seams.' Will that do? Aye, he replied; and we will have a primer and down in the peas, that the people may sing it after the sermon. 'But,' said Heber, 'to what tune will it go?' 'Oh,' he added, 'it will go to "Twas when the seas were roaring." And so he wrote in the corner, at the top of the page, 'Twas when the seas were roaring. What that tune is I do not know, but it may be easily ascertained. The hymn was printed accordingly, and from the file of the easily ascertained. The hymn wa printer I obtained the manuscript.

printer I obtained the manuscript.

"I have seen another version of the story of the hymn, which states that it was on Whitsunday, 1810, and that it was for a sermon in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. I cannot wouch for the correctness of either. 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

"The only correction in Heber's manuscript occurs in the seventh line of the second stanza, where he had originally written 'The savage, in his blindness,' which he altered to 'The heathen, in his blindness.' Below the stanzas is written in pencil: 'A hymn to be sung in Wrexham Church, after the sermon, during the collection.'"

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM, pp. 297-299.

We are again indebted to the Rev. Josiah Miller for some biographical particulars. Mr. Heginbotham was born in 1744. About the year 1762, he was elected by a majority of members to the pastorate of a Congregational Church at Sudbury; but the minority having protested, his settlement was deferred. Several years having elapsed without the prospect of a re-union, the neighbouring ministers advised that Mr. Heginbotham's settlement should be proceeded with. He was accordingly ordained to the ministry at Sudbury, on the sort November, 1765. This event was followed by a separation, the minority electing another pastor, and forming themselves into a new congregation. These contentions greatly distressed Mr. Heginbotham, who fell into consumption. He died in 1768, in his 24th year.

ROBERT HERRICK, pp. 306, 307.

Herrick's Litany to the Holy Spirit is one of the many modern compositions founded on the Dies Ire of Thomas de Celano.

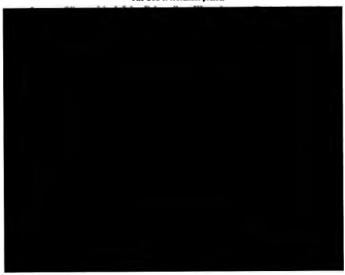
JAMES MONTGOMERY, pp. 415-421.

Mr. Montgomery repeated his version of the seventy-second Psalm, at the close of a speech at a missionary meeting held in the Wesleyan chapel, Liverpool, on the 14th April, 1822. Dr. Adam Clarke, who presided, begged the manuscript, and inserted it in his "Commentaries" in connection with the psalm. In the following June, Montgomery published his version in the "Songs of Sion." The hymns entitled "Glory to God," "Good Tidings," and "The Preparation of the Heart," were originally contributed to Cotterill's Collection (1819). "Prayer" was contributed to the Rev. John Bickersteth's Collection (1819). The hymn, "On opening a place for worship," was composed for the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of St. George's church, Sheffield, July 9th, 1821.

IOHN MORRISON, D.D., pp. 430, 431.

Since the text was printed, we have learned some further particulars respecting the personal history of Dr. Morrison. He was born in the country of Aberdeea, in 1749. He studied for the ministry, and was early distinguished for his ability and learning. In 1780, he was ordained to the pastoral care of the parish of Canisbay, Caithnesshire. Under the signature of "Musaeus," he had, in early life, contributed verses to the Edinburgh Weekly Magazine, and he was consequently, on the recommendation of the Rev. John Logan, placed on the General Assembly's committee for preparing the Church Paraphrases. He is understood to have composed paraphrases 19th, 31st, 39th, 30th, and 35th, and to have written, conjointly with Logan, Nos. 27 and 28. Those hymns which we have reproduced in the text are paraphrases 30th and 19th. The latter is founded on a hymn of Dr. Watts (See Wattis 4 Hymns, Book i., Hymn 13). Dr. Morrison died in the manse of Canisbay, on the 12th June, 1798. In the text we have inaccurately stated that his death took place in 1799.

THOMAS OLIVERS, pp. 450-452. " The God of Abraham praise."



ROBERT ROBINSON, pp. 479-481.

"Come. Thou Fount of every blessing."

The Religious Tract Society, and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, in their recently published Hymnals, have attributed this hymn to the Countess of Huntingdon. In lished riymnais, nave attributed this hymn to the Countess of Huntingdon. In the preface to his compilation Mr. Spurgeon acknowledges that both in respect of the authorship and textual purity of his selected hymns, he has mainly relied on the authority of Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, bookseller, Sun Street, Bishopsgate. Mr. Sedgwick has stated his sentiments respecting the authorship of the hymn in several serial publications. As the question is of interest to every student of hymnody, and of no inconsiderable public importance, we purpose to enter into

hymnody, and of no inconsiderable public importance, we purpose to enter into it fully.

Mr. Sedgwick is owner of a volume of Charles Wesley's "Hymns and Sacred Poems," published in 1746, which contains on a fly-leaf five manuscript stanzas of sacred verse, of which the three former form the hymn usually ascribed to Mr. Robinson. The volume is inscribed on the title-page, "Diana Bindon, 1759." It is admitted that this inscription proves that the volume was at the date 1759 the property of Mrs. Bindon, otherwise Mrs. Bindon Blood, 166 Miss Vandeleur, an intimate friend of Lady Huntingdon. Mr. Sedgwick maintains that the manuscript stanzas are also in the handwriting of Mrs. Bindon, who had copied them (he believes) from the original MS. of the countess. He holds that the stanzas were transcribed about ten years before the written date on the title-page, and that they were composed at that period by the countess, she being moved thereto by some adverse events in her family. At the period to which he refers, Mr. Robinson was an apprentice and unconverted. son was an apprentice and unconverted.

The only written date on Mr. Sedgwick's volume is 1759. That date is attached to Mrs. Bindon's name. No doubt Mrs. Bindon placed her name upon the volume at the time of making purchase of it. The writing on the fly-leaf, it is therefore reasonable to conclude, took place in, or subsequent to, 1759, when the volume was obtained from the bookseller.

Mr. Robinson's hymn was printed at Norwich in 1758, a year before Mrs. Bindon seems to have made purchase of her volume. But Mr. Sedgwick pointed—at least on his first discovery—to the fact that the MS. contained five stanzas, while Mr. Robinson's hymn has no more than three. And the additional stanzas, while Mr. Rounison's nymn has no more than three. And the additional stanzas, both of them, have been pronounced by a hymnologist in the *Presbyterian Messenger* (May, 1861) to be "the finest of them all." Without these stanzas, this writer proceeds to remark, "the beauty "of the composition "is lost." We quote the fourth stanza

"Oh that day when, freed from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely face! Clothed then in blood-washed linem, How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace! Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry, Take my raptured soul away; Send Thy angels now to carry Me to realms of endless day."

Mr. Sedgwick had, like the *Presbyterian Messenger's* correspondent, arrived at an opinion most favourable to all the five stanzas. In *Notes and Queries* (Dec. an opinion most favourable to all the five stanzas. In Notes and Queries (Dec. 29, 1860), he suggests that Robinson had plundered the first three stanzas from Lady Huntingdon. This theory, he adds, is more reasonable than that Lady Huntingdon should have adopted Robinson's verses. Not so, according to his subsequent admission. For Mr. Sedgwick has been forced to acknowledge (Presbyterian Messenger, June, 1861) that the fifth verse of his MS. is a literal transcription from Charles Wesley! ("Hymms and Sacred Poems," vol. ii. Hymn 51, 749.) Sohe has proved the writer of his MS. to be either a deliberate plagiarist, or the victim of one! That plagiarist was not Lady Huntingdon, for in the various editions of her hymn-book the three stanzas of the hymn ascribed to Robinson are inserted only. Nor did her ladyship, according to Mr. Sedgwick's more matured judgment, compose the fourth or doggerel stanza quoted above. It was, he thinks, "made by Miss Vandeleur herself, in order to introduce the fifth verse, and so form a link between her two favourite poets." Thus the entire narrative respecting the MS. crumbles into nought.

We shall now adduce direct testimony in favour of Mr. Robinson's claims.

We shall now adduce direct testimony in favour of Mr. Robinson's claims. Memoirs of his life have been published by his nephew, the Rev. William Robinson, of Cambridge. There is in that reverend gentleman's possession "a Church

book," which belonged to Mr. Robinson, and which contains a catalogue of his works up to the year 1781. The three following extracts refer to his contributions to sacred verse. "While R. was among the Methodists, the Rev. George Whitefield published eleven hymns composed by him for a fast-day (1757)." "Mr. Wheatley, of Norwich, published a hymn, beginning,

'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.-

since reprinted in the hymn-books of Messrs. Madan, Wesley, Gifford, &c. 1758." "A Christmas hymn, set to music by Dr. Randall, and, with the notes engraven on a copper-plate half-sheet. It begins—

Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,' etc.

Mighty God, while angels bless Thee, etc.

1774."

These entries are in Mr. Robinson's own handwriting. This is proved by his biographer. The accuracy of Robinson's claim to the hymn published in 1774 is admitted. The truthfulness of the first entry is attested by the fact that Whitefield did publish, in 1757, "Eleven Hymns for a Fast-day," which he describes in the preface as from "an unknown hand." the hymns being sent to him by Robinson anonymously. If these two statements have been correctly made, there is a strong probability that the third is well-founded. Mr. Robinson was residing at Norwich in 1758, the date at which Mr. Wheatley published this hymn. I'll the alleged discovery of Mr. Sedgwick, the hymn has universally been ascribed to Mr. Robinson, and never, in a single instance, to the Countess of Huntingdon. We have now before us "A Collection of Hymns adapted to Public Worship," third edition, 1778, in which Mr. Robinson is named as the author. This, let it be observed, was while Lady Huntingdon lived, when her ladyship or her friends had an opportunity of correcting the ascription of it, had

it been erroneous

it been erroneous.

The learned biographer of Lady Huntingdon positively repudiates the ascription of this hymn to her ladyship. We quote from a letter we have received from that gentleman:—"I expressed an opinion to Mr. Sedgwick several years ago," writes Mr. Seymour, "and this opinion I have repeated to him at intervals, that I do not believe Lady Huntingdon wrote the hymn in question. Now, after mature investigation and a close examination of all the facts on both sides, I firmly adhere to the opinion that the hymn was not composed by the countes

673 NOTES.

Church has communicated to Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour, Lady Huntingdon's biographer, that his grandfather, who was one of Mr. Robinson's own deacons, had handed down in his family that the hymn was composed by his pastor. In his "Historical Sketches of Hymns," the Rev. Dr. Belcher relates a narrative, which, as bearing on Mr. Robinson's claims, we shall present entire. The reverend doctor states that he received it from a descendant of one of the parties concerned in it. "In the latter part of his life," writes Dr. Belcher, "when Mr. Robinson seemed to have lost much of his devotional feeling, and when he indulged in habits of levity, he was travelling in a stage-coach with a lady, who soon perceived he was well acquainted with religion. She had just before been reading the hymn of which we are writing, and asked his oninion of it—as she reading the hymn of which we are writing, and asked his opinion of it—as she might properly do, as neither of them knew who the other was. He waived the might properly do, as neither of them knew who the other was. The waived the subject, and turned her attention to some other topic; but after a short period she contrived to return to it, and described the benefits she had often derived from the hymn, and her strong admiration of its sentiments. She observed that the gentleman was strongly agitated, but, as he was dressed in coloured clothes, did not suspect the cause. This garb Robinson was compelled to assume in traclid not suspect the cause. In signify Koomson was compelled to assume in travelling, as wherever he was known, he was pressed to stay to preach. At length, entirely overcome by the power of his feelings, he burst into tears, and said,—'Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn; and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I then had." To this narrative we attach no undue importance as a matter of evidence; but it bears the aspect of truth.

In Mr. Robinson's recent "Memoirs," there is a letter of his, bearing date, December 3, 1766, in which he writes, "Who could tell you I was an author? My works consist of eleven hymns, which Mr. Whitefield printed; besides these I have printed nothing." He refers of course to the eleven hymns formerly noticed.

have printed nothing." He refers of course to the eleven hymns formerly noticed. The omission of reference to the hymn of 1758 has furnished a ground of argument to Mr. Sedgwick. Mr. Robinson did not print the hymn in question; it was printed by Mr. Wheatley. But, though the denial had been emphatic, would such denial invalidate a subsequent acknowledgment?

Mr. Sedgwick has latterly changed his course of argument. He has discovered, he communicates to Notes and Queries, that Mr. Robinson did write a hymn similar to that which he attributes to Lady Huntingdon; and so he now exempts him from the charge of directly appropriating her ladyship's verses! The hymn which he assigns to Mr. Robinson begins—

"Hail, Thou Source of every blessing."

This composition has not been traced beyond Mr. Bickersteth's Psalmody, 1833, Robin. being attached to the first line in the index of that work. No doubt Mr. Bickersteth meant Robinson by the abbreviated symbol; but as he has likewise ascribed Williams's "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah" to Mr. Robinson, and has made very many blunders in his statement of authors, his authority need scarcely be discussed.

scarcely be discussed.

The present controversy took origin in 1858. A query on the subject of the hymn, subscribed "D. S.," which appeared in Notes and Queries (vol. v., p. 171), was answered by Mr. Sedgwick, who ascribed the hymn to Lady Huntingdon. The history of the controversy since has just been stated. We trust that it has now closed, and that no further attempt will be made to do injustice to the memory of one of the most ingenious of our sacred poets.

WALTER SHIRLEY, pp. 498-508.

The personal history of Mr. Shirley has hitherto been imperfectly known. To Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour we are indebted for the following particulars of his career: "Mr. Shirley," writes Mr. Seymour, "took a conspicuous part in the controversies of his day. His visits to the London residence of his relative, Lady Huntingdon, brought him into intimate relation with the leaders of the Methodists. rausinguon, orought mm into intimate relation with the leaders of the Methodists. He attributed his conversion to the Rev. Henry Venn, and delighted to describe himself as his 'son in the gospel.' He became one of Lady Huntingdon's chaplains, and entered courageously into the career which the groat Methodists around him had begun. The clergy of the metropolis proceeded to exclude him from their pulpits, and, though carefully conforming to established rules, he became everywhere the object of reproach. "Mr. Shirley possessed an active intellect, a fervent heart, and an eloquent style. He went forth, preaching with remarkable success at Bath, Brighton, Bristol, and Norwich, and at many places in Ireland. He subsequently obtained the living of Loughrea, county Galway; but the hostility of his ecclesiastical superiors still continued to embarrass him. He met the oppositions with a magnanimous defiance. Dr. Cope, bishop of Clonfert, warned him to lay aside his 'exceptionable doctrines,' and threatened to 'proceed in the most effectual manner to suppress all such.' He answered promptly, 'Menaces, my lord, between gentlemen, we illiberate that when they cannot be not into execution, they are contemptible.' press all such.\(^1\) He answered promptly, 'Menaces, my lord, between gentlemen, are illiberal; but, when they cannot be put into execution, they are contemptible.\(^1\) He enumerated his doctrines, and showed that they were not exceptionable. 'He preached,' he said,' justification by faith alone, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, regeneration, the full assurance of faith as the privilege of God's believing people, whereby they know that their sins are forgiven them for Christ's sake, and the necessity of good works as the fruits of faith.' 'These,' he added,' are the doctrines which I must and will preach, in defiance of the whole world.' Mr. Shirley expressed himself, in conclusion, desirous of the friendship of the bishop while his lordship's conduct toward him should be such as is 'due to a gentleman and minister of 'Christ;' but,' he adds, 'I see no necessity for submitting to be trampled on by the first man in the kingdom.'

trampled on by the first man in the kingdom.

"Mr. Shirley numbered among his friends Whitefield, Romaine, Venn, Berridge, Toplady, the Wesleys, and many others, with whom he zealously co-operated in reviving the spirit of evangelical religion. His son, the late Rev. Walter Shirley (father of the late bishop of Sodor and Man', was for some years a successful preacher in Dublin and other parts of Ireland."

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JUN, pp. 503-506.

Two compositions of Mr. Shrubsole have been ascribed to others. The missionary hymn, beginning "Bright as the sun's meridian blaze," was assigned to the Rev. Matthew Wilks, minister of the Tabernacle, London, who died in 1830. The compilers of the New Congregational Hymn-book had ascertained the actual writer, and have attached his name to a mutilated version. The erroneous ascription of the hymn to Mr. Wilks has, however, been revived by Mr. Miller,

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appeared in the pages of that serial on February 26, 1831. It was included in her volume, entitled "April Hours" (Edin. 1838, 16mo). When this volume was made known to the hymnists, they discovered the omission of a stanza in Mrs. Simpson's original, and hence proceeded to contend that the hymn had certainly been completed by the earl. It proved otherwise. The stanza, it was found had appeared in the original copy, and had been simply omitted in the volume.

The hymnist did not readily vield their position. Lord Carliele kaying.

The hymnists did not readily yield their position. Lord Carlisle having written the hymnists position in the volume. The hymnists did not readily yield their position. Lord Carlisle having written the hymn beginning "Lord, when we creation scan," was, they maintained, still entitled to an honourable place in British hymnody. But his lordship did not compose this lyric. The writer is the late Dr. James Dacre Carlyle, Congregational minister at Woolwich. A blundering collector, in transferring the hymn from the doctor's volume, had spelt his name "Carlisle"!

CHARLES WESLEY, pp. 504-618.

The Judgment Hymn of Charles Wesley, p. 618, is one of the most effective renderings of the celebrated Dies Ira, by Thomas de Celano. It constituted Part Second of a hymn in three parts, entitled, "Thy Kingdom Come," published by Wesley in his "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind," 1758.

Another rendering of the Dies Ira, composed in the same striking measure, was walkished but the Pau Lohe Compiler in 1809.

published by the Rev. John Cennick, in 1752. It proceeds as follows:-

Lo! He cometh, countless trumpets
Blow before the bloody sign.
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See the glorified shine.
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb.

Now His merit by the harpers
Through the eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shines His nail-prints, Every eye shall see His wounds; They who pierced Him Shall at His appearance wail.

Every island, sea, and mountain, Heaven and earth shall flee away; All who hate Him must ashamed Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of man. Now who love Him view His glory, Shining in His bruised face; His dear person on the rainbow, Now His people's head shall raise. Happy mourners! Now in clouds He comes, He comes.

Now redemption, long expected, See in solemn pomp appear; All His people, once despised, Now shall meet Him in the air, Hallelujah!

Now the pro nised kingdom's come.

View Him smiling, now determined Every evil to destroy; All the nations now shall sing Him Songs of everlasting joy.

O come quickly,

Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

In 1760, the Rev. Martin Madan compiled a Judgment Hymn, by an amalgamation of the compositions of Wesley and Cennick. Madan, it will be remarked, has adapted, with few alterations, the first, second, and fourth stanzas of Wesley, and the third and fifth verses of Cennick.

LO! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain; Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen!

Every eye shall now behold Him, Robed in dreadful majesty; They who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see,

Every island, sea, and mountain, Heaven and earth shall flee away; All who hate Him must, confounded, Hear the trump proclaim the day; Come to judgment! Come to judgment, come away!

His cento proceeds as follows:-Now redemption, long expected, See in solemn pomp appear; All His saints, by man rejected, Now shall meet Him in the air; Hallelujah! See the day of God appear!

Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee, High on Thine exalted throne! Saviour, take the power and glory; Claim the kingdoms for Thine own: O come quickly! Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

About 1758, Thomas Olivers published a hymn on the Last Judgment, commencing-

"Come, immortal King of glory, Now in majesty appear;
Bid the nations stand before Thee,
Each his final doom to hear; Come to judgment, Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

LYRA BRITANNICA.

Olivers composed for his hymn the tune *Helmsley*. To the twenty stanzas, of which it was originally composed, he afterwards added sixteen others. In its new form, the fourth stanza proceeded:—

Mark, the trump of God is blown,
And the archange's voice, attending,
Makes the high procession known.
Sons of Adam,
Rise, and stand before your God."

The similarity of the stanza and the use of a line of Wesley's composition have led many collectors to assign the original of these versions of the Judgment Hymn to Olivers.

The following is believed to be a correct list of the poetical works of the Rev. Charles Wesley. Several volumes in the list were issued in connection with his brother John.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. 1738. Hymns and Sacred Poems. 1739. Hymns and Sacred Poems. 1740. A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. 1741. Hymns on God's Everlasting Love. 1741.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love. 1741.

Hymns and Sacred Poems. 1742.

An Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq., etc. 1742.

Hymns for the Nativity. 1744.

Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution. 1744.

A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems, from the most celebrated English Authors, 3 vols. [Vol. iii. contains 23 original hymns and poems by John and C. Wesley.] 1744.

A Confession of Faith, sung by all the Brethren and Sisters at the general Lovefeast, September 4th, 1744, in the Tabernacle, London. 1744.

Funeral Hymns. 1744.

Funeral Hymns. 1744. Hymns for Times of Trouble for the Year. 1745.

Hymns for the Lord's Supper. 1745. Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus

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Hymns written in the Time of the Tumults, June, 1780. Hymns for the Nations in 1782.
Prayers for Condemned Malefactors. 1785.

Of this remarkable list of publications in sacred verse, some occupy only a few pages, others are volumes of considerable bulk. The work entitled "Short Hymns on Select Passages, etc.," contains, in the first edition, no fewer than 2146 compositions. Besides these works solely confined to sacred poetry, C. Wesley has published hymns in the following prose works, issued by himself and his brother John:—"A Short View of the Difference with the Moravian Brethren" (1741): zix hymns. "A Word in Season" (1745): two hymns. A Word to a Protestant" (1747): three hymns. "Semon, the Catholic Spirit" (1758): sven hymns. "Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England" (1758): sven hymns, entitled "Hymns for the Use of the Methodist Preachers." Many hymns by Charles Wesley have been published, since his death, in Methodist Magazines and other periodicals, besides his version of nearly the whole of the Psalms of David, edited periodicals, besides his version of nearly the whole of the Psalms of David, edited by Rev. H. Fish, 1854.

The following selections from his other works were issued by Charles Wesley.

A Collection of Hymns. 1742. Hymns for the Watchnight. About 1750. Hymns and Spiritual Songs, intended for the use of real Christians of all

denominations. 1753. Hymns for those to whom Christ is all in all.

Select Hymns, with tunes annexed, designed chiefly for the use of the people called Methodists. 1761.

A Collecting of U. A Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists. 1780. (Sup-

plement, with a few originals, 1831.)

A Pocket Hymn-book, for the use of Christians of all denominations. 1785.

Another volume with the same title. 1787.

A Small Pocket Hymn-book for the use of Children. 1788.

Such is the list of C. Wesley's published works, containing sacred verse; and if we take into account that upwards of 2000 hymns from his pen are still in manuscript, it will be admitted that such capacity in the composition of religious poetry has not been approached in any age.

JONATHAN EVANS, pp. 653, 654. "Hark! the voice of love and mercy."

The authorship of this hymn has not been fully determined, but on the whole we are inclined to assign it to Mr. Evans. It first appeared in Rippon's Selection (1787), where its origin is indicated thus "F——." Consequent on the initial, collectors at first attributed the authorship to the Rev. Benjamin Francis, Baptist minister, Horsley, Gloucestershire, who died in 1799. But Mr. Francis contributed hymns to the same edition of Rippon's Selection, accompanied with his name; and, in the preface, the editor awards him special acknowledgments. Besides, Mr. Francis' son has stated that his father never mentioned to him the Besides, Mr. Francis' son has stated that his father never mentioned to him the hymn as his composition. Respecting the claims of Mr. Evans, there is a tradition at Foleshill, where he resided, that he composed the hymn. The authorabip is assigned him by Dr. John Styles, one of his successors (Evangelical Magazine, March, 1847). The indication "F—," in Rippon's Selection, was probably intended to denote Foleshill, the place of his ministrations. Mr. G. L. Withers, the present Congregational minister at Foleshill, entertains an opinion adverse to Mr. Evans' claims. He examined a manuscript volume of Mr. Evans' compositions many were agon and his impression is that it did not contain Evans' compositions many years ago, and his impression is that it did not contain this particular hymn.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, pp. 654, 656. "Oh, when my righteous Judge shall come."

This hymn, which we have ascribed to Lady Huntingdon, at Mr. Seymour's suggestion, first appeared in the fourth edition of her hymn-book, published about 1772. It is the second part of a composition on the Judgment-day, the former of which, consisting of five stanzas, begins "We soon shall hear the midnight

MARTIN MADAN, pp. 656-658.

"Come, Thou almighty King."

"Come, Thou almighty King."

This hymn, which, on the authority of Mr. A. C. Hobart Seymour, we have placed in connection with our biographical notice of Mr. Madan, has been attributed, in Mr. Spurgeon's hymn-book, to Charles Wesley. That ascription, we believe, originated with Mr. Sedgwick. The hymn was first published in a four-paged tract, in conjunction with one by Mr. Wesley for use on a particular occasion. The tract was reprinted with an additional hymn by Charles Wesley, and appended to Whitefield's Collection, sixth edition 1757. As two hymns contained in the tract were written by Wesley, Mr. Sedgwick assumed that he also composed the third. The hymn is not inserted by Wesley in any of his works. In 1764, Mr. Shirley communicates to Lady Huntingdon, in a letter now in Mr. Seymour's possession, that Mr. Madan had given him "permission" to use the hymn. "This fact," writes Mr. Seymour, "though it does not absolutely prove the authorship, would serve to show that Mr. Madan had a right of property in the hymn." Mr. Seymour adds, "The hymn seems to have been written for the music of 'God save the King!" Mr. Madan was a distinguished musical composer, and his mother and sister were both poetesses."

"Now begin the heavenly theme."

"Now begin the heavenly theme."

Though we have placed this hymn in connection with Mr. Madan's name, we would offer no positive opinion as to the authorship. It originally appeared in the appendix to Mr. Madan's Collection (1763), and the strain appears not dissimilar to that of "Come, Thou Almighty King." The subsequent history of the hymn is sufficiently illustrative of the practices of collectors. It was transferred into the Rev. John Langford's Collection (1773). From this work, it was quoted in Dobell's Selection (1866). Subsequent collectors quoted the hymn from Madan, Langford, or Dobell, till 1833, when the appearance of the Rev. John Bicker-

"PRECIOUS PROMISES." p. 660.

"PRECIOUS PROMISES," p. 660.

A variety of unsupported theories have been put forth respecting the authorship of this hymn. It originally appeared in Rippon's Selection, 1787. There the author's name is indicated "K——" several other hymns in the selection being similarly marked. Succeeding collectors adopted the hymn, attaching to it the name "Kirkham," A collection of hymns, edited by Thomas Kirkham, appeared in 1788: but this hymn is not contained in the volume. Dr. Joseph Belcher attributes the composition to the Rev. Mr. Kirkham, to whom, in his index, is supplied the Christian name of "John." Dr. Belcher is inclined to believe that Mr. Kirkham was a fellow-student of John and Charles Wesley, and one of the early Methodists. A person of the name is mentioned among the early Oxford Methodists; he afterwards attached himself to Whitefield. Dr. Alexander Fletcher, in his Collection (1822), ascribes the hymn to "Keen." Elizabeth Caroline Keene composed several hymns, which are included in her "Miscellaneous Poems" (Lond., 1762, 400); but this composition is not among them. In is lately published hymn-book, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has attached to the hymn the alternative names of "Kirkham or Kennedy." No hymn-writer, of the latter name, so far as we have learned, flourished during the last century.

Anonymous, p. 661.

"Rejoice, though storms assail thee,"

This hymn originally appeared, so far as can be ascertained, in "Sacred Poetry," second series, published by Messrs. Oliphant & Co., Edinburgh. It has been inserted in "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship" (Seeleys, second edition, 1853). In this collection, the name of "Newton" has been inaccurately attached to it. We have failed to discover the author. Both the editor and publishers of "Sacred Poetry" have been unable to obtain information.

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